

PUNCH



VOL LXIII.

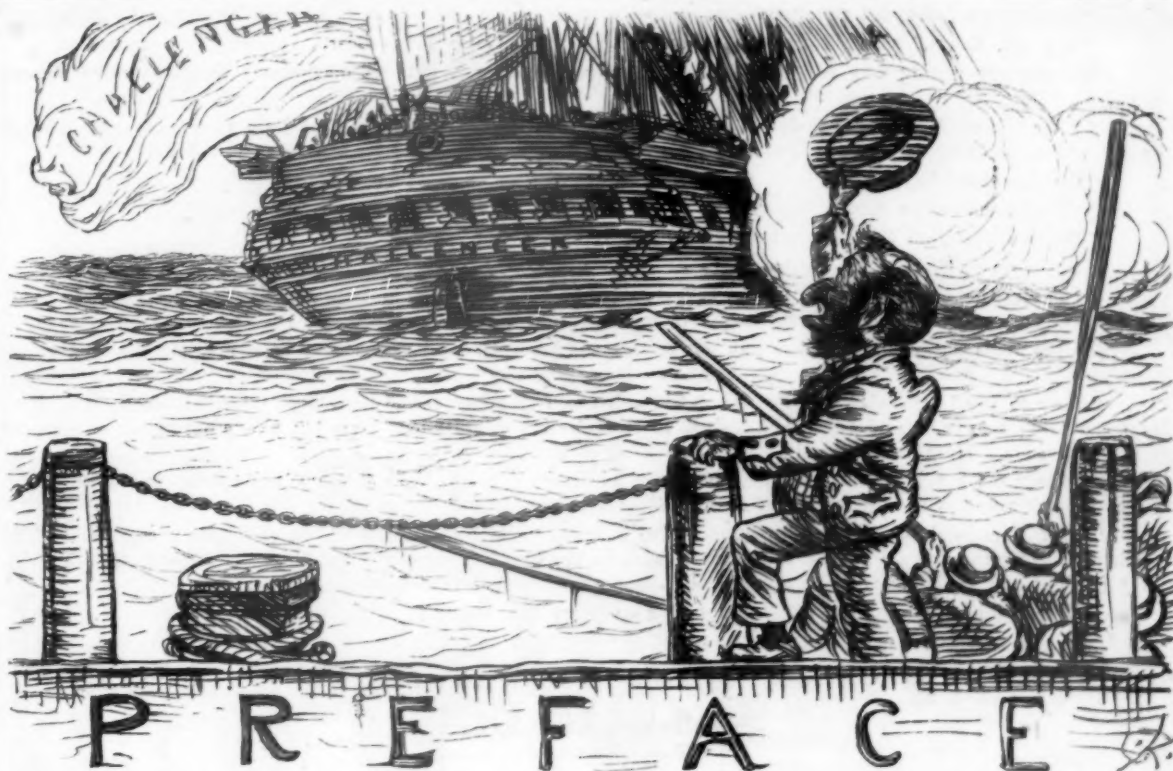
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1872.

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P R E F A C E

THE *Challenger* was ready to depart for her grand voyage. Ready to sail into all the Oceans and demand their deepest secrets. But there was one who lingered on board, and till he had put off, the *Challenger* might not go. For the thunder-curses of the World would pursue her did she carry away Him from the midst of the nations.

"Brave luck to you all, brave hearts," said Mr. PUNCH, as he slowly descended to the boat. "Would I were of your crew."

"Would you were!" shouted the Expedition.

"But it cannot be. So, adieu! Go everywhere, and, if you see anything you think I should like, be sure you bring it home for me."

"Certainly we will, done up in wool and silver paper," laughed the Captain.

"Then," cried Mr. PUNCH, quoting *Endymion*,

"Go to the Syrens, and one moment listen
Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten."

"We'll make a point of it," said the First Lieutenant. "Give way there, you men!"

"I shall give way if they don't," said Mr. PUNCH, wiping his eyes.

"Anon upon that Giant's arm you'll be
That writhes about the roots of Sicily."

"We shall like to see that," said the Captain, raising his voice.

"And then," said Mr. PUNCH,

"To Northern Seas you'll in a twinkling sail,
And mount upon the snortings of a whale
To some black cloud."

"Which would be a lark," shrieked a Midshipman.

"Thence down you'll madly sweep
On forked lightning to the deepest deep,"

shouted Mr. PUNCH, nearing the quay.

"So we will, old man!" roared the Second Lieutenant.

"Hold your row!" said Mr. PUNCH.

"Where through some sucking pool you shall be hurled,
With rapture, to the other side of the world."

Therefore, be full of gladness."

"That's rum," observed the Boatswain.

"It's not, Boson," bellowed MR. PUNCH, indignantly. "I'm a Good Templar. It's only my excitement."

He was now getting very red in the face, and something hoarse, but his magnificent resolution never forsook him.

"After KEATS, KEATING," he said, filling his mouth with the latter's cough lozenges. They gave him renewed energy, and as he stood on the quay and waved his sailorly hat, he resumed, with the voice of a Stentor,—

"Captain, ahoy!"

"What's the matter now?" replied the Captain, through his speaking-trumpet.

"Did you ever read the *Whale*, by HERMAN MELVILLE?"

"No—a—a—a!" came on the wind.

"I'm sorry for that. Fine book! If you'll stop, I'll telegraph to Town to have my copy sent down for you; only you must be sure to give it me back, because I value it."

As the words which answered this may not have been irreverent, what they seemed to sound like shall not be set down.

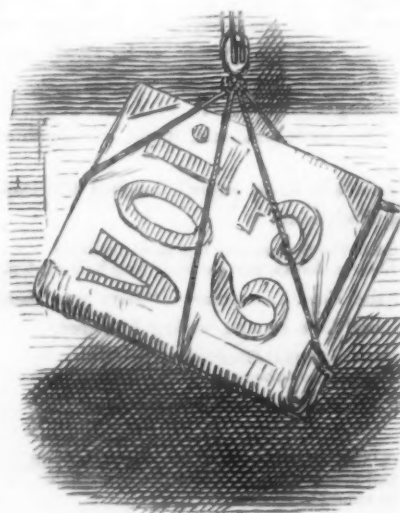
"Same to you," responded MR. PUNCH. "I'll only quote a bit from it. 'Luck to ye, Captain!—luck to ye, First Lieutenant!—luck to ye, Second Lieutenant!—luck to ye all!—and this day four years I'll have a hot supper smoking for ye in old London. Hurrah and away!'"

"I never eat hot suppers," came down with the wind. "You take care of yourself, old man, and don't be too zealous about preventing the destruction of tissue. Easy with the tippie."

"Most ungrateful observations," muttered MR. PUNCH. "But never mind. You've forgotten something!" he thundered, like POLYPHEMUS. "But I've sent it back in the boat. That will ensure you all sorts of good fortune. Study it night and day, make it your compass, and your quadrant, and your Little Sea Chart."

And then might be seen the *Challenger* taking on board MR. PUNCH'S

"Sixty-Third Volume."



"Good luck to you all!" shouted MR. PUNCH, for the last time, and he shouted in the name of all HER MAJESTY'S subjects.

CALENDAR

January xxi Days.

| | | | | |
|---|---|-----|----|--------------|
| W | 8 | 25 | 20 | Franklin B. |
| T | 6 | 40 | 19 | Prize |
| H | 1 | 100 | 5 | S. A. Kip |
| R | 1 | 100 | 5 | Fish |
| S | 1 | 100 | 5 | Agnes |
| G | 1 | 100 | 5 | Vincent |
| P | 1 | 100 | 5 | Pitt & Todd |
| A | 1 | 100 | 5 | on 17-60 |
| N | 1 | 100 | 5 | Boone |
| L | 1 | 100 | 5 | S. A. Kip |
| M | 1 | 100 | 5 | 'Eric & Pitt |
| S | 1 | 100 | 5 | Francis & |
| C | 1 | 100 | 5 | Wick |
| H | 1 | 100 | 5 | John Lohd- |
| A | 1 | 100 | 5 | Hairy T. |

February xxviii Days

| | | | | | | |
|----|---|--------------|----|----|---|--------------|
| 4 | W | 7:15-40m | 15 | 4 | W | 10:15-11:40m |
| 2 | M | 4:45-6:00p | 16 | 1 | M | 7:15-8:40p |
| 3 | F | 6:45-8:15p | 17 | 2 | F | 8:45-10:15p |
| 4 | T | 8:45-10:15p | 18 | 3 | T | 10:15-11:40p |
| 5 | W | 10:15-11:40p | 19 | 4 | W | 11:40p-1:15a |
| 6 | T | 11:40p-1:15a | 20 | 5 | T | 1:15-2:45a |
| 7 | F | 1:15-2:45a | 21 | 6 | F | 2:45-4:15a |
| 8 | S | 2:45-4:15a | 22 | 7 | S | 4:15-5:45a |
| 9 | S | 4:15-5:45a | 23 | 8 | S | 5:45-7:15a |
| 10 | M | 5:45-7:15a | 24 | 9 | M | 7:15-8:45a |
| 11 | T | 7:15-8:45a | 25 | 10 | T | 8:45-10:15a |
| 12 | W | 8:45-10:15a | 26 | 11 | W | 10:15-11:45a |
| 13 | T | 10:15-11:45a | 27 | 12 | T | 11:45a-1:15p |
| 14 | F | 11:45a-1:15p | 28 | 13 | F | 1:15-2:45p |

March xxxi Days.

| | | | | | |
|----|----|-------------|----|----|---------------|
| 1 | W | 6:40-7:00 | 17 | M | St. Patrick |
| 2 | M | Qued., 6:30 | 18 | Tu | St. Louis |
| 3 | Tu | 6:30-6:45 | 19 | W | Leavenworth |
| 4 | W | 6:40-6:55 | 20 | Th | B. A. Leonard |
| 5 | Th | 6:40-6:55 | 21 | F | Brendell |
| 6 | F | 6:40-6:55 | 22 | Sa | Good-bye |
| 7 | Sa | 6:40-6:55 | 23 | Su | 4:30 in Court |
| 8 | Su | 6:40-6:55 | 24 | M | O. Ellis |
| 9 | 1 | 6:40-6:55 | 25 | Tu | Only Day |
| 10 | 2 | 6:40-6:55 | 26 | W | D. Com. B. |
| 11 | 3 | 6:40-6:55 | 27 | Th | Justice L. |
| 12 | 4 | 6:40-6:55 | 28 | F | Catons |
| 13 | 5 | 6:40-6:55 | 29 | Sa | Suit B. |
| 14 | 6 | 6:40-6:55 | 30 | Su | 5:30 in Court |
| 15 | 7 | 6:40-6:55 | 31 | M | Hayden |

April xxx Days.

| | | | | | | |
|----|----|--------|--------|----|---------|--------|
| 1 | T | W | Sh. 37 | 16 | W | Ort. 3 |
| 2 | W | Sh. 38 | 17 | T | R. Cal | |
| 3 | Th | Sh. 39 | 18 | F | Conn. 6 | |
| 4 | F | Sh. 40 | 19 | S | J. Jell | |
| 5 | S | Sh. 41 | 20 | S | Long 7 | |
| 6 | S | Sh. 42 | 21 | M | Ho. H | |
| 7 | M | Sh. 43 | 22 | T | Odessa | |
| 8 | W | Sh. 44 | 23 | F | R. L. G | |
| 9 | Th | Sh. 45 | 24 | Th | Pen. A | |
| 10 | F | Sh. 46 | 25 | F | D. H | |
| 11 | S | Sh. 47 | 26 | S | S. S | |
| 12 | S | Sh. 48 | 27 | S | R. T | |
| 13 | M | Sh. 49 | 28 | T | St. B | |
| 14 | T | Sh. 50 | 29 | F | W | |
| 15 | W | Sh. 51 | 30 | S | W | |

May xxi Day.

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|----|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|-----|
| 31 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100 |
| 31 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100 |
| 31 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100 |
| 31 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100 |
| 31 | 2 | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | 32 | 33 | 34 | 35 | 36 | 37 | 38 | 39 | 40 | 41 | 42 | 43 | 44 | 45 | 46 | 47 | 48 | 49 | 50 | 51 | 52 | 53 | 54 | 55 | 56 | 57 | 58 | 59 | 60 | 61 | 62 | 63 | 64 | 65 | 66 | 67 | 68 | 69 | 70 | 71 | 72 | 73 | 74 | 75 | 76 | 77 | 78 | 79 | 80 | 81 | 82 | 83 | 84 | 85 | 86 | 87 | 88 | 89 | 90 | 91 | 92 | 93 | 94 | 95 | 96 | 97 | 98 | 99 | 100 |
| 31 | 2 | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |

June xxx Days.

| | | | |
|----|-------------|--------|-----------|
| 1 | White Sun | 16 1/2 | J. Woods |
| 2 | White Sun | 18 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 3 | W. B. Allen | 17 1/2 | R. Water |
| 4 | W. B. Allen | 19 1/2 | R. Water |
| 5 | W. B. Allen | 20 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 6 | Gallop Sun | 21 1/2 | Langston |
| 7 | R. B. Allen | 22 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 8 | R. B. Allen | 23 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 9 | Dickens | 24 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 10 | Heiliger | 25 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 11 | R. B. Allen | 26 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 12 | Corp. Chris | 27 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 13 | Corp. Chris | 28 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 14 | R. B. Allen | 29 1/2 | Wm. Allen |
| 15 | S. B. Allen | 30 1/2 | Wm. Allen |

July XXI Days.

| | | | | | |
|----|---|-----------------|-----|---|----------------|
| 1 | W | Tr. J. A. 12-10 | 17 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 2 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 18 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 3 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 19 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 4 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 20 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 5 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 21 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 6 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 22 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 7 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 23 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 8 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 24 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 9 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 25 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 10 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 26 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 11 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 27 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 12 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 28 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 13 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 29 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 14 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 30 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 15 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 31 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 16 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 32 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 17 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 33 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 18 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 34 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 19 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 35 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 20 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 36 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 21 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 37 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 22 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 38 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 23 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 39 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 24 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 40 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 25 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 41 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 26 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 42 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 27 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 43 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 28 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 44 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 29 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 45 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 30 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 46 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 31 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 47 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 32 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 48 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 33 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 49 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 34 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 50 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 35 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 51 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 36 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 52 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 37 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 53 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 38 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 54 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 39 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 55 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 40 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 56 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 41 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 57 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 42 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 58 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 43 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 59 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 44 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 60 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 45 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 61 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 46 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 62 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 47 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 63 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 48 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 64 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 49 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 65 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 50 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 66 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 51 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 67 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 52 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 68 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 53 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 69 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 54 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 70 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 55 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 71 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 56 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 72 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 57 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 73 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 58 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 74 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 59 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 75 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 60 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 76 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 61 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 77 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 62 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 78 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 63 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 79 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 64 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 80 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 65 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 81 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 66 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 82 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 67 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 83 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 68 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 84 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 69 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 85 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 70 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 86 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 71 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 87 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 72 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 88 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 73 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 89 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 74 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 90 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 75 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 91 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 76 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 92 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 77 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 93 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 78 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 94 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 79 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 95 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 80 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 96 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 81 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 97 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 82 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 98 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 83 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 99 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |
| 84 | W | S. A. S. 12-10 | 100 | F | W. A. N. 12-10 |

September xxk Days

| | | | | | | |
|-----|----|---|--------------|----|---|--------------|
| Tr. | 1 | M | R. Boden | 16 | T | D. Colson |
| re | 2 | T | R. & Shilden | 17 | W | Loomis |
| re | 3 | W | S. & S. Shaw | 18 | T | Opp. |
| re | 4 | T | Calais thn. | 19 | F | R. Vining |
| re | 5 | P | Comte d. | 20 | S | R. of A. |
| re | 6 | S | Colbert d. | 21 | S | 15. S. of A. |
| re | 7 | T | 13. S. of T. | 22 | D | D. Hogg |
| re | 8 | N | Not. B.V.M. | 23 | T | Tend to |
| re | 9 | T | Loon thn. | 24 | W | > B. H. |
| re | 10 | W | R. Gremery | 25 | T | H.A. H. |
| re | 11 | T | C. of Deili | 26 | F | St. C. |
| re | 12 | P | C. F. Riote | 27 | S | R. H. |
| re | 13 | C | C. F. Fox d. | 28 | S | 10. S. of A. |
| re | 14 | T | 14. S. of T. | 29 | S | Mick. H. |
| re | 15 | T | Monney to | 30 | T | St. J. |

AUGUST XXXI DAYS.

| | | | |
|-----|-----------|----|---------|
| 17 | R. A. 28- | 12 | 108. of |
| 18 | R. 43- | 13 | R. 108- |
| 19 | R. 43- | 14 | R. 108- |
| 20 | R. 43- | 15 | R. 108- |
| 21 | R. 43- | 16 | R. 108- |
| 22 | R. 43- | 17 | R. 108- |
| 23 | R. 43- | 18 | R. 108- |
| 24 | R. 43- | 19 | R. 108- |
| 25 | R. 43- | 20 | R. 108- |
| 26 | R. 43- | 21 | R. 108- |
| 27 | R. 43- | 22 | R. 108- |
| 28 | R. 43- | 23 | R. 108- |
| 29 | R. 43- | 24 | R. 108- |
| 30 | R. 43- | 25 | R. 108- |
| 31 | R. 43- | 26 | R. 108- |
| 32 | R. 43- | 27 | R. 108- |
| 33 | R. 43- | 28 | R. 108- |
| 34 | R. 43- | 29 | R. 108- |
| 35 | R. 43- | 30 | R. 108- |
| 36 | R. 43- | 31 | R. 108- |
| 37 | R. 43- | 32 | R. 108- |
| 38 | R. 43- | 33 | R. 108- |
| 39 | R. 43- | 34 | R. 108- |
| 40 | R. 43- | 35 | R. 108- |
| 41 | R. 43- | 36 | R. 108- |
| 42 | R. 43- | 37 | R. 108- |
| 43 | R. 43- | 38 | R. 108- |
| 44 | R. 43- | 39 | R. 108- |
| 45 | R. 43- | 40 | R. 108- |
| 46 | R. 43- | 41 | R. 108- |
| 47 | R. 43- | 42 | R. 108- |
| 48 | R. 43- | 43 | R. 108- |
| 49 | R. 43- | 44 | R. 108- |
| 50 | R. 43- | 45 | R. 108- |
| 51 | R. 43- | 46 | R. 108- |
| 52 | R. 43- | 47 | R. 108- |
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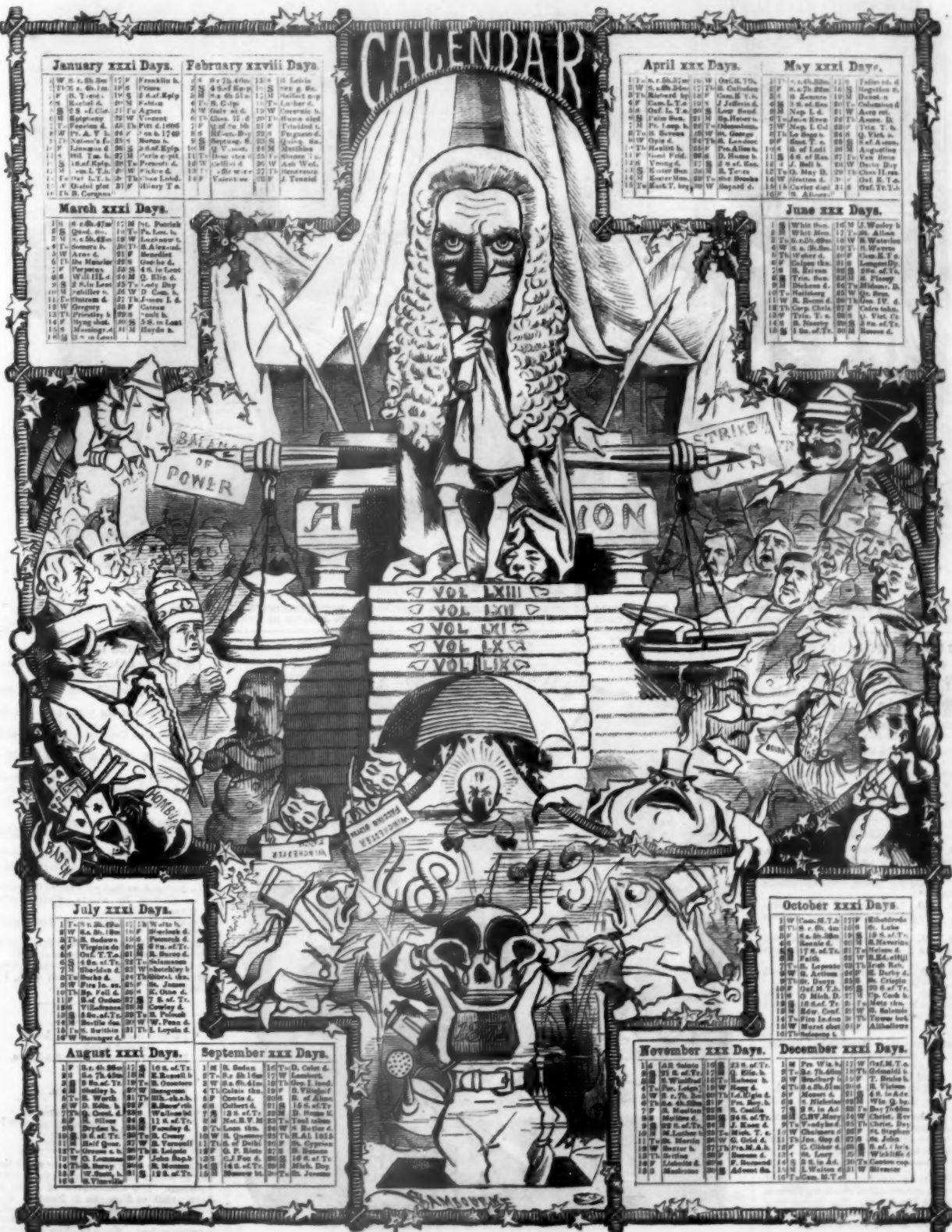
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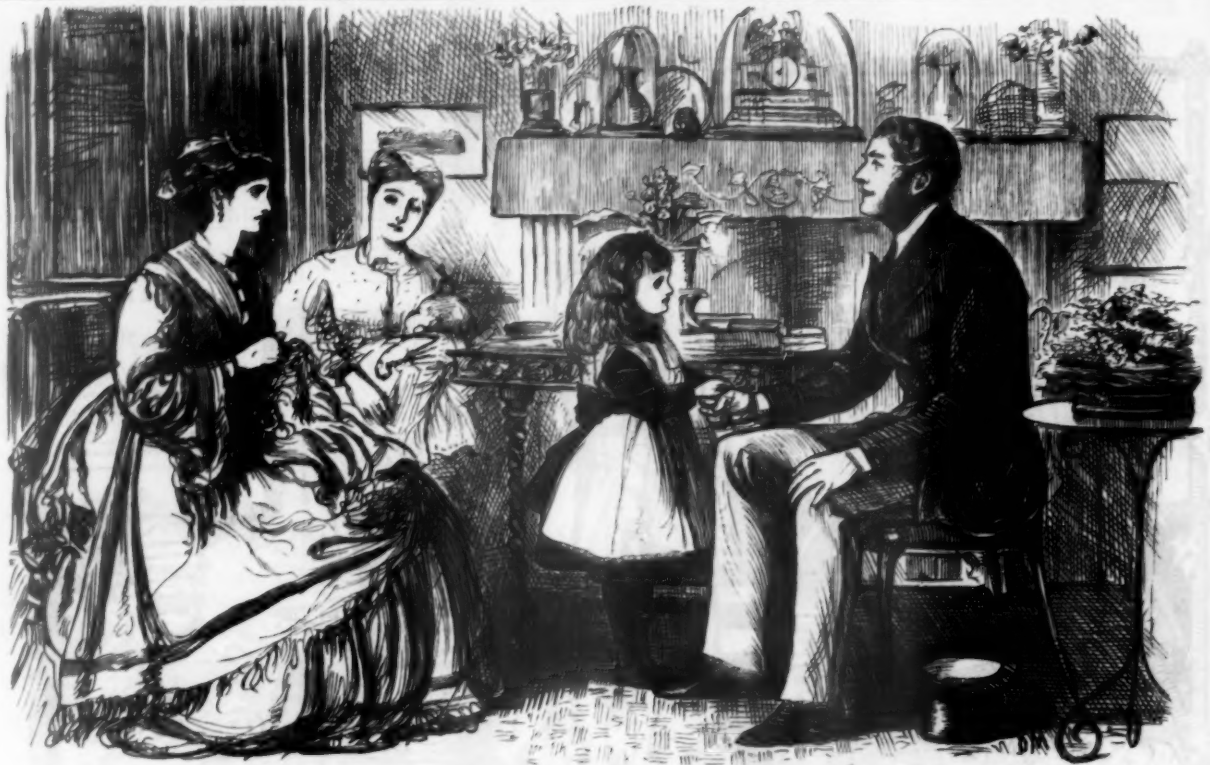
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| 22 | M. e. e. r. | 23 | 4. R. b. |
| 23 | C. N. V. h. b. | 24 | Win. |
| 24 | In. in Ad. | 25 | Br. T. b. |
| 25 | C. N. V. h. b. | 26 | Ch. b. b. |
| 26 | V. only h. b. | 27 | Ch. b. b. |
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November xxx Days

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| 2 | 5 | VI R. of Tr. | 18 | 24 | Ellis |
| 3 | 6 | S. Whitford | 19 | 25 | Harvey |
| 4 | 7 | Per. Loken | 20 | 26 | W |
| 5 | 8 | R. S. Th. Smith | 21 | 27 | W |
| 6 | 9 | Ed. S. Smith | 22 | 28 | W |
| 7 | 10 | R. Menden | 23 | 29 | W |
| 8 | 11 | M. Moore | 24 | 30 | W |
| 9 | 12 | W. R. of Tr. | 25 | 31 | W |
| 10 | 13 | M. Luther | 26 | 32 | W |
| 11 | 14 | St. Morris | 27 | 33 | W |
| 12 | 15 | Beator & | 28 | 34 | W |
| 13 | 16 | Griffin | 29 | 35 | W |
| 14 | 17 | L. L. Smith | 30 | 36 | W |
| 15 | 18 | M. L. Smith | 31 | 37 | W |
| 16 | 19 | W. R. of Tr. | 32 | 38 | W |
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HIGH LIFE IN THE COUNTRY.

Doctor. "I AM PLEASED TO SAY, MRS. FITZBROWNE, THAT I SHALL BE ABLE TO VACCINATE YOUR BABY FROM A VERY HEALTHY CHILD OF YOUR NEIGHBOUR, MRS. JONES—" Mrs. Fitzbrowne. "OH DEAR, DOCTOR! I COULD NOT PERMIT THAT. WE DO NOT CARE TO BE MIXED UP WITH THE JONESSES IN ANY WAY."

Lines to my Lady-Love.
(By a Common-place Person.)

To thee, were I a humble bee,
I'd hourly wing my honeyed flight;
To thee, were I a ship at sea,
I'd sail, tho' land were in my sight:
To thee, were I a puny cat,
I'd spring, as tho' 'twere on a rat!
To thee, were I a stickleback,
I'd swim as fast as fine could move;
To thee, were I a hunter's hack,
I'd gallop on the hoofs of love;
But as I'm but a simple man,
I'll come by train, love—if I can!

COMIC CHRONOLOGY.

- A.D. 1691. Invention of the riddle, "When is a door not a door?"
- A.D. 1230. First asking of the question, "Where was Moses when the candle went out?"
- A.D. 1349. Discovery of the conundrum, "Why does a miller wear a white hat?"
- A.D. 1508. A tongue is cut at supper, and for the first time a joke is cut upon it.
- A.D. 1660. Introduction of the pleasant saying, "Who stole the Donkey?"
- A.D. 1703. Jones helps Smith to trifle, and has the happiness of making the first pun ever made upon it.

THERE was a Rich Merchant of Bristol,
Who shot at a cat with a pistol:
The cat's living still,
And the merchant by will
Enriched an Old Cat down at Bristol.

WHAT'S the distinction between Winter and Summer?
One's the Double Vest time, and the other's the Half-vest time.

ORNITHOLOGY AT SCHOOL.—Our old English ancestors called the Song Thrush or Throats the Mavis. The Mavis eats slugs and snails. Here are a slug and a snail. *Utrum Aerona, Mavis, accipe.*

FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Is there any connection between the Wisper and the Sound?



"HA, HA! YOU MUST LEARN TO LOVE ME."
Vide "The Bottle Imp."

PRIZE CHARADE.

(To be asked in January and answer to be looked for in December.)

WITHOUT my first Chance wouldn't stand a chance,
My first can make you jump and look askance.
The House of Commons dearly loves my first,
Without it, too, some folks would be athirst.
My second is what certain snobs admire,
And far more useful than a coal for fire.
My whole is what my whole must have to be
Of use to Sweeper, Sailor, or M.P.
I'm from the deep, or from the richest mine,
Or from the forest. On the railway-line
I'm carried, and the shivering soldier thanks
His lucky stars that gave me to the ranks.
I'm blessed by saints, though often cursed by sinners,
Whom I have kept away from festive dinners.
Take me to China and you'll find that tea
Is nothing when a Mandarin sees me.
So think me over, meditate, and guess,
And if you're right, depend on't, I'll say "Yes."

A SUGGESTION.

"FROKEN over is the pond, love,
Dearest KATE,
Let us therefore, O my fond love,
Go and skate."
"But the ice is so thin,
We might both tumble in."
"Ira la la!"
"Well; but if a drag we borrow,
What do you say about to-morrow?"
"Ask Mamma."

ADVICE TO SPONSORS.—Never name the boy to whom you stand godfather, JOHN EDWARD. The diminutive of JOHN is JACK; that of EDWARD is NEDDY. The latter diminutive's bad enough by itself, but the former, prefixed to it, makes it twice as bad. Plain Donkey, an appellation sufficiently opprobrious, becomes doubly objectionable when expanded into JACKASS.



"THE LAST (CO-OPERATIVE) FEATHER."

"My Lady." "JUST TAKE AND TIE UP A COUPLE OF THOSE SACKS BEHIND THE CARRIAGE, JAMES. THERE'LL BE ROOM, IF ONE OF YOU RIDES ON THE BOX!!"

ZODIACAL ZANYISMS.

ARIES, the RAM, harbours need for defence.
TAURUS, JOHN BULL, will be put to expence.
GEMINI, TWINS, make their Sires doubly blind.
CANCER, the CRAB, is oft hard to digest.
LEO, the LION, as BYRON hath said,
Will turn tail and flee before VIRGO the MAID.
LIBRA, the BALANCE, at Banks is the thing.
SCORPIO, the SCORPION, can both pinch and sting.
CAPRICORNUS, the BILLY-GOAT, TAFFY knows well.
SAGITTARIUS, the ARCHER, they called WILLIAM TELL.
AQUARIUS, the WATERMAN, carries two tails.
PISCES, the FISHES, have true fins and scales.
My dears, but you always confound them with whales.

THERE WAS AN OLD "salt" down at Barmouth,
Who married a widow at Yarmouth,
A second at Goole,
And another at Poole,
Yet lived to be ninety at Barmouth.

THE BIRDS' BETROTHAL.

"My Snowdrop," the cock blackbird quoth
Unto his Valentine.
"My Crocus," said the hen, "in troth,
With that yellow beak of thine!"

HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF.—HAROLD has proposed for CONSTANCE. She thinks him delightfully eligible in every point of view: but the higher powers are not equally enthusiastic. A family meeting is held consisting of Papa, Mamma, Uncle CHRISTOPHER, and Aunt EMILY. Two people anxiously await the decision of this COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

CUTTING AND MAIMING.—When you see a man mangling a goose or a hare at the dinner-table, you may safely predict of him that he will never carve his way to distinction.

THE FESTIVE BORED.—At a Public Dinner.



A RARA MONGRELLIS.

FOURTH. "YOUR DOG APPEARS TO BE DEAF, AS HE PAYS NO ATTENTION TO ME."
SHEPHERD. "NA, NA, SIR. SHE'S A VARRA WISE DOG, FOR ALL YAT. BUT SHE ONLY SPEAKS GAEELIC."

CASUALTIES OF THE PAST YEAR.

A CONGREGATION was carried away.
A meeting was set by the cars.
A man was buried in thought.
A great many persons drowned their SIBYRUS.

Others were overwhelmed with thimble.
Others were smothered with kisses.
Others cut their own throats.
Others split their sides.
Many people lost their heads.
Others ran them against a stone wall.
Others fell between two stools.
Others stuck to their posts.
Others were riveted to the spot.
Others cut off their nose to spite their face.

There was a flood of light literature.
The Registrar-General's Reports show about an average number of cases of blind sides, deaf ears, cold shoulders, noses put out of joint, wry faces, turned heads, people without a leg to stand on, and people falling over head and ears in love.

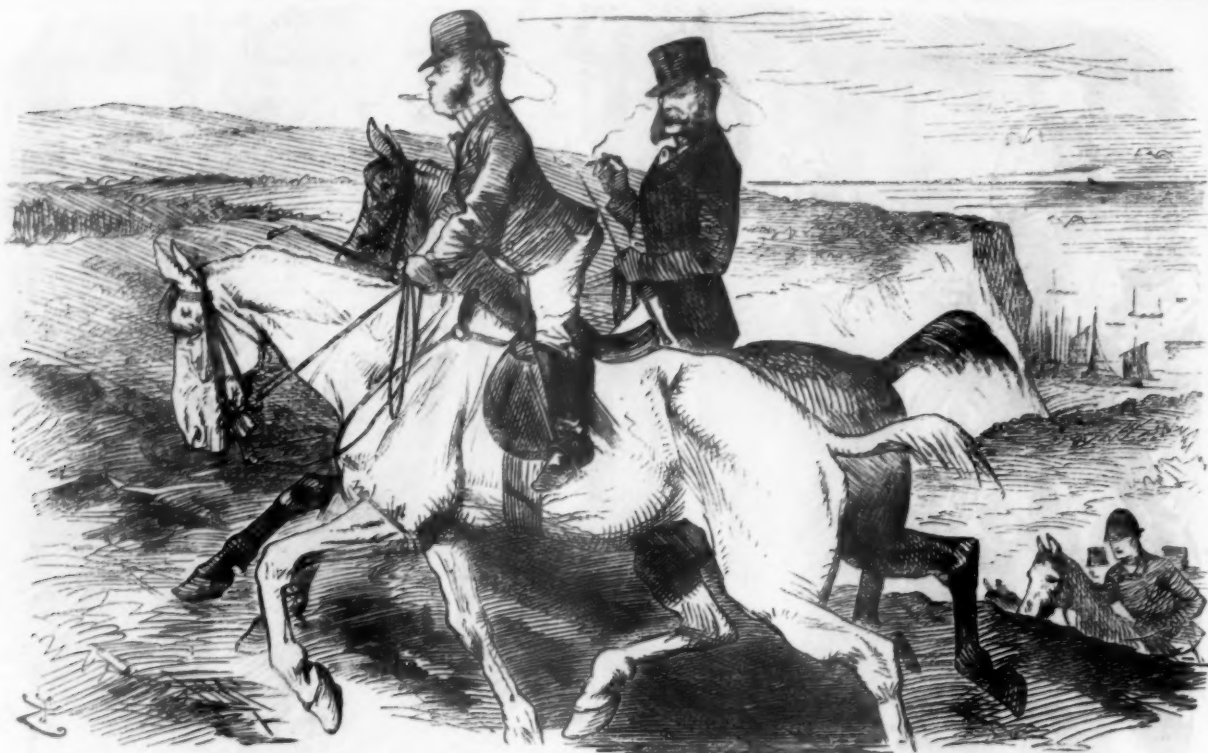
FASHIONS FOR MAY.

"Tis the twenty-ninth of May;
Deck with oak-apples your hair."
"O yes! We'll keep any day.
When there's anything to wear."

THERE WAS A YOUNG Lady of Isled,
With whom a gay Flirter had trifled,
Till she snatched up a pen,
Crying, "Write the day When,
Or I'll strangle you till you are stifled."

NOTION IN NOMENCLATURE.—Our Saxon ancestors called the months by names of their own. If the members of their Wittenagemote, when it had broken up, had been accustomed to stump their constituents, and there had been learned Associations went at the same time to hold their annual Congresses and palaver, they would perhaps have conferred the title of Mouth-Monath on September.

WHAT A host of learned women there would be, if all those of the sex who sometimes "look blue" had any pretensions to be considered literary characters!
FOR THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Is a mulecule a little mole?
OLD ENGLISH FARE.—By a stage-coach.



A DAY WITH THE HARRIERS. LITTLE NIMROD'S NEW HUNTER.

Little N. "CARRIES ME SPLENDIDLY! PLENTY OF POWER, YOU SEE!"
Charles (his friend). "HA!—QUITE SO. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE BATHING MACHINE?"

PECULIAR PEOPLE.

Mr. BOWEN begins to light his fire according to the almanack, instead of the thermometer.

Mr. JONES does not praise a picture until he knows who painted it.

Mr. ROBINSON once journeyed to Jerusalem, and cannot meet you for five minutes without saying he has done so.

Mr. FLUNKER never plays a game of billiards with a friend without alleging that he has not touched a cue for upwards of a twelvemonth.

Mr. GROWLER never misses any chance, when the Tories are in power, of proclaiming his opinion of the decadence of England.

Mr. TOMKINS can't enjoy a play of marionettes, because he won't restrain himself from looking at the wires.

Mr. FUSSE keeps an album, pets a pug dog, and collects old postage-stamps.

Mr. GRASS is always ready to borrow a cigar of you, but never volunteers to lend you one.

Miss SIMPSON can't travel half-a-dozen miles without a lady's-maid and half-a-dozen hand-boxes.

Mr. HURRY hires a Hansom to take him to an omnibus.

Mr. MONEYBAGGER aspires to be a member of the School Board, although he calls intelligence "reliable," and peculiar, "pecollier."

Miss DAWDLTON can crochet, knit, and tat, but, except in great emergencies, cannot sew a button on.

Mr. HENKS prefers, he says, to travel second-class, because the first-class is so stuffy.

Mr. DUFFER gives to beggars, and avoids a poor-box.

THERE was a Young Person in Poland,
Who bought some Macassar of Rowland:
Her hair grew so thick.

It was propped by a stick—
A thing which had happened in no land.

FOR THE STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—When a man is a Cipher can he take care of Number one, and is everybody at liberty to set him at naught?

A COMPLETE SUIT.—Bob wig, billycock hat, d.cky, jean coat and waistcoat, jack-boots, and mackerel trousers.



NEATLY TURNED.

Gallant Paddy. "SURE, THEY'RE ILLMOANT CREASES, DARLIN. BUT CHOOSE YER OWN BUNCHES. SOME IV 'EM'S LIKE YOURSELF—BETTER LOOKING THAN OTHERS!"

MEDITATIONS UPON MATRIMONY.

(By a Married Man.)

LIFE is beset with dangerous temptations. When you take your wife down Regent Street, always leave your purse at home.

In conjugal arithmetic, a husband must be reckoned as less than half a man when his better half is with him.

Pity the poor gentleman whose wife will have a latch-key!

Marriage would in many cases be a blissful state, if it were not for cold mutton.

When you detect a wife's unusual affection for her husband, you may expect to see her before long in a new bonnet.

Pleasant is the Derby Day with bachelor acquaintances; but a trip to a West End jeweller's is a costly price to pay for it.

If your wife says, "Dear Mamma is coming for a week or so," you may prepare your mind to receive her for a month or two.

Lovers sometimes rave about the sunshine that glides a married life; but, when they come to bask in it, they find it is mere moonshine.

SONG ON ST. CUTHBERT'S DAY.

"Easy Shaving! Easy Shaving!"

Legend still above my door:

In the brose whilst beards are waving:

Men get shaven now no more.

Cutting and shampooing only,

I with soaps and grease rub on.

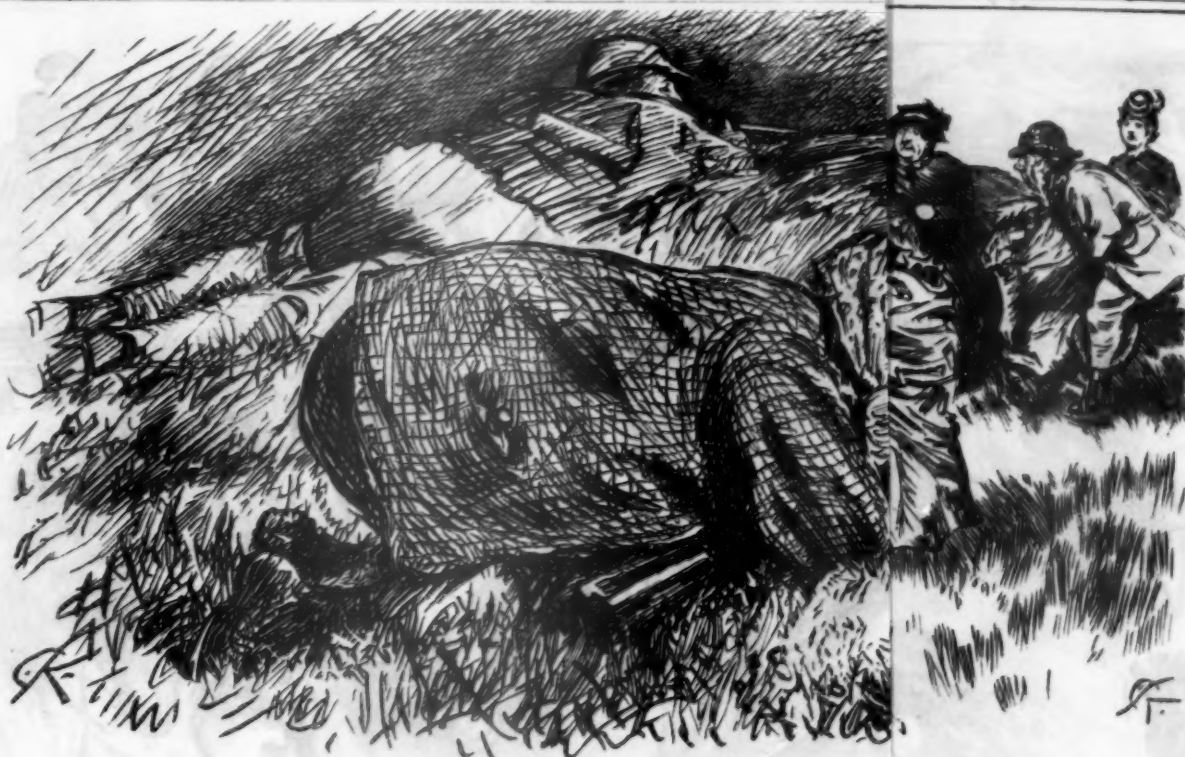
But my little shop is lonely,

Now the Barber's Trade is gone!

THERE came a Queer Stranger to Dawlish,
High-shouldered, low-spirited, tallish:
He mooned on the beach,
And he spouted a speech,
Which sounded quite Exeter-Hall-ish.

ASTROLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY.—In the beginning of March, according to ZADKIEL, "Fetters steal on." Does he, the old thief? But we thought the Thief-god or god of Thieves was Mercury.

FOR THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—When was the last Fairy seen in England?



ON THE HILLS.

Dear Stalker (Old Hand, and fond of it). "Isn't it exciting!!? KEEP COOL!"
[Jones isn't used to it, and, not having moved for the last half-hour, his excitement has worn off. He's wet through, and sinking!!]
he doesn't answer.

Native. "ABOUT FOUR MILES."

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PAST YEAR.

BUTTERFLIES were broken on wheels.
Cats looked at kings.
Cricketers made ducks' eggs.
Little birds whispered in the ear.
A good many mares'-nests were discovered.
People smelt a rat.
Others were still as a mouse.
Others plucked crows.
Others took "rocks."
Birds of a feather stuck together.
Puppies and dull dogs were as numerous as ever.
Cucumbers maintained their usual condition.
Unsuccessful attempts were again made to put salt on birds' tails, to catch wasps asleep, and to introduce pigeons' milk.
The British Lion had a strong dose of "Geneva" administered to him.

THE ANGLER'S CATCH.

THE fly is on the water,
The fish are in the reel.
For caught by whipping trout are,
But you can't so catch an eel.

THERE WAS a Young Lady of Norwood,
Who chattered first like a macaw would,
Her Ma said, "In vain
Do I try to stop JANE;
Praps a husband who kept her in awe,
would."

A SCIENTIFIC WANT.—We have statics and hydrostatics, pneumatics and rheumatics; but none of these exactly represent the feelings of young ladies, when they see a new bonnet or a new baby, or hear of another ball or a fresh party—this is Ecstasies!

MORAL FOR THE MONTH.—Midsummer is apt to be attended with thunderstorms. The highest points are those which most attract the electric fluid. The bolt which strikes the palace spares the pigstye. Humak!

ROSE THING.—To take out your watch during the sermon.

RUDER THING.—To take yourself out during that discourse.



THE ARCHERY MEETING.

Curate (to Fair Stranger). "I PERCEIVE YOU ARE NOT A TOXOPHILITE!"
Fair Stranger (promptly). "OH DEAR NO! 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' I ASSURE YOU

OLD ENGLISH FARE.—Christmas plum-pudding indigestible as wedding-cake, but the latter has a which, happily, do not follow eating the they are carved alike—in wedges. Beware the the wedge; still more the thick.
DO TALK.—Boards are not so much worn as they the Oysters, always tenacious, have made no

OFFENCES OF THE PAST YEAR.

KNOCKING people down with a feather.
Throwing dust in their eyes.
Blowing them up.
Stealing kisses.
"Taking silk."
Murdering tunes.
Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
Setting fire to the Thames.
Roasting friends.
Cutting up authors.
Quarrelling with bread and butter.

THERE WAS an eccentric at Chesham,
Who walked about in a sou'-wester,
And stood on his head
When he got into bed,
Which was only a second-hand tumbler.

THE INNOCENT TO HIS MATE.

Come where the redoubt warblers;
Come where the beetles crawl;
There will we play at marbles,
Under the garden wall.

AN APRIL FOLLY.

"Good morning, 'tis St. Simplician's Day.
All in the morning cool.
And I'm not up at your window
To be your April Fool."

IMPULSIVE THING.—To grumble at the high price of oaks when you are dining with a galliard owner.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Note. A Creature of Impulse—Football.



CARRIERS. LITTLE NIMROD'S NEW HUNTER.

"HIDLY! PLENTY OF POWER, YOU SEE!"
"WELL NO. BUT WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE BATHING MACHINE?"



NEATLY TURNED.

"N, THEY'RE ILLIGANT CREAMS, DARLIN. BUT CHOOSE YER OWN
LIKE YOURSELF—BETTER LOOKING THAN OTHERS!"

MEDITATIONS UPON MATRIMONY.

(By a Married Man.)

LIFE is beset with dangerous temptations. When you take your wife down Regent Street, always leave your purse at home.

In combinatorial arithmetic, a husband must be reckoned as less than half a man when his better half is with him.

Pity the poor gentleman whose wife will have a latch-key!

Marriage would in many cases be a blissful state, if it were not for cold untruth.

When you detect a wife's unusual affection for her husband, you may expect to see her before long in a new bonnet.

Pleasant is the Derby Day with bachelor acquaintances; but a trip to a West End jeweller's is a costly price to pay for it.

If your wife says, "Dear Mamma is coming for a week or so," you may prepare your mind to receive her for a month or two.

Lovers sometimes rave about the sunshine that gilds a married life; but, when they come to bask in it, they find it is mere moonshine.

SONG ON ST. CUTHBERT'S DAY.

"EASY Shaving! Easy Shaving!"
Legend still above my door:
In the breeze whilst beards are waving;
Men get shaven now no more.

Cutting and shampooing only,
I with soaps and grease rub on.
But my little shop is lonely,
Now the Barber's Trade is gone!

THERE came a Queer Stranger to Dawlish,
High-shouldered, low-spirited, tallish;
He mooned on the beach,
And he spouted a speech,
Which sounded quite Exeter-Hall-ish.

ANTHOLOGY AND MYTHOLOGY.—In the beginning of March, according to ZADKIEL, "Mars steals on." Does he, the old thief? But we thought the Thief-god or god of Thieves was Mercury.

FOR THE SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—When was the last Fairy seen in England?



ON THE HILLS.

Dear Stalker (Old Hand, and fond of it). "Isn't it exciting?? KEEP COOL!"
[Jones isn't used to it, and, not having moved for the last half-hour, his excitement has worn off. He's wet through, and sinking fast in the Boggy he doesn't answer.]

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RUDER THING.—To take yourself out during that discourse.



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Curate (to Fair Stranger). "I PERCEIVE YOU ARE NOT A TOXOPHILITE!"
Fair Stranger (promptly). "OH DEAR NO! 'CHURCH OF ENGLAND,' I ASSURE YOU!"



at in the Boggy Ground, and speechless with Cold. So

WORK OF THE PAST YEAR.

AIRING French.
Building castles in the air.
Chopping logic.
Cracking jokes.
Cleansing Augean stables.
Cutting and drying.
Fencing questions.
Hedging bets.
Imprinting kisses.
Knitting brows.
Nursing omnibuses.
Putting shoulders to wheels.
Scouring the country.
Skinning flints.
Sowing wild oats.
Reaping the consequences.
Splitting hairs.
Ventilating grievances.
Wading through books.
Wool gathering.
Spinning yarns.
Cheese paring.
Trimming.

GARDENING NOTES.

A Tidy sort of a Tree is a Spruce Fir.
Grass that can't be expected to grow
straight is evidently Rye-Grass.

THERE was a Young Lady called ETHEL,
Who, lisping to CECIL said, "TETHIL!
In rain, hail, or freeze,
I'm for Church, if you please,
But I cannot abide Little Bethel."

OCTOBER 2.—Pheasant-eating begins.

NOVEMBER 2.—St. Cecilia's Day. A
Monster Concert is given by the Amal-
gamated Organ-Grinders, Scotch Bag-
pipers, Street Balled Singers, and
Nigger Minstrels of London.

THERE was a stout Bishop of Venice,
Who, when he had finished at tennis,
Is pontifically
Ran out to hail a bus—
Then a new feature at Venice.

DEVOTION TO SCIENCE.—Our friend,
WILDE FLOWERS, is an enthusiastic natu-
ralist. His wife has lately presented
him with twin daughters. He has called
them FLORA and FAUNA.



A PLEASANT PROSPECT!

English Tourist. "I SAY, LOOK HERE. HOW FAR IS IT TO THIS GLENSTARVITY? THEY TOLD US IT WAS ONLY——"
Tourist (aphast). "ALL BOG LIKE THIS?" Native. "EH—H—THIS IS JUST NANTHIN' TILL'T!"
Native. "ABOUT FOUR MILES."

ECCLIESIASTICAL PUNNING.—It is needless to repeat the
joke made by FORT GREGORY on the English youth, whose
countrymen he sent St. Augustine to convert. Was a
similar pun intended by the Pontiff who appointed the
28th of August for St. Augustine's Day?

HAGSLOOT.—June 5. Festival of St. Boniface. In the
Army of Martyrs a host in himself. St. Boniface is the
Patron of the Licensed Victuallers.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES OF THE PAST YEAR.

BEATING about the bush.
Drawing the long bow.
Fishing in troubled waters.
Catching tartars.
Hooking husbands.
Flying in the face of Society.
Harping on one string.
House-hunting.
Killing two birds with one stone.
Outrunning the constable.
Ringing the changes.
Ringing close to the wind.
Shooting folly flying.
Turf hunting.
Walking over the coals.
Going on a wild-geese chase.

SIGNS AND SYMPTOMS.

THE storm-cock on the leafless
tree-top flies
I've twinges in the shoulder
and the knee
And my corns shoot, and so do
my own wife's.
We shall have rain before or
after tea.

GREAT BABES IN THE WOOD.

LINED together, heart and soul,
In September let us stroll.
Then the mushrooms we can cull,
If we find each other dull.
Otherwise, our life we'll stain
With the blackberries in yon lane.

THERE was a bold tailor of Cardiff,
Who said to himself, "It is hard if
I can't have a stir made
About a young mermaid
I'll bring the Museum at Cardiff."

A REGULAR FEAST DAY.—
May 29. Restoration of CHARLES
THE SNOOZER. The restaurant,
MARET.

MALAPROPIANA.

Mrs. MALAPROP has been very much interested in a de-
scription of the Honeycombs at Rome.
Mrs. MALAPROP possesses a Shakespeare with Margaret
notes.
Mrs. MALAPROP recommends the consecrated milk.
Mrs. MALAPROP hates your chymical people.
Mrs. MALAPROP is looking out for the Christmas Novices.

NOTE ON OLD ENGLISH FARE.—Christmas plum-pudding
is quite as indigestible as wedding-cake, but the latter has
consequences which, happily, do not follow eating the
former. They are carved alike—in wedges. Beware the
thin end of the wedge; still more the thick.
STICKING TO THEM.—Beards are not so much worn as they
were, but the Oysters, always tenebrous, have made no
change.



THE CHANNEL QUESTION SOLVED;
OR, EVERY ONE HIS OWN BESSEMER!

OFFENCES OF THE PAST YEAR.

KNOCKING people down with a
feather.
Throwing dust in their eyes.
Blowing them up.
Stealing kisses.
"Taking silk."
Murdering tunes.
Robbing Peter to pay Paul.
Setting fire to the Thames.
Roasting friends.
Cutting up authors.
Quarrelling with bread and but-
ter.

THERE was an eccentric at Ches-
ter,
Who walked about in a suit-
wester,
And stood on his head
When he got into bed,
Which was only a second-hand
tester.

THE INNOCENT TO HIS MATE.

Come where the redbreast war-
bles;
Come where the beetles crawl;
There will we play at marbles,
Under the garden wall.

AN APRIL FOLLY.

"Gond morrow, 'tis St. Simple-
ton's Day
All in the morning mood,
And I'm not up at your window
To be your April Fool."

IMPOLITE THING.—To grumble
at the high price of omelette when
you are dining with a solitary
owner.

ATHLETIC SPORTS.—Note. A
Creature of Impulse—Football.



POLO POST FUTURUM.



"IT'S AN ILL WIND."

"OH, PAPA! WHAT DO YOU THINK? FOUR OUT OF OUR T
"HURRAH! BY GEORGE! THAT'S THE BEST PIECE OF NEW

EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

Educational.—Large attendances at the School for Bachelors.
Chemical.—Drugs in the market.
Botanical.—Turning over a new leaf.
Military.—March of intellect.
Naval.—Blowing great guns.
Meteorological.—Showers of circulars.
Surgical.—An infusion of new blood.
Agricultural.—CORNET GRAIN very arriving.
Commercial.—Number of far-fetched jokes according to the import returns, slightly in excess of the year 1871.
Philanthropic.—Advice freely given.
Scientific.—Aquariums going on a-sim-lingly.
Fencing.—Ploughing in Oxfordshire.
Gracing.—Scraping your shins.

THE DOUBLE DAY IN NOVEMBER.

FRIGORUS, with unclouded ray,
Evermore for London shine
On November's twice third day;
Heed the number of thy Nine.
With the Crown that never falls
Hymn we then the Civic Chant.
Then was born the PRINCE OF WALES;
Then comes in the NEW LORD MAYOR.

Phoebus, being not elsewhere
Absent, shed thy light serene
Though in every thoroughfare
Stars of daylight mock thy sheen;

While the People rend the air
Shouting, o'er their gr-gs and ales,
Glory to the new LORD MAYOR;
Ditto to the PRINCE OF WALES.

THERE was a Young Lady called LILY,
Say, was she or was she not silly?
She rejected a hand
Bringing riches and land,
Because she disliked the name "BILLY."

SYMPATHY.—Things were a serious aspect when the Bakers threatened to strike. The bread itself looked "sad."

ODD THING.—To encore a song, and to be quite satisfied when another is sung in its stead.

MEAN THING.—To ask for discount when you buy the wedding-ring.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY TASK.—Crim, without extermination.



"DISTANCE LENDS,"

Wiry Keeper. "THAT'S OUR GROUND, SIR, JUST BOUND THAT [Brown (from London), who had undraped his Moor w Railway Station, and has been walking for the last Thread," Caves In.



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"IT'S AN ILL WIND," &c.

"OH, PAPA! WHAT DO YOU THINK? FOUR OUT OF OUR TWELVE BOXES ARE MISSING."
"HURRAH! BY GEORGE! THAT'S THE BEST PIECE OF NEWS I'VE HAD FOR A LONG TIME."

EVENTS OF THE PAST YEAR.

Educational.—Large attendances at the School for Scandal.

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Absent, shed thy light serene

Though in every thoroughfare

Stars of gaslight mock thy sheen;

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Shouting, o'er their groins and ales,

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"DISTANCE LENDS," &c.

Wily Koper. "THAT'S OUR GROUND, SIR, JUST BOUND THAT FURTHEST HILL."
(Brown, from London), who had undertaken his Meer was within easy distance from the Railway Station, and has been walking for the last Two Hours, and hasn't "a Dry Thread," Caves in.

A SONG WITHOUT SENSE.

(Adapted for Slow and Sentimental Music.)

O who will o'er the moon so free,

O who will gaily ride

Upon a rocking-horse with me,

That carries twelve inside?

I promised her a slice of cake,

Made by a kangaroo:

Alas! my brittle heart will break,

For all in vain I woo.

How fondly I recall the time,

When, sitting on the stile,

We heard the beetle's drowsy chime,

And saw the cuckoo smile!

But now no more the beetle sings,

The birds are silent too,

For tho' I've bought four wedding-rings,

'Tis all in vain I woo.

MONEY AND MATRIMONY.

For thy meters, mist November, oft

I've watched till late at night.

O that in my little garden there would

fall an acrolite,

Having withinside a diamond which

would for a million sell!

No man now upon less money could

afford to marry well.

DOMESTIC PETS.

EVERY dog must have his day;

And every cat her night.

This is the sort of thing men say

When they have gotten tight.

THERE WAS A YOUNG LADY called FLORY,

In goodness she placed all her glory,

And boxed both her sisters'

Four ears into blisters,

Because they had told her a story.

DECEMBER ANSWER TO JANUARY'S PRIZE CHARADE.—But-ter.

THE man who is equal to himself is generally a match for others.

HOW TO ROLL IN WEALTH.—Marry a rich carriage-maker's daughter.

UNREASONABLE THING.—To say "Good morning" on a very foggy day.

A COURT CIRCULAR.—From a Royal Tradesman.

A "YOUNG BEAVER."—A barber's baby.

A LARGE FAMILY PARTY.—All of us!



THE TWO MOTHERS. A VISIT OF SYMPATHY. NOV. 10, 1872.

Queen Victoria. "AND NOW IN THE DARING, MY DEAR MADAME HIPPO?"
Madame Hippo. "OH, HIM BERRY WELL, MAJESTY, TAKE YOU, M.A.M."

EDUCATION—A CHRISTY 'UN.
Ques. What's the best food for Niggers?
Ans. Thyme.
Ques. Why?
Ans. Because Thyme was made for slaves. Yab! Now,
Mama Besses!

FOR THE ANTHROPOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—When a man is himself again, who was he in the interval?

TO POOR PERSONS ABOUT TO MARRY.—Take your honeymoon trip in the shade of Scilly.
Erymology.—"Give the meaning of apathy," asked the Examiner. The Candidate answered, "Not caring a penny."

SYMPATHY IN DISTRESS.—"What an idiot I have been!" cried a betting man, who had lost a fortune on a horse. "How dare I ask an idiot?" "At Earlwood," replied his friend.

A NOTE AND QUERY.
Now the Swallow seeks her dwelling
In the chimney. Very well.
Tell us, if there's any telling,
Where she did, ere chimneys, dwell?

AFTER A BATTLE.—The arguments a Coburn uses for overcharging you are sometimes so ingenious and subtle, that they may fairly be called Cabotical.

NO MORE LITIGATION.—We should have no need to clamour for legal reforms, and a great saving would be effected in the Estimates under the head of Courts of Law and Judicature, if people would only judge for themselves.
MORAL ANTIPOLOGY.—A Barrister receives instructions from an Attorney. He discovers the client to be a rogue, and throws up his brief.
HERALDRY FOR SIGN-BOARDS.—The Pawlbrokers' Arms.—Fogues.

"SWEET GIRL-GRADUATES" . . .

AFTERNOON TEA VERSUS WINE.



HERALD FOR SIGN BOARD.—THE FAVOURABLE JACOB AT THE
—Foggy.
overcharging you are sometimes so incalculable and subtle,
that they may fairly be called "Calculated."
"Where shall I seek an asylum?" "At Earlwood," replied
his friend.
"When a man is himself again, who was he in the interval?"
himself again, who was he in the interval?



HUNTING LADIES.

OLD BUTTICK RECOUNTS THE TWO MISS SCRAMBLETONS OUT HURRING, AND WITH DIFFICULTY KEEPS THEM IN SIGHT. THEY CAME TO A STONE WALL, WHICH B. NEVER DREAMS OF. *After Miss S. "O, Mr. Buttick, Papa always goes first!"*



THE SEASON.

THE ordinary manuals of useful information grossly mislead the public by limiting the number of the Seasons to four; the fact being that there are five—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter, and the London Season. The ordinary manuals were probably compiled by persons of the scholastic profession, ignorant of Society, indifferent about gloves, and with no experience either of a *Matinée Musicale* or an Afternoon Drum.

The circumstance of THOMSON not including the London Season in the poem he composed on a kindred topic, shows plainly that in his time (and THOMSON, it should be remembered, was contemporary with JOHNSON, SMITH, and BROWN) it had not acquired that importance which it now possesses in the eyes of every one who has not forfeited all claim to self-respect. Some fragments, however, were found amongst THOMSON's papers which led his executors to think that he had originally contemplated bringing the "lovely young LAVINIA" (see Royal Academy, Gallery I., No. 75) to Town, and finding her a fine match.

The exact height of the London Season has never yet been positively ascertained; but pending the appointment of a Royal Commission, with a paid Secretary, to inquire into this subject, it may be safely assumed that the Season has reached its ultimatum by the time of Goodwood Races.

The London Season can be traced back to the days of the amiable and universally respected Tudors. HENRY THE EIGHTH's arrangements about his Queens were so uncertain, that fashionable society in that monarch's reign was more than once left without its natural head; and, consequently, drawing-rooms appear to have been subject to considerable irregularity and unavoidable postponement. At a subsequent period in our dynastic history HENRIETTA MARIA could never prevail on CHARLES THE FIRST to look in at five o'clock tea (or rather coffee, for the Queen brought that infusion with her from *La Belle France*), and CROMWELL, although he rode in the flow, declined evening parties, and had what almost amounted to an antipathy to a starched white neckerchief.

As far back as the time of the Union, matrimonial projects had assumed an important place in the arrangements of a London Season.

The JORLWORTHS returned home to Musmore rather knocked up

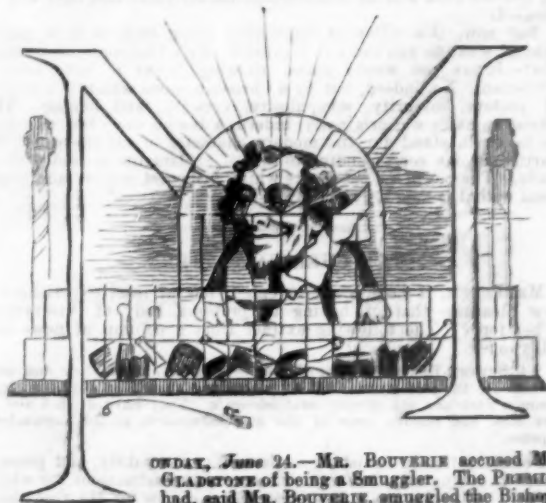
with their ten days in Town. During that short space of time they went to the Royal Academy, the International Exhibition, the Kensington and Bethnal Green Museums, the Albert Hall, the Crystal Palace, both the Water Colour Societies, the Donat Gallery, the Zoological Gardens, twice to the Opera, thrice to the Theatre, the House of Commons, and Lord's, and to concerts, pianoforte recitals, *Matinées Musicales*, balls, dinner-parties, garden-parties, fancy fairs, flower shows, and fireworks. The General was more than once unconscious during the performance of GLUMM's grand classic opera, *Clytemnestra*, and MRS. JORLWORTH expressed thankfulness (to herself) when that last long septet at HERR LOUDENSTEIN's Musical Rendezvous came to an end.

Various trades and professions are more or less dependent on the London Season. It has great interest for hotel-keepers, florists, fruiterers, poulterers, politicians, livery-stable-keepers, butchers, pigeon-shooters, diners-out, whist-players, opera-singers, begging-letter-writers, dog-fanciers, waiters, and match-makers.

There is one painful subject connected with the London Season to which it has long been evident that the attention of the Legislature must in the end be drawn. Indeed, it is understood that the Home Office have now under consideration the propriety of introducing, at an early period next Session before the commencement of another Season, an Habitual Flirts Improvement Bill.

Is Society growing later and later in its habits, or are those who compose it about to reform their ways, seriously impressed with the truth of the venerable adage that early to bed and early to rise makes us all healthy, and wealthy, and prevents red eyes? It seems necessary to ask this question at the present time, because a farewell benefit, which is under very Royal and aristocratic patronage, is announced to take place at Drury Lane Theatre "on Saturday morning, July 6, 1872, at three o'clock." Clearly, London is not the capital of that land "in which it seemed always afternoon." These remarks gracefully introduce another, which Mr. Punch willingly steps out of his accustomed way to deliver. We would say gladly, but he is not at all glad that MR. and MRS. ALFRED WIGAN are going to retire from the stage. On the contrary, it can very ill afford to lose a gentleman whose art is of the very highest, and a lady whose talent has adorned every character she has undertaken. But since they are to go, let their departure be made a famous one. The date we have given, and the rendezvous. All lovers of true histrionic art will try to be present.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, JUNE 24.—MR. BOUVÉRIE accused MR. GLADSTONE of being a Smuggler. The PREMIER had, said MR. BOUVÉRIE, smuggled the Bishops' Resignation Bill through the House, in a precipitate manner. For which MR. GLADSTONE rebuked him, but did not garnish his speech after the fashion of *Dirk Hatterick* and the like, which was to be regretted, as MR. GLADSTONE'S *copia verborum* might have been illustrated in a novel fashion. He should have told MR. BOUVÉRIE to cut ben whids and stow them, as a gentry cove of the Ken does not putter family lingo. Also have sworn.

Army Estimates were taken, and very rude things were said about the Militia, who do not appear, like *Bounty* in the copybook, to Command Respect. Yet they would be very terrible to an enemy who was in the habit of washing himself. Touching the Volunteers, LORD ELCHO thought the new rules too stringent, and that the public expected too much from the Volunteers. He admitted that they were not fit to face a Prussian regiment. Let us make them fit, and then there will be no foe for whom they will not be a match.

Tuesday.—The Lords polished off the Ballot Bill, according to their lights, and it was sent back to the Commons, with what result will be seen. The latter House does not feel, with Society in other days,—

"Let a Lord but touch the glowing lines,
How the wit brightens, and the sense refines."

Some of the Commons were very anxious to get upon the subject of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH'S judgment in the Galway case, but MR. GLADSTONE declines to hurry matters. Now JUSTICE KEOGH is shortly going on circuit, and there is no saying to what savagery the priesthood he has castigated may not excite the clowns who obey it. If the Irish Government does not wish to be called to the heaviest account it has ever had to meet, it will take due precautionary measures.

The Mines Bill made progress. MR. O. MORGAN objected to mine-owners being regarded as Molochs, who love to ill-use children. On an amendment, which Home-Secretary BRUCE declared would make it impossible to enforce the law in 90 cases out of 100, our "strong Government" was defeated by 185 to 170, and the amendment was carried. Note this.

MR. GLADSTONE declined to establish a British Protectorate at Fiji, and the House supported him by 135 to 84. He does not wish BRITANNIA to obtain any more dominions. Well, his is a safe policy, but it is not the policy which has made her great.

The Bill for allowing Dissenters to bury one another in churchyards was got rid of. Let them go on living always, to spite the House and our good friend MR. W. J. THOMAS, who puts down centenarians.

Wednesday.—The lawyers slaughtered a Bill intended to make conveyancing cheaper. They said that it would not work. But they might have allowed us to try.

The House threw out a Bill for enabling laymen to preach in churches. Dreadful pictures were drawn of possible occurrences, and the champions of the Church unconsciously satirised its clergy by urging that they might admit to their pulpits the POPZ, BRAHMINZ, BORES, and public Entertainers.

Thursday.—Came good news. The Three Arbitrators, the representatives of Italy, Brazil, and Switzerland, had, it was announced, decided that the Indirect Claims were totally inadmissible. We

drink to the health of the Three. The Americans, after consultation with their Government, accepted the decision, and LORD TENTERDEN, for England, withdrew his request for a long adjournment. So the Washington Treaty is upheld, and discussion, under its provisions, begins in the middle of July. There—and now was not *Mr. Punch* the rightest of all prophets when he depicted the Indirect Claims as a sham and a humbug, which the Americans meant to explode when the right time should come?

Whether we shall hear of the Claims any more—whether they are abandoned only as regards this Arbitration—well asked, MR. DISRAELI. Why, Sir, that depends upon whether "Attorney-ism" should see any advantage to be gained thereby. Sufficient for the day is the bother thereof. *Punch* begs leave to interpolate a deserved compliment to you, MR. DISRAELI, for the admirable and statesmanlike way in which you have behaved to the Government during the course of these American negotiations. You have kept the Cabinet on the *qui vive*, but you have never harassed it. So we reward you by making you the principal figure in another Historical Cartoon, which has nothing to do with America. Our treatment of the theme may seem satirical, but that is a mere detail. We delight to set you on high among the people. And we are sure that another "people," whose best friend *Mr. Punch* has ever been when they wanted friends, will be enchanted with our other witty but good-natured illustration of your Crystal Palace Address to the Conservatives. As MR. JOHN REEVE, the younger, said in an immortal burlesque—he assumed the tone of one who has refreshed himself in excess:—

"Let's all love one another. What a place
This world would be if that could be the case!
Yes, love each other like the innocent lambs
Sporting about beside their blessed dams.
Yes, I said dams, Sir, I don't care a jot.
Do you (*furiously*) believe I love you, Sir, or not?"

Friday.—The frescoes in the Victoria Gallery are giving signs of decay, but this can be arrested, and the process will commence forthwith. The sooner the better. MACLISE'S grand works must not be left in jeopardy an hour longer than is needful.

In the Commons the Ballot Bill, as "improved" by the Lords was considered, and it will save trouble to state that the Lower House rejected nearly all the amendments of the Upper. MR. GLADSTONE would have given way on certain points, but his obedient followers would not allow him to do so. So now to see what the Lords will do.

There was a little accidental fire at the top of the Clock Tower, where burns MR. AYTON'S ingenious device for letting the wives of Members know what time the House rises. The affair was a *bagatelle*—not so is the dodge for preventing senators from going off to billiards. An Irish Member desired that coloured lights should be exhibited, but MR. AYTON was playful, would have no green fire to please the Irish, and thought a white light aptly symbolised the Constitution. AYTON among the Poets!

MONKEY BONES.

WHAT is that brisk discharge of cracks?
The harmony of CHRISTY'S Blacks?
Or dancing-girl who pirouettes
Clacking the lively castanets?

No; it from Parsons doth arise,
While PUNCHAS bold the law defies,
And celebrates his mimic Mass
In panoply of triple brass.

Ritualists make that noise, the while,
Snapping their fingers as they smile,
And, since Jack Priest he still dares play,
"So much for Privy Council!" say.

A TERRIBLE INVENTION.

AMERICANS are so inventive, that we need hardly say we cite this from a Transatlantic newspaper:—

"One of the cleverest inventions we have seen is the Patent Cat Exterminator. It may be described as a large cast-iron cat, with an elastic awelling tail, and sharp steel claws and teeth. It goes by clockwork, and, when placed upon the housetop, its yells and screams attract all the cats in the vicinity, when it quickly tears to pieces those that come within its clutch."

As a set-off against the Alabama Claims, we ought to claim some compensation for the shattering of our nerves by such dreadful news as this. Live cats are bad enough, but they are only flesh and blood, and occasionally sleep. But to have cast-iron cats prowling on the housetops, and caterwauling dismally all the live-long night, a prospect such as this may make the bravest of us tremble, and the boldest feel dismayed.

A PLEA FOR PLAINER DINNERS.



ENIGMA MR. PUNCH,

It has been cynically said that life would be enjoyable if it were not for its pleasures, and in one respect I certainly agree with the remark; namely, in regard to what are called the pleasures of the table. Not that I am one of those who care not what they eat, and who consume with equal relish a cup of mutton broth or a plate of real turtle. But it seems to me that nowadays people so prolong the pleasures of the dinner-table that they cease really to be pleasurable, and become mere pains and penalties. Who that now "moves in society" (to quote the penny novelists) is not weary of the endless *entrées* and *entrées*, and

relevés, and *vôts* which he daily sees paraded? I like French cookery in France, and don't object to it in England, provided it be good; but how rarely do I find it so! And what French cook would ever dream of blending French and English dishes in the huffer-mugger way in which they mostly are presented here?

I say nothing of the snobbishness which leads pretentious people to vie with one another in the length of their *menus*, and the daintiness of their delicacies. I say nothing against pine-apples at two guineas a slice, except that I object, myself, to eating money, and have very little sympathy with CROESUS and his friends, who take delight in its consumption. I merely wish to heave a sigh over the many weary hours which I now weekly have to waste, with my napkin on my knees, and a sipper on my lips, while waiters try to lure me into gluttony and headache. Who can sit down nightly to a first and second service of a score or so of dishes, with ices and dessert, and coffee, and liqueurs, and wines of half a dozen sorts; all more or less injurious, and escape from taking much more than is good for him? It is not in human nature always to resist the temptations that beset it; and though I daily make a vow that never more shall British *entrées* make their *entrée* down my throat, yet I somehow nightly find that one or two of them have done so. A man for a few seasons may dine out with impunity, but depend on it Podagra will be his fate at last, unless his friends are sensible and simplify their dinners.

I should like to set on foot, then, an Anti-Sybarite Society, whereof the members should refuse to dine with any one who kept them more than, say, an hour and half at table. Life is too short for the lengthened banquets now in vogue, and I feel persuaded that many of us nowadays might look for longer lives if we had but shorter dinners. *A bas les entrées!* I cry, therefore, "Farewell you *Cotelettes aux Cephalées*, you *Croquettes aux Cauchemars*, you *Timbales à la Dyspepsie!* Goodbye, Sweetbread, goodbye!" Give me good soup and fish and meat, and a salad for a relish, and I would not exchange my *menu* for that of Epicurus.

So I beg leave to subscribe myself yours humbly,

The Growler, Friday.

PETER SIMPLE.

INJUSTICE TO THE UNITED STATES.

A CASE of shameful misnomer has lately appeared in print. A contemporary relates that, at Guisborough, some ten miles from Stockton, a certain Miller was convicted the other day of having in his possession sixty-three sacks of rubbish, supposed to be sawdust, intended for the adulteration of meal, to wit, "Indian meal, barley-meal, and pig-meal." As barley-meal's principal consumers are the same as those of pig-meal, the admixture with those articles of that stuff must be regarded as a heartless imposition on creatures which, if they were not particularly noisy, might be termed dumb animals. It must have painfully affected the poor brutes; for the material supposed to be sawdust turns out to consist of oat-husks reduced to powder; food about as nutritious and salutary as ground glass. This detriment to pork and bacon is said to be manufactured by a set of rogues at Montrose and at Newcastle. It is extensively employed by millers of like species to the one of whom the song says:—

"The Miller he stole corn"—

—millers of the stamp of Grindoff in the Miller and his Men.

Their fraudulent use of it has gone on for many years; if a mitigated penalty of forty shillings for the first conviction do not check it, heavier fines will be inflicted—please the pigs; and they will be pleased.

But now, this villainous commodity being such as it is, gentle reader, what do you think it is called? By a Christian name, mark that—JUDAS you would guess, allowing JUDAS to have been a Christian. No, indeed, but by a Christian name which is a symbol of probity, integrity, scrupulosity, veracity, and honour. This Christian name was originally, indeed, a Jewish one; but may now be taken to stand for the modern character of all the world the particular one corresponding to that of an Israelite indeed without guile. The powdered oat-husks which dishonest millers adulterate meal withal is named JONATHAN!

THE CHELSEA PATTERN.

MR. PUNCH, if he has not invented, has at least experienced a new pleasure—that of having to praise a body of Vestrymen. Wherefore? The following extract from a column of news will tell you:—

"A SEVERE EXAMPLE.—The Chelsea Vestry have fined their dust-contractors for the B division £150 for neglecting to remove the dust from common dust-bins and private establishments. They have decided also to hire cars, and remove some of the dust themselves at the contractors' expense."

Determination in punishing neglect of sanitary duty, and promptitude in taking steps to abate a nuisance, are distinctions for which perhaps the reader sees a Vestry commended now for the first time. It is remarkable that this Vestry happens to be the Chelsea, and that the Chelsea Vestrymen have signalled themselves by chastising neglectful dust-contractors and by setting themselves to work at sweeping dust away. For, as Posterity will recollect, in Chelsea resides MR. THOMAS CARLYLE. It may be conjectured that MR. CARLYLE has educated his parochial friends into a peculiarly vivid perception of the necessity for dust-bins to have things swept into them, and, when they get full, carted out of them from time to time. The fellow-parishioners of MR. CARLYLE have also perhaps been impressed by him with some idea of the right way to deal with Shams, such, for instance, as remiss or fraudulent contractors. The Chelsea Vestry could really not have done better both with dust and dustmen, than what they have, if he had himself been one of them. Indeed, many people will very likely suppose that MR. CARLYLE is their Chairman.

DANCING UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

For all their delicate appearance, Young Ladies now-a-days must be really very muscular. Especially just now, with the season at its height, only fancy what prodigious feats they manage to perform. Dressing, riding, luncheon, shopping, driving, calling, "drumming," dining, and dancing every day until the small hours of the next, a girl must have enormous physical endurance to lead for a few weeks a London fashionable life. Besides, for the athletic work which they go through, Young Ladies now are surely over-weighted by the costume which they wear. For instance, just conceive how much increased must be the labour of the ball-room, when performers have to enter it in clothing such as this:—

"Ball-dresses have very long trains, two or three tunics, puffs as voluminous as paniers, and at times lace basques falling over the latter."

To perform a clog-dance or a hornpipe in feters can hardly be a feat more exhausting to the muscles than to execute a gallop, or even a quadrille, in apparel so voluminous as that which is prescribed now for the fashionable world. For such active work as dancing, common sense would surely order the lightest dress conceivable; but the mandates of the milliners are generally based on the reverse of common sense. We therefore find that Venus, when attired for the ball-room by the Graces of the period, is burdened with a costume utterly unsuitable, and has to carry trains, and tunics, and basques as big as baskets, and puffs as large as paniers. These latter surely no one but a donkey would ever dream of bearing in a ball-room, and yet some ladies are so stupid as to imitate that animal, at least in the matter of their fashionable dress.

Priestly Authorship in Spain.

THE Carlist insurrection in Spain is described by the authorities of Guisuscoa, in an official message to KING AMADRO, as "a clerical rebellion." Why is this clerical rebellion like a slip of the pen? Because it is a clerical error. The Spanish Government will perhaps enable the sacerdotal conspirators who have committed it to find out their mistake.



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Eligible Bachelor (gallantly). "OF COURSE YOUR DAUGHTER'S ENGAGED FOR EVERY REMAINING DANCE, MRS. JONES! I NEED SCARCELY ASK SUCH A QUESTION!"

Anxious Mamma (delighted). "NO, INDEED, DEAR SIR JAMES——"

Eligible Bachelor. "OH—ER—I AM!"

THE MINDLESS MASS.

BENEATH some fifteen stone, my Son,
The matron stout, oppressed, who groans,
Is like unto a skeleton
For all the flesh upon her bones,
When youth are dancing at a ball,
And she sits by with back to wall.

In velvet, silk, or satin, she,
Though blooming, glorious to behold,
Resembles the Anatomy,
Mute guest at feasts with men of old;
Not that her tongue is often still
Much more than a perennial rill.

But that her form and features say,
To maidens that can hear and see,
"Girls, such as you was I one day;
As I am now so you will be.
Nail, therefore, husbands whilst you can
Still captivate the eye of man."

And thou, my Boy, that wastrest by,
The partner of a graceful belle,
Upon her Parent cast thine eye,
If thou art witched by Beauty's spell.
That little waist beneath thine hand,
Look, to what girth it may expand

Make sure that there is that within
Thy charmer which will youth outlast,
And, through conditions fat or thin,
Conjoin thee with her ever fast.
Else, what bounds all her power to bless?
Adipose tissue, more or less.

POLITICIANS AND PEDLERS.

THE Leader of Her Majesty's Opposition, in his speech delivered to the Conservative Association at the Crystal Palace, described certain Statesmen of the other party as "viewing everything from a financial point, and totally omitting those moral and political considerations which make nations great, and by the influence of which alone individuals are distinguished from animals." This is an objection to certain men and certain measures the like of which has occasionally and not seldom been advanced by another than MR. DISRAELI; but that other, whom modesty here makes nameless, has always, in connection such as the foregoing, called the creatures therein contrasted with animals mankind or human beings, and not individuals. He has also spoken of them as differentiated from animals not by the influence of any political considerations, but by moral faculties or senses, ingredients of their nature, commonly sneered at as "sentimental" by gentlemen of some intelligence indeed, but themselves sparingly endowed with any sentiment superior to self-esteem. Very likely, however, the author of *Coningsby* and *Lothair* has to thank a reporter for altering his language from terms which would have been used by that other person, not to say individual. But you must bear. The sense is all. It is too true that there are persons who subordinate all other considerations to financial objects, and that, by having done, and persisting in endeavours to do so, they have disgusted, and continue to disgust, those others who are distinguished from them by qualities which also distinguish men from pigs. Financial economists and nothing else, bad luck to them in the grovelling policy to which they would fain sacrifice Epping Forest.

Hit by a High Churchman.

ACCORDING to the *Post*, MR. BERESFORD-HOFF has described a certain style of preaching as "rhetorical fireworks." Among such fireworks, the Honourable Gentleman of course does not forget, may be mentioned as especially objectionable, Roman Candles.



THE CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME.

"DEPUTATION BELOW, SIR.—WANT TO KNOW THE CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME."

RT. HON. BEN. DIL. "EH?—OH!—AH!—YES!—QUITE SO! TELL THEM, MY GOOD ABERCORN, WITH MY COMPLIMENTS, THAT WE PROPOSE TO RELY ON THE SUBLIME INSTINCTS OF AN ANCIENT PEOPLE!!"

[See Speech at Crystal Palace.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Another Day at Little Shrimpton.



E expect my old friend ENGLEMORE down here. We are advertised of his intention by two telegrams on Saturday and a letter received this day. ENGLEMORE is so addicted to telegraphing that his epistolary style has considerably suffered by a jerky habit of expressing himself which he has acquired during a long course of what he calls "wiring."

His first telegram (for example) is "Coming tomorrow you there wire."

This means "I intend to come down to Little Shrimpton tomorrow; will you be there? If so send an answer by telegram."—Happy Thought.

—In telegraphing "Speech is silver."

ENGLEMORE's letter received this morning. He abbreviates and initialises. "D. B." for instance with him means "Dear Boy." Here it is:

D. B. How r u? a? Met P. yest dy. Asked him about L. s. d. No go. Saw T. Your bus. right. All on meeting. To you this day comes Yours E.

There never was a man who was more the Complete-Incomplete Letter-writer than E, I mean, ENGLEMORE.

He has, too, a conversational method all his own. He is fond of prefixing "Mr." to anything and everything, and alluding to himself as "Your little ENGLEMORE." He is about six feet and has a military bearing. His business, I believe, is that of an accountant (whatever that may be), but he seems to be everybody's adviser, and a general rule exists among his friends "When in doubt consult ENGLEMORE."

He arrives. In a white dustcoat, as natty and bright as if he were going to escort a party of Ladies to Ascot or Goodwood. Whatever the time of year, however dull the day, he has always a bright flower in his button-hole; and whatever the weather, and wherever he has come from, his boots are always brilliant, his hat carefully brushed and glossy, and his gloves apparently bran-new and fitting perfectly. Winter is, rather than not, his time of year for white waistcoats.

Happy Thought.—One ENGLEMORE doesn't make a summer.

My Aunt is much taken with him, and never having met him before, behaves like all ENGLEMORE's friends do, and wishes to consult him about her Rheumatic Neuralgia at once.

"Well," says ENGLEMORE, briskly, "I don't care about Mister Rheumatism. The Colonel here"—this is another peculiarity of ENGLEMORE's; he gives everyone a title of some sort, but chiefly military, when talking of them, or to them. In this instance, by "Colonel" he means me. It's a little puzzling at first, but my Aunt, obtaining the key from me, listens to him with perfect equanimity—"The Colonel here remembers my being bedded by it for ever so long. In came Mister Mustard-plaster and did the trick."

"You don't mecorember—I mean recollect," asks my Aunt, interrupting him quickly, "if that was for Neuralism or—"

"Well," replies ENGLEMORE, understanding her as easily as she does him, "I fancy Mister Neuralgia was on in that scene somehow. My name was diet for weeks." Then suddenly turning to her, "Do you beef, or banting?"

Another peculiarity of ENGLEMORE's is his use of substantives as

verbs. To "beef" is with him, to eat much meat. To "banting" is to be generally abstemious. My Aunt answers that she has not as yet adopted any system in particular, but that, on the whole, taking one day with another, she may look upon herself as "beefing."

"Quite right, too," he observes. "Never banting, now. Not good enough for me. But I think you're right about Mr. Sulphur-waters. I don't French or German myself. The Colonel" (me again) "here parleys, and he knows all the moves."

"I'm told," says my Aunt, "by others besides my nephew, that the system of baths and regimen is very enervating, or, at all events, predesaming."

Happy Thought.—Evidently "enervating" and "predesaming." Repeat the words properly.

My Aunt turns upon me, rather shortly, with, "Well, I said so."

"But," says ENGLEMORE, cheerfully, "You take the Captain" (me, under a new title) "with you, and he'll do Jeey for you, and make you beam."

My Aunt nods her head, smilingly. I am convinced that she has only a very vague idea of ENGLEMORE's meaning. I have a glimmering of it. Should like to go.

After a silence, she says, "You'll forgive, Mr. ENGLEMORE, my obtusity, but what did you say my nephew could do?"

"Do Jeey, Ma'am. Funniments. You've seen Punch and Judy—Punch with a stick, Jeey the Clown round the corner."

Happy Thought.—When dull, "do Jeey."

"You mean, he'll amuse me?" asks my Aunt, evincing considerable intelligence.

"Quite so. Should like to come, too," he says, considering the matter; "but just now coin is not my name. Your little ENGLEMORE's complaint is tick dollaroo."

I see my Aunt's mind is made up. She says, "You can take me over, and leave me with the GLIMPHYNS, who are staying at Aix, and then you can see the German Farms—which is what my nephew is interested in just now, Mr. ENGLEMORE—"

"Ah, yes, capital chap, Mister Pig," he replies promptly, giving his summary of all farming.

I tell him that I intend taking up the subject, practically and scientifically, with a view, in fact, to letter F in Typical Developments.

"Ah, yes," he says, "heaps of coin out of that. Go in for Mister Hothouse. Grapes three guineas a pound; not good enough for your little ENGLEMORE. Write The Englishman's Chicken-House Guide, or Out of the Pigstye into the Poultry. Mister Cock-a-doodle pays. So does Mister Turnips. Thousands."

Happy Thought.—Make thousands out of Mister Turnips.

Might (while I think of it) arrange for a small farm before I leave. I suppose farms are to be let furnished; furniture being pigs, cows, cocks and hens, and—and—what else? Odd, I can't think of anything else. The Nurse and my two little Uncles can stay there. Then I'll leave my Aunt at Aix, examine German farming system, return here, and introduce new plans and better systems in farming all over the country.

Happy Thought.—Astonish MECHL. Introduce sulphur-baths for cows. Also douche and vapour. Still, the sole object of my farming must not be merely to astonish MECHL.

Happy Thought.—Introduce sulphur-baths at the Zoological Gardens. Put the Leopard into one. Advertise, "Can the Leopard change his spots? Yes, by taking sulphur-baths. Admission, 2s. 6d."

Arrangements. Leave ENGLEMORE to see about farm in my absence. Take Aunt to Aix. Read up subject in meantime.

Happy Thought.—Many years since I was in Aix. Old friends. Never been there during the season. Novelty.

My Aunt alludes to her friends, the GLIMPHYNS, being there, and the MOMPSONS too. Do I remember AGATHA and JANITA MOMPSON? I do. I know what my Aunt means. No. I devote myself to Science—specially Farming. A Farming Hermit. Good name, by the way, for a novel—The Recluse of Rosedale Farm.

Happy Thought.—Write it.

MATRIMONIAL MUSIC.

WHEN highly fashionable people are married nowadays the organist who assists at their nuptials always plays MENDELSSOHN's *Wedding March*. Very pretty for music in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*; but real marriage, and especially marriage in high life, is a serious matter; indeed a truly awful thing. A wedding march should accordingly be characterised with corresponding solemnity; and suppose, therefore, that, now and then at least by way of change, for congruity's sake, when an ill-matched bride and bridegroom have been joined together in holy matrimony, the happy couple and their attendants are played out of Church with the *Dead March in Saul*.



DE NOSE FABULA NARRATUR.

Politician (reading Mr. Disraeli's Speech). "TRUTH TO THE TRUDLINE INTHTINE TH OF AN ANTHIENT PROPLE."—S'THELP ME, MO', CONINGTHBY MEANTH UTH!"

DAMAGES REALLY DUE.

It is not often that *Mr. Punch* has the pleasure of being able to congratulate a Jury on a verdict for a plaintiff awarding compensation to a lady. That pleasure, however, he may almost say, is now afforded to him by the result of a case in the Court of Queen's Bench, *Swanborough and Wife v. The Metropolitan Railway Company*. This action was brought for injuries received on that Railway owing to the admitted negligence of the defendants. The Jury had only to assess damages, and they gave MRS. SWANBOROUGH £1,600. This sum, to be sure, was not one farthing too much for a scarred forehead, a permanently hurt neck, and concussion of the brain, which has disabled, and may, but let us hope will not, for an indefinite time disable the plaintiff from following her profession; the theatrical, as all the world knows. Moreover, her surgeon's charges amounted to £50, and she is still under treatment. If the Jury had given her twice, or three times, or four times as much, *Mr. Punch* would have approved of their verdict so much the more. Railway Companies can afford to pay for their carelessness, and the compensation for a career apparently cut short ought indeed to be no less than an adequate provision for life.

Mr. Punch is disposed to appraise at a very low figure the lacerated feelings for which Juries of husbands and fathers are apt to give the daughters of parents of their own stamp damages against men who have been foolish enough to promise them marriage, but not fools enough to keep a promise which, if kept, would have insured an ill-assorted union for life, or an end of it in the Probate and Divorce Court. But lacerated wounds of the forehead, and lacerations of muscular and nervous fibre he accounts real torts, for which money in payments proportionate to their severity is a due though an imperfect compensation. Besides, he desires Juries to bear in mind that the integrity of his own nose and his own hunch derives an additional safeguard from every award of heavy damages against a Railway Company by whose defective arrangements anybody else has sustained wounds or fractures, and that whatever tends to make for his own bodily security tends also to make for the security of everybody else.

PURPOSE OF PRIESTCRAFT.

ULTRAMONTANE Priests, teaching Papal errors
Use, for mundane ends, ultramundane terrors.

THE KNIGHT OF BELGRAVIE.

"SAY, Maiden, wilt thou wed with me?
Wilt be a soldier's bride?
And bind thy husband's full-dress sash
Upon his manly side."
"Alas! art thou a soldier, too?"
The Maiden softly sighed.

"And art thou found in battle's front—
O horrid sight to see!—
Waving a broken sword about,
And shouting 'Victory'?"
"Well, not exactly that," replied
The Knight of Belgravia.

"Then dost thou teach the boor to know
His left hand from his right;
To march with footsteps anserine?
Ah me! a gruesome sight."
"Well no; not quite so bad as that,"
Exclaimed the gallant Knight.

"Come tell me then, Sir Knight; if thou
Art neither of these two,
What sort of men dost thou command,
And what is it they do?"
"In truth," the Knight replied, "they are
A somewhat motley crew.

"Some are hard-handed sons of toil;
Some are incipient fops;
Some walk about in broadcloth coats,
And some in canvas slops.
Some come from factories, and some
From linendrapers' shops.

"But in a natty dress of grey
We meet upon parade;
Mine, to denote superior rank,
Bound round with silver braid."
"O, what a lovely uniform!"
Exclaimed th' enraptured Maid.

"Platoon and manual I rehearse,
As oft before I've done,
Out of a little red-bound book:
They seem to think it fun:
Some recollect a slight amount,
But most remember none.

"Anon, I march them out of town,
To sound of fife and drum.
They bravely march; and only halt
When to a 'pub' they come;
And then they hint they'd like some beer,
And I provide them some.

"That's all, sweet Maiden; for my life
Thou'lt ne'er have cause for fear:
The danger's small, or none at all;
The duties not severe.
Indeed, I seldom go to drill
A dozen times a year."

"My love, if this indeed be true,
That thou hast told to me,
I will consent to be thy bride."
So spake the fair Ladye.
"Thou showest common sense," remarked
The Knight of Belgravia.

More Left than Right.

M. THIERS would be most happy to govern on Conservative principles and conserve the Republic. Would Messieurs the Delegates from the Côté Droit "pledge themselves to give to the Government a loyal support, free from dynastic predilections?" The Bourbonic "Droitiers" who had waited on the President to press their own Conservative views on him were shut up. The Côté Droit, finding that they had come on a fool's errand, felt themselves in so awkward a position as to make them rather fit to be called a Côté Gauche.

A VOICE FROM THE VALLEYS.

Our streams, of old,
In England, rolled
With clear and crystal waters.
But only think
What stuff to drink
They are, my sons and daughters.

This land, we know,
Of ours doth flow
Not now with milk and honey,
But other things,
That taint our springs;
They might be turned to money.

Then, brother Clowns,
Would our large towns
Of a good gift be givers,
And have our thanks:
They'd feed our tanks,
And not pollute our rivers.

Meum and Tuum.

THE Mines Regulation Bill imposes restrictions on the employment of women and children in mines, knowingly. This last word is a superaddition to the original clause, made in the mine-owners' interest, of course without any idea of aiding evasion, which, also of course, however, it will facilitate. Employers who overwork the employed rob them of health and strength, and the Mines Regulation Bill will not answer its purpose unless it obliges every mine-owner to observe the distinction between mine and thine.

Flowers of Loveliness.

O THOU sweet Rose in virgin bloom,
Thou art a thing to see,
Like BELLA graced in choice costume,
But far the fairer she!

How fair thou art thou canst not tell,
Thou silent, senseless Rose;
But she knows how she looks full well:
And that is all she knows.

THE MARRIAGE LICENSING SYSTEM.

A THOUGHTFUL Contemporary fears for the prospects of agriculture, seeing that the town is everywhere extending itself into the country. If there is to be no end of this extension, the abolition of the country by the town is only a question of time. We know who made the country, and who made the town; and the works of the latter, and his factories in this country, are an improvement of Beauty, not on but off the face of Creation. People who have yet many years to live have an ugly prospect before them. As the towns increase the country must decrease. Merry England that once was must lose mirth daily, and sink by degrees into dreary England. Nothing can prevent this result but the arrest of our ever-increasing numbers. The population must, if the country is to co-exist with the town, become stationary. Is it not possible, in the interests of the country, to get up an United Kingdom Anti-Matrimonial Alliance? Were such a League established, it would surely be honoured with the patronage of DR. MANNING. His order have ever shown themselves more zealous for the promotion of celibacy than even of sobriety.

If a majority cannot possibly tyrannise over a minority, there can be no tyranny in a Permissive Prohibitory Marriage Law. It could be made to work full as well as a corresponding Liquor Law, by the unsparring infliction of sufficient penalties.

Agricultural Societies have been accustomed to award prizes to farm-labourers for, amongst other merits, that of having reared large families of children. This policy might now be reversed, and, with that difference, adopted in the centres of manufacturing industry; the recipients of medals, money, articles of clothing, and the like gratuities, being old bachelors and old maids. But it is to be feared that the manufacturers, if not the farmers too, would object to a limitation of hands that would hardly tend to lower the rate of wages.

It may be said that a reform of the Marriage Licensing System is requisite to regulate population, but that would not strike at the



THE RULING PASSION.

Fashionable Patroness (to Charity Girl who has been away for a Holiday). "WELL, BETSY JANE, AND WHAT DID YOU DO WHEN YOU WENT TO SEE YOUR FRIENDS!"
Betsy Jane. "PLEASE, M'M, I WORE A PANIER!"

root of the evil. The increase and multiplication whereby this island is becoming too small for its inhabitants, are chiefly due to the besetting carelessness of the working classes, whose members, for the most part, marry by banns, and not by licence. To keep them within the bounds necessary for the preservation of all that yet remains of merry England, no measure will be effectual which is not, to the extent of at least a Permissive Prohibitory Law, compulsory. What should hinder the formation of an Anti-Matrimonial Alliance? Surely there is no want of people who have not enough to do to mind their own business.

HONOUR TO HARVEY.

THE Tercentenary of HARVEY's birth is approaching. HARVEY was born at Folkestone, in 1578. The Folkestone people propose to commemorate his tercentenary by erecting a statue of him. A Committee has been formed to carry out this design, which, like almost every other that is good for anything, cannot be accomplished without money. Donations in aid thereof can be made payable to the "Harvey Tercentenary Memorial Fund" at the Western Branch of the Bank of England, Burlington Gardens, London. Should HARVEY have a Statue? We should think so, if he were only the inventor of the sauce which bears his name. That, to be sure, was not the Folkestone HARVEY, who, however, if no Gastronomer, was a great Physician, and at least discovered the Circulation of the Blood.

Slumber.

How sound and sweet is the sleep which follows a long day's toil! The Omnibus Conductor, for example, when at last he retires to his well-earned rest, realising the truth of the poet THOMSON's line, may be said to be:—

"Content, and careless of to-morrow's fare."



A SUGGESTION FOR THE PARK—TOILETTE À LA SHEPHERDESS.

WHY HALF COPY THE OLD COSTUMES? MUCH BETTER COME OUT IN THIS STYLE AT ONCE.

APPROPRIATE ANTHEM?

PRINCE ARTHUR, on his late visit to Birmingham, was presented, in the Town Hall by the Town Clerk, with an address from the Mayor and Corporation of that City. His Royal Highness made a brief and appropriate reply. According to the report of a contemporary:—

"The choir then sung the 'Hallelujah' chorus from Handel's *Messiah*, and with this the proceedings at the Town Hall ended."

Taking this statement for granted, what, one thinks, could the municipal authorities have been thinking of when they made their musical arrangements? That the *Hallelujah Chorus* was as appropriate to a loyal demonstration as *Non nobis Domine* is for grace after dinner? They did not, in imagination, mix up PRINCE ARTHUR with the late DUKE OF YORK, and appoint an anthem to be sung in recognition of his rank as a supposed ecclesiastical dignitary. They did not fancy that PRINCE ARTHUR is the BISHOP OF OSNABURG, did they? But another contemporary says that on the conclusion of PRINCE ARTHUR's speech, the choir struck up *God Save the Queen*. That, if sung, was the right anthem, of course. But who shall decide when Reporters disagree? There is one at least who does not know the National Anthem from the *Hallelujah Chorus*.

Test for Teetotallers.

THERE is wanting, it is said, a test by which drunkenness can be tried. That which is a test for sobriety is a test for drunkenness, and it has long been allowed that sobriety is demonstrable by ability to say distinctly, "The British Constitution." Thus drunkenness can be determined by a Constitutional Test. Of course a really habitual drunkard would never be able to say "British Constitution" at all. He would say, "Briahcoshtooah'n."

NOTICE TO JESUITS.

THEATRE Imperial, Germany. No Orders Admitted. BISMARCK, Stage Manager.

STONES FROM THE SKY.

"LET us pray, and a stone will fall
Which shall overthrow that Colossus,"
Says the POPE, in his audience-hall,
While we genuflect and cross us.

"Let us pray that an aërolite,"
We suppose, with cautious lowliness,
"May the German Empire smite,"
Is the meaning of His Holiness.

As the POPE's Bull, we know too well,
Is against a Comet unerring,
So an Asteroid 't will compel
To pound you dead as a herring.

Stars shoot, BISMARCK, from their spheres,
Twice a year, at least, remember.
You'll have meteors about your ears
In next August, or next November.

A Cool Idea.

It has been proposed that a deputation from the Dangerous Classes should, as early as possible, wait upon the HOME SECRETARY, to request the Right Honourable Gentleman to direct that, during the continuance of hot weather, Her Majesty's gaols shall be supplied with a sufficient quantity of ice for the use of the prisoners therein confined; an additional allowance to be issued to convicts coming off the treadmill.

MOTTO FOR THE GUN CLUB.—"Yonder Dove shall be my mark."
Der Freischütz.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 1.—
Mr. LOWE said one of his pleasant things. There was question on the hardships of the Temporary Writers in the Civil Service, who appear to have many things to complain of. Among others, their holidays have been taken away. Mr. LOWE said he had not the least objection to give them any amount of holidays they liked to take, but that during holidays, he should not pay them, of course. Punch does not quite see this "of course." Public money must be economically spent, but there is true economy in giving a valuable servant occasional relaxation, without fining him.

Mr. GLADSTONE begged to hold out no hopes that he should try to pass the Wife's Sister's Marriage Bill this year. So the Bill was withdrawn once more.

We then gave ourselves up to miscellaneous talk about parks, gardens, fountains, Art, frescoes, mosaics, and other pleasant topics. Mr. OSBORNE said that the DUKE OF WELLINGTON's nose (in MACLISE's great picture) had dropped from his face. Mr. ALDERMAN LUSK complained that a plain man could not understand Art-criticism. We know many handsome men who are equally in the dark. Sir JOHN TREKLAWNEY proposed that bathing-houses, representing islands, should be set up in the Serpentine. Mr. HOPE wished acacias and laburnums to be planted in the Parks instead of evergreens. Mr. BOWRING asserted that gas was destroying the House's Library. Mr. MACFARLANE wished to improve the Ladies' Gallery. In fact we had a delightful *conversazione*, enlivened by voting large sums of money for all sorts of agreeable purposes.

Then we grew stern, over the Lords' Alterations in the Ballot Bill, and Mr. GLADSTONE launched at Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK so magnificent a piece of irony that it must be transmitted to posterity:—

"Mr. GLADSTONE.—The Hon. Member who has just sat down must recollect that those who meet him in debate do not meet him on equal terms. He never makes any mistakes—(laughter)—he is not subject to any human infirmity; he knows what a man can deny, and what not. The Hon. Member's means of acquiring knowledge are derived from higher sources than are available to us—sources of which we know nothing, and to which we have no access. We must approach him as infirm mortals, and any suggestions we make must be submitted to his infallible judgment. If he disapprove, we must submit to whatever chastisement he in the plenitude of his wisdom may think proper to inflict."

After this we declined to accept any of the Lords' Amendments, except some of no importance, and their proposal to make the Ballot a temporary measure, was rejected by 246 to 165—majority 81.

Tuesday.—The Lords appointed the following Monday for the consideration of the Ballot Bill. Storm impending.

Mr. LEITH, just elected for Aberdeen, took his seat. Hereby hangeth a tale. There was another Liberal in the field, in whose favour Mr. LEITH would have withdrawn, but his popularity in his native town made this impossible. Then a warning message was received from the Political Committee of the Reform Club, imploring the Aberdeen Liberals not to support Mr. LEITH, lest the division of interest should let in a Tory. The warning was disregarded, with perfect safety, for 6000 Liberals voted against 600 Conservatives. Mr. LEITH had about double the number of his antagonist's

votes. That was the answer to Pall Mall. Then the Political Committee asserted that they had sent no message. But it seems that though they did not do so officially, some of the Committee united to dispatch the telegraph. Moral, the P. C. in Pall Mall do not seem well posted up in electioneering details. However, Mr. LEITH, who is a man of high talent and exceeding good sense, is elected, and there is a doubly satisfactory end—a good election made, and dictation repelled.

Mr. MIALl then brought forward his very long-threatened Motion touching the Church of England. But this time he roared like a sucking dove. He did not move to pull down the Church; he only wished for inquiry into her property. Mr. CURRIE proposed to turn the tables by inquiry into the property of Dissenters. Mr. GLADSTONE referred to what he had said last year, when he told Mr. MIALl that to convert the House into an enemy of the Church, he must first convert the people of England. He had not done so, as was shown by his merely asking for information on the subject, with a view to future proposals which the Government were not inclined to welcome, or to promise to welcome in the future. So Mr. MIALl was defeated by 295 to 94. Last year, on the bolder proposal, he had 84, but the majority on the other side was much larger. Clearly it is not Mr. MIALl who will be allowed to extinguish the Church—the Church, *vide* Cartoon, extinguishing him.

Wednesday.—Sir CHARLES DIXON proposed a Bill for laying hold of all Corporation land, and dividing it into districts, with a view to its being more profitably used. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL's power of epithet came to his aid: he called the Bill crude, idle, destructive, sweeping, and revolutionary, and the House rejected it by 184 to 17.

There was talk of the usual sort over the foolish and tyrannical Bill for preventing the Sale of Liquor on Sundays, and this lasted till the House rose. There can be no difference of opinion among rational men as to the absurdity of such propositions, but the arguments against them are not strengthened by reference to the Clubs. These are private establishments, supported by a union of subscribers, and it would be a good thing if the humbler classes got up their own Clubs on similar principles, adapting the details to their own habits. Mr. PUNCH was sorry to read nonsense on the other side—Members suggesting that the humbler class might buy their beer, fish, and the like on Saturday, for Sunday. Where are they to keep such things? Is a refrigerator, with a weekly hundred pounds of ice, usually part of an artisan's furniture? To read such stuff, with the thermometer at 80°, makes Mr. PUNCH sadder than a philosopher and philanthropist and philanderer ought to be. Iod Seltzer and cognac on the instant, Slave!

Thursday.—The Lords read a Second Time the Bill for protecting children against those who cruelly train them to become acrobats. LORD SHAPPEBURY told two piteous stories about the way the poor little creatures are maltreated. Acrobatic exhibitions can please only the lower class of folks—well dressed or not; and it is not for their delectation that we ought to leave infants to be tortured. There is no sentimentality about this interference. No child can learn to perform unnatural feats until it has undergone treatment which should send its tormentors to the treadmill.

Mr. HENRY JAMES gave a gallant notice, *in re* the Keogh question, to the effect that he would ask the House to declare that the priests grossly misconducted themselves at the Galway election, and that they should be prevented from doing so another time. This will bring matters to an issue, and we shall hear what the Imperial Parliament says about folks who burn Judges in effigy, and send widows' caps to their wives.

The Mines Bill was proceeded with, and fresh attempts were made to destroy its stringent character, but by means of compromise we prevented any further important detriment to the Bill. The fact that some mine-owners do everything in their power to prevent disaster, is no reason why all should not be compelled to do the same. While the House is on the subject, what is to be done with miners who break open their safety-lamps for the sake of lighting their pipes? Mr. PUNCH has been informed that after an explosion, many lamps are found to have been thus madly tampered with.

Friday.—The Lords read the Scottish Education Bill a Second Time, but the DUKE OF RICHMOND gave notice that he should put more religion into it. To say this to the DUKE OF ARGYLL, Defender of the Faith in Scotland, demanded that courage which we are so proud to behold in our Aristocracy.

Mines, in the Commons, and some curious revelations about the mode in which mine doctors are selected. Some, and often perfectly incompetent men, are supplied by the owner; others are chosen by the men, who always vote, not on the doctor's merits, but in regard to the quantity of Beer with which he treats them. There was talk on Egypt. Money was voted, as somebody said, in a "spasmodic" manner, and Mr. WHALLEY made a ludicrous exhibition of his sympathy with CASTRO, whose case he tried to drag in by the head and shoulders, but was told that the House was "dead against him," so he collapsed.



"JUST HINT A FAULT."

LITTLE TOMMY BODKIN TAKES HIS COUSINS TO THE GALLERY OF THE OPERA.

Pretty Jemima (who is always so considerate). "TOM, DEAR, DON'T YOU THINK YOU HAD BETTER TAKE OFF YOUR HAT, ON ACCOUNT OF THE POOR PEOPLE BEHIND, YOU KNOW!"

TO SPIRITUALISTS.

At least we suppose the following advertisement must have been written by some one who has, or desires to have "communications," with the Unseen.

A GENTLEMAN wishes to RECOMMEND his COACHMAN, who is leaving THROUGH DEATH. He is sober, steady, honest, and trustworthy. Thoroughly understands his duties. Married, no family. Personal character given. Address, &c. &c.

Of course the decease of one of the parties legitimately terminates the contract between master and servant, and Death, no doubt, affords such an opportunity to a servant for leaving a place, no matter how good, and "bettering himself," as is not often met with, during even the longest lifetime. But, on the above supposition, the Coachman, after giving the usual month's notice and quitting his place for a far superior berth, would not stand in need of any special recommendation from his master.

Yet if it be certain that Apollo, Manager of the Sun, *does* drive a chariot round one of the Pleiades, the missing link in the solar system (though the notion of the Sun going round a *link* does seem absurd), then there may be a vacancy for a skilled Jehu, who is "sober, steady"—not like that reckless young blood, Phaethon—"honest and trustworthy." In this case Apollo would accept a driver coming even from a respectable Mews; that is, any one of the nine. But, *Di inferi!* does Pluto still keep a carriage? He did once, and Mr. DISRAELI painted it—in words. If so, there's an occupation for the excellent Coachman in question. Now, in fact, is Pluto's chance. Proserpine, like other fashionable ladies, is probably in town (she has her six months "outing" as of old), and as "Personal Character given" is one of the conditions, the Royal Lady can see the gentleman herself. Every one must sincerely hope that the honest Coachman will obtain the appointment, because "Necessity" will forthwith cease to "compel," for the proverb "needs must," &c., will cease to have any force when Somebody else drives. By-the-way, many a Cantab will remember that "DEATH AND DYSON (die-soon)" used to keep livery stables largely patronised by the University men. If DEATH is still alive, perhaps it is he who has taken this worthy Coachman into his service. We hope he'll be comfortable in his new place, wherever it is.

"WHY SHOULD THE POOR BE FLATTERED?"

Hamlet, Act v. Ec. 1.

"WHY should the Poor be flattered?"

Art foolish, *Hamlet*, trow?
All else are torn and tattered,
None else are flattered now.

Your *Clown*, our race accusing,
Declared our wits astray:
We beat him at abusing
Ourselves. Behold our way!

Our *QUEEN* mis-spends her income,
Her Court's all fashion's slaves,
The Lords are feeble Ninkum-
Poops, and the Commons, knaves.

Our soldiers are no fighters,
Our sailors cannot sail,
Our bishops shame their mitres,
Our merchants cheat and fail.

Our doctors live by quacking,
Our lawyers lie for fees,
Our authors' brains are lacking,
Our priests teach what they please.

Our matrons hear "two-meaning,"
Are not averse to *schnappes*,
Our maidens boast a leaning
To Pops—or pigeon-traps.

Our sculptors can't make figures,
Our painters vamp and scamp,
Our minstrels might please niggers,
Our players lounge or stamp.

Our architects are Vandals,
Unfit to rear a stone;
Our music-writers Handels
To no ears but their own.

Only the so-called Worker,
The Stalwart Son of Toil,
Never from *that* a shirker,
Never in brawl or broil.

That sober, saving Being,
The nation's "heart and core,"
Him we are all agreeing
To flatter—and much more.

For him we muzzle quoters
Of SMITH or MALTHUS laws,
For him we muzzle voters,
Would muzzle thirsty jaws.

For him we spurn the maxim
"Only the taught should rule."
One who would teach or tax him
Would now be called a fool.

"Why should the poor be flattered?"
You pause for a reply—
But, if our brains are battered,
Dear *Hamlet*, don't ask why.

Good Colours.

A *rouge et noir* exhibition in London we should strongly deprecate, and a black and blue one is, unfortunately, rather too common a sight in our streets; but a Black and White Exhibition, such as is now open at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, deserves a word of hearty recommendation to all who find pleasure in looking at admirable drawings, etchings, and engravings. We hope the promoters of this novel and interesting exhibition will find it draw.

RIGHT SORT OF CHAIRMAN.

An International Prison Congress has been held in London. Necessary but gloomy. The members must have felt cheered at finding their first day's proceedings were to be presided over by a gentleman with the exhilarating name of—WINES.



ART-CRITICISM.

First Aberdonian (from the Road). "FAT'S THE MAN-NIE DERIN'?"

Second Ditto (who has got over the Wall to inspect). "HE'S DRAAIN' WI' PAINT."

First Boy. "FAT'S HE DRAAIN'?! IS'T BONNY!"

Second Ditto (after a pause, critically). "O, NA, IT'S ONYTHING BUT BONNY!!"

RITUALISM WELL REPORTED.

THE Church of St. Michael, Southampton, has been, as MR. O'BALLAGHAN says, renovated in the old style. It has been restored, as to its interior, as nearly as may be, to what may be supposed to have been its original conditions. The services performed at its re-opening on Thursday last week, were also assimilated, as closely as the law laid down by the Privy Council allows, to those originally celebrated within its walls; and they constituted, in outward show, a sort of serious caricature of the Roman Catholic Mass and Vespers. Such at least they appear to have been from a report in the *Hampshire Independent*, not, the following extract from it may be thought to indicate, supplied by a very decided Ritualist:—

"In the evening the sermon was preached by the REV. RICHARD C. WILKINS, of Swanmore, near Ryde. The service was opened, as in the morning, with a processional hymn, with the upholding of crosses and banners, and the procession this time was headed by an acolyte bearing in his right hand a paten and in his left a censor containing burning incense, which he waved all through the line of march, and its sickly smell pervaded the sacred edifice for some considerable time."

As tastes differ, so do sensations of odour, in different persons; what is one man's nosegay is another man's nuisance: apples commend themselves to these nostrils, onions to those. The reporter above quoted is affected by incense considerably otherwise than the disciples of the Romanesque parsons are. "Its sickly smell pervaded the sacred edifice." This is his delicate professional way of expressing a sense of unpleasantness, of which the like has found coarse though poetical utterance in the downright declaration—

"You can't think how my nose it pains,
Though I turns it another way, man."

He would likewise turn his nose away from the fumes whose "sickly smell pervaded the sacred edifice." For other noses the censor may exhale sweets; for his it emits offence; but what is

more, our Protestant Reporter is a type of a class not to be led by the nose. They will never be perverted to sham Popery by perfumes, how grateful soever to their noses; nor will they ever be any the more disposed to believe in mimic Priests affecting to say mass in one of the National churches, because, for their olfactory organ, the sacred edifice is pervaded by a delicious fragrance. They would rather, sorry as they might be to, see the sacred edifice devastated by the devouring element.

BLUNDERS IN VOTE BY BALLOT.

In an article on the Ballot Bill, the *Post* observes:—

"From the experience of the London School Board election, it is probable that under the Ballot Bill some electors will have their papers cancelled because they have marked them incorrectly; and it is by no means an extreme supposition that in a few cases it will turn out that electors have, through ignorance or stupidity, voted for the wrong man."

These probabilities are perhaps the strongest of all arguments for the Ballot. Voters who mark their papers incorrectly are not very likely to give judicious votes. Electors who shall have, through ignorance or stupidity, voted for the wrong man in their notion, will very likely have voted for the right man in reality.

Nickname of Never.

M. ROUCHER, the ex-Imperial Minister, made, when in office, a declaration about Italy going to Rome, which, though memorable, seems to have been forgotten. On presenting himself the other day in the National Assembly at Versailles, to speak at the Tribune, M. ROUCHER was saluted with shouts of "Murderer!" "Traitor!" "Shameless!" But so forgetful were his enemies that not one of them cried "MONSIEUR JAMAIS!"

CASTRO AND HIS FRIENDS.



so atrocious that Mr. Punch will only say that it is worthy of the user. The respectable Southampton paper which notices the speeches abstains from printing the words, indicating them only in the way usual when foul language is charged against a prisoner at Bow Street. We hope that we misread the report in inferring that two Members of Parliament sanctioned such loathsome brutality by their presence. Perhaps they had left the room.

However, the following letter may amuse readers. It is sent to Mr. Punch by another patron of Castro, and illustrates so happily the condition of mind that can tolerate his imposture, that though Mr. Punch is rather severely handled, he prints the castigation:—

"DEAR MR. PUNCH,
"there is an old Tale and it is this it is not a lie if you do not stick to it now my Dear Mr. Punch you are one of this Tribe and I beleve you to be nothing else you quoted Dr Wats and then you charge the claimant in that way as been a Lire in his yunger Days.

"you are against him and you can not say any other than you are Backing all the villany against him now Sir if you belve him to arthur orton why not Prove him to be. the attorney genral knows to his own sorrow that he his not arthur orton and you know as well also I think Mr. Punch you have got a Tip Like a great many more of the Publisher and you are parming your ugly anout in wearever you can upper X Mr. Punch munkey on the Stick Mr. Punch all Bosh Mr. Punch the Claimant asumed the name of Thomas Castro to hide himself from Family Trubles but you hide yourself from the Public because you are ashamed of your name been known for writing and Editing such foolish Rubish thearfore you are a thousand Times worse than the Claimant

"I am Sir
"your old Friend if you give over Lieing
"DR POSTUS."

SLAVES OF THE OVEN.

THE journeymen Bakers of London threaten a strike, and if that occurs, and their masters also combine in a lock-out, the richest even of the inhabitants of this metropolis may find some difficulty in getting their bread. The study of CONNERT'S *Cottage Economy* may in the meanwhile be recommended to young ladies of quality, from Princesses downwards. However, it is possible to do without bread, as SAWNEY kens, and PADDY can testify. The chief or only results of a general Bakers' strike would probably be a more general recourse to oatmeal "parritch," and increase in the business of potato-salesmen. Then, after a time, the state of things in the Bakehouses would most likely revert to what it was. Considerations of this kind may tend to allay the apprehension that, what with a Builders' Strike and a Bakers' Strike, we shall soon be without bread to eat or a roof over our heads. There is this to be said, though, for the working Bakers; in the first place that they are really very much overworked, and, in the next, that over-work is all they menace a strike for. According to a contemporary:—

"The men are not going in for 'nine hours,' but modestly ask for twelve consecutive hours out of the twenty-four, and no increase of pay. They complain that the present hours, averaging eighteen, is killing them, and urge that the same amount of work can be done in twelve as in eighteen hours."

Surely eighteen hours' work a day, and that Bakers' work, amounts to more than ordinarily penal hard labour, and there is reason to hope that the economy of their time demanded by them

would, as they argue, be no loss to their employers. Bakers' work is very hot work; the effect of heat on their system is remarkable; and the bread we eat would be all the nicer if we were assured that cool fists had kneaded it.

NEW COMPANIES.

THE following Companies have been registered during the past week:—

| | CAPITAL. |
|---|------------------------------|
| Melton Mowbray and Midland Counties Pork-pie | £1000 in £1 shares. |
| Mid-World Railway | £100,000,000 in £100 shares. |
| American Drinks and Summer Beverages | £5000 in £5 shares. |
| Imitation Jewellery | £100,000 in £10 shares. |
| London Sausage | £7,500 in £2 10s. shares. |
| Great Desert Fertilisation | £2,000,000 in £25 shares. |
| Simple Corkscrew | £500 in £1 shares. |
| South Sea Islands, Gas, Water, Markets, Museums, Musical Entertainments, Penny Readings, Popular Lectures, Public Libraries, Town Halls, and Baths and Wash-houses. | £250,000 in £10 shares. |
| Constantinople Cab and Omnibus | £50,000 in £5 shares. |
| Crowded Thoroughfares Summer Iced Fountains | £10,000 in £1 shares. |
| Hills and Mountains Universal Levelling | £50,000,000 in £50 shares. |
| Claymarsh and Strugglethorpe Public Covered Skittle-Ground | £75 in 10s. shares. |
| Metropolitan, Provincial, Suburban, Continental, Inter-Oceanic and Inter-Colonial Penny Parcels Delivery | £1,000,000 in £25 shares. |
| Temporary and Occasional Honest, Attentive, and Teetotal Waiters | £2500 in £2 10s. shares. |
| Historical Novel, Epic Poem, and Five-Act Tragedy Publishing | £5000 in £5 shares. |
| Transportation of Great Pyramid of Egypt to Lincoln's Inn Fields | £100,000 in £10 shares. |
| Metropolitan and Provincial Open Air Pine Apple Cultivation | £10,000 in £1 shares. |
| Spanish Armada Recovery | £500,000 in £5 shares. |
| Himalayan Tramways | £2,000,000 in £20 shares. |
| Cheerful Newspaper | £3000 in £3 shares. |
| Great Wall of China Bill-Posting | £150,000 in £2 10s. shares. |
| Railway Embankments, and Telegraph Poles Utilisation | £40,000 in £4 shares. |
| Village Ices | £25,000 in £2 shares. |
| Croquet Implements | £5000 in £1 shares. |
| Quill Pen Mending | £1000 in £1 shares. |
| Bath and All England Brick and Bun | £15,000 in £3 shares. |

BEEF AND BOTANY BAY.

INMATES of the workhouse are not generally supplied at the breakfast table with the morning papers. If they were, the mouths of most of those paupers able to read might have been caused to water by the following extract from a contemporary:—

"At the Essex Quarter Sessions, on Tuesday, the chairman (Mr. J. W. PERRY WATLINGTON) quoted statistics to show that the county had effected a saving of 30 or 40 per cent. by the use of Australian meat in the county gaol at Springfield."

This announcement would perhaps suggest to the mind of the pauper, over a measure of skilligolee, an invidious comparison between that preparation and potted beef, mutton, or kangaroo-tail soup, and likewise between the workhouse and the gaol. Nevertheless, Society is to be congratulated on the saving effected by feeding its worthless members on Australian meat. But how unfortunate it is that they can now no more be sent to eat it in Australia.

Sunday Lions for the Select.

HERE, by telegram from Paris, is a text for a Sabbatarian sermon: "The formal opening of the Lyons Exhibition is fixed for next Sunday."

The preacher's congregation, however, might require to be informed that the Lyons Exhibition is not a menagerie, and that, if it were, we should have a pattern to it, though insufficiently close, in the exclusive exhibition which the select classes are privileged to enjoy on Sundays at the Zoological Gardens.

EXAMINATIONS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



T would be a great saving of time to people visiting the Royal Academy Exhibition if the really good pictures there were all of them collected together in one room. They might be, and would cover but a part of its walls. The works of high merit are not numerous. How to multiply them? Develop genius. This might be done in Art as it is done in Science, and by the same means. The Royal Academy, as a body representing a Profession, presents the one exception to the now general rule of requiring all candidates for membership or a diploma to pass a strict examination. Thus, as regards education, the Royal Academy is not up to the mark, and is behind the times, and unequal to the spirit of the age. Let it, therefore, reform itself in respect of this inferiority and backwardness by instituting the same system of examination as that which is producing such grand results in other departments than its own of mental business whose advancement is effected by the inventive faculties. If the examinations are rendered competitive, all the better. Let every candidate for admission, in the first place, as an Exhibitor at the Royal Academy, be minutely examined as to the following particulars, more or less nearly connected with the art of Painting, and with a few exceptions, that of Sculpture:—Brushes—the various bristles and hairs they are made of, the animals which furnish them, the class and order of each animal, its nature and habits. Paints—different, the chemistry of, their specific gravity and electrical relations, the kingdom, animal, vegetable, or mineral, whence they are derived; the zoology and botany of the animal and vegetable pigments respectively, and, with regard to the mineral, the geology, with an accurate description of the formations wherein the substances they are extracted from are found. An account of Canvases—the material it consists of, obtained from what plant, by what process, and the mode of its manufacture. Botany, Geology, and Natural History in general as associated with animal and landscape painting. Astronomy, also in the same connection; and likewise Geometry and Optics in special relation to Perspective. Anatomy and Physiology as concerned in depicting the human form. History and Dramatic Literature as bearing on the choice of subjects: and lastly, as helpful to general information respecting Art, the principal ancient and modern languages, inclusive of Hebrew and Hindustani.

A fresh examination in the branches of knowledge above enumerated, and perhaps some others, should, with increased severity, be appointed for the degree of Associate, and a still stiffer one for that of Academician. Failing to pass the examinations, no Artist who great soever may be his popularity, or place even in the estimation of good critics, to be admissible to academical honours. Engaged in the practical study of his profession, no artist, of course, could possibly make himself thoroughly master of all the sciences and other varieties of learning wherein he would be required to answer questions. To pass his examination, therefore, he would be forced, of necessity, to have recourse to that system of cramming whereby other professional students store their minds with facts which, once got up to be rehearsed before an examiner, are remembered ever afterwards, and, in the meanwhile, have advantageously exercised the intellect and the imagination, the latter at least as much as the former. Thus would the calling of Creative Art be brought to attract to itself, and educate within its pale, the like large numbers of men of original and thinking mind to those we now see, thanks to the stringent examination in collateral details system, crowding all the other professions. The consequence would soon be that no one room at the Academy would be big enough to hold all the works of genius which would be sent to its Exhibition, and then, perhaps, the Hanging Committee would arrange them in first, second, and third class rooms. There can be no reasonable

doubt that the necessity for Artists of cram to pass examinations would very soon bring out, and rapidly increase, the equals of HOGARTH, REYNOLDS, GAINSBOROUGH, and TURNER.

WAKING THOUGHTS.

ONCE more I have to get up and dress. When will some ingenious patentee invent an envelope for the human frame, which will release me from the burden of assuming and adjusting twelve distinct articles of attire every morning of my brief life?

Blessings on this beard and moustache! I am delivered from one impediment to happiness and comfort. For me the razor is now only a curiosity, an emblem of a barbarous practice, which no caprice of custom, or tyranny of fashion, shall ever force me to remove.

I will wear those new boots this morning. I have put off putting them on from day to day, but the painful step must be taken at last.

This is the anniversary of the battle of Marston Moor! How the memory travels back to those eventful times! How the imagination portrays the conflict between Puritans and Royalists! How CROMWELL's Roundheads, and RUPERT's Cavaliers flit vividly before the mind's eye! How—sleepy I am!

In less than ten minutes I shall hear my particular costermonger at his matins. In a loud and strident voice he will reiterate to my neighbours in Backshaw Street, the merits of his fine "Yarmouths." He will be followed by "Chairs to mend," who will be succeeded by "China ware," who will be contemporary with "Ornaments for your fire-stoves," who will pave the way for "All agrowing and a blowing," who will give place to the newest melodies on the finest organs from Saffron Hill, and exquisite harmonies, by musicians of foreign extraction and brazen impudence.

This is the fifth. We have to dine with the PROUDHAMS, in Lone Square. Semi-grand people, with pretensions, affectations, and not the finest cellar of wines in London. Terrible encounter, this hot weather!

Shall I pass through this day without any mortification from my domestic retainers? Will cook give warning because she will not be interfered with in the kitchen, or CAROLINE have warning given to her because she was impertinent?

I hope my first wife's *caurien* brother will not turn up to-day. He invariably solicits a loan, and has a knack of making his appearance when we have some rather choice people here, and I know the GRORY SMITHS are expected to luncheon.

I wonder whether the Esmeralda Mariquita Silver Mine Shares will be quoted in this morning's paper at a still further depreciation in value?

Surely my sister AMELIA will not be such a simpleton as to marry that pompous MAJOR MAC OGLE. She must be forty-four if she's a day. How useful her money would have been to the girls!

It has just struck me that I have an appointment this morning at eleven—in Coldover Street, with GUMSHOY, my dentist.

That's the Post! I hope there is not a letter from ALEXANDER at Vienna, wanting another remittance; or a note from GENTRIDE, who is staying with the HOTCHIFFERS, and finds her expenses heavier than she expected; or a communication from the agent informing me that he has looked over the houses in Geneva Place, and that at least four hundred and fifty pounds must be laid out to make them habitable; or a notice, from the Secretary of the Great Inter-oceanic, of another Twenty Pound call; or a letter from my cousin LETITIA, to the effect that, if quite convenient, she will stay with us for a week or ten days, on her way home from JOHN'S.

What was it HARRIET said to me the last thing before I went to sleep? I remember it now—too well—she wanted me to make some calls with her this afternoon.

What a relief! This is not the day when my wife's eldest unmarried sister wrote to say she should come up from Uttoxeter to see us, and would probably stay all night. It really is too hot to find answers to her arguments for women being made Magistrates, Coroners, County Court Judges, High Sheriffs, &c. One thing I will not do when she comes. I will not go and hear her address a crowded meeting at St. James's Hall, on the Rights, Wrongs, and Megrimms of Women.

How many Circulars shall I receive this day?

Papa and Mamma.

A SOCIETY of German Ultramontanes at Rome waited, the other day, on the POPE to assure him of their unchanged allegiance. His Holiness is reported, in the course of his reply, to have recommended them to obey the laws of their country, unless those laws were contrary to the commands of Holy Mother Church. Holy Father Church, rather, is perhaps what INFALLIBILITY meant.



DRAWING-ROOM MINSTRELS.

(WHAT THEY HAVE TO PUT UP WITH SOMETIMES.)

Affable Duchess (to Amateur Tenor, who has just been warbling M. Gounod's last). "CHARMING! CHARMING! YOU MUST REALLY GET SOMEBODY TO INTRODUCE YOU TO ME!"

MIALL'S MISADVENTURE.

MIALL, the battle, fought of yore,
For reason and for right,
Against the Church that overbore,
Is now another fight.

By rigid tests, without the fold
Of England's Church when pent,
For liberty belief to hold,
With good cause strove Dissent.

But now by tests there's nothing meant,
If what they mean we search,
A narrow faction, wars Dissent
Against a liberal Church.

Dissenters of all shades, O LAUD,
Thy shade may whoop, or wail!—
The Church, High Churchmen, Low, and Broad,
Includes within its pale.

Incomplete.

SOME surprise has been felt that at the recent National Music Meetings at the Crystal Palace, there were no competitions, no prizes, no honours, for two of the most popular classes of modern vocalists—comic singers and coloured minstrels.

Classical Collision.

THE Minotaur on Wednesday last did run,
O monster, into the Bellerophon!
Behold mythology in modern era;
The Minotaur avenging the Chimera!

LADIES IN THE HEIGHT OF FASHION.

To naturalists who have a taste for noting the appearance of females of their species, the following may furnish some fair food for meditation:—

"The arrangement of the hair is higher than ever, the curls rising from the head in pyramidal fashion * * * Coiffures are composed of a tuft of flowers placed upon the very summit of the head, with trains of foliage or ribbon falling to the waist."

A lady crowned with flowers and covered up with foliage falling to her waist, would remind one of the costume of a Jack in the Green, were it not that Jack is a rather vulgar character. But what are naturalists to think of the appalling fact here mentioned, that ladies make their heads still higher than they have been? For months past women have o'ertopped the men they have escorted, and if pyramids of curls are to be added to their altitude, it will be needful for short husbands to take to wearing stilts, to place them on a fair equality of stature. "Curling their monstrous heads," is a suitable quotation to apply to ladies nowadays, when dressing for society. Doubtless few men can object to see their wives desire to make a rising in the world, though many may regret that this ambition should be limited to effecting an increase in their capillary attractions.

Hibernian Hibernation.

ACCORDING to LORD KIMBERLEY, Fenianism is now in a state of suspended animation. Would it were squelched, entirely, the reptile. An Irishman might say that the Irish Snake was only Scotch; but let us not, even in mere word, insult a loyal and reasonable people.

CONSTITUTIONAL LOGIC.

EVERY Englishman's house is his Castle. Corollary: Every Englishman's Cellar is his Dungeon.



EXTINGUISHED!

"IT IS NOT YOUR BUSINESS, MR. MEDDLESOME, TO BE PULLING DOWN CHURCHES. YOU LEAVE THAT WORK TO YOUR BETTERS."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



RITE a Novel, I said.

Suppose it written, advertised, printed, bound, published, copies sent to newspapers, reviewed, and again advertised with Opinions of the Press. Suppose myself reading the latter.

Advertisement:—"This day is published," &c., "The Recluse of Rosedale Farm. Thirty Thousandth Edition. Por-good & Groolly."

Opinions of the Press:—"This is perhaps the most charming novel of the season. There is a grace, a lightness, and yet such a depth and," &c., &c. —Morning Paper.

"If every novel of the present day was only half as good as *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*, the ground on which our objections are founded would be cut from under our feet."—*The Collective Review*.

"Mr. THINGUMY has done the literary State good service in this new work. In the character of *Grace Whatshername*, the *demi-monde* is drawn by a master-hand."—*Piccadilly Gazette*.

"The strictest Materfamilias need not be afraid of placing *The Recluse* in the hands of her daughters. There is not a word, not an expression, not a description, but breathes the true spirit of poetry, piety, Christian charity, and virtue."—*The Churchwoman's Mirror*.

"We congratulate the author upon the latest work which has fallen from his pen. *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm* will place him in the first rank of our most distinguished novelists."—*Dumpehire Chronicle*.

"Bustling, lively, racy of the soil."—*Sporting Standard*.

"True to life, outspoken, and though perhaps more suitable to the study than the drawing-room, yet neither Dowager nor Demoiselle will take much harm, while they will learn a great deal, from its perusal."—*Colosseum*.

"This romance, or novel, supplies a genuine want. *The Recluse of Rosedale Farm*, we have no hesitation in saying, is a work that will live. The Rabbi's Sermon is admirable, while, indeed, the entire picture of village life, at its purest, is one which may make us justly proud of our country."—*Jewish Journal*.

"No more scathing diatribe against the Hebraic usurers of the present day has ever been penned than the chapter in which is described the interview between *Geoffrey* and old *Shi Lock Kerr*. The character of the Jew is entirely new, and, as far as our memory serves us, perfectly original. His despair, when *Jessie Kerr*, having robbed him of his treasures, elopes with *Lord Renzo*, is almost too intense."—*Happy Dispatch*.

ENGLEMORE is furnishing a house in town. On this subject he consults my Aunt, reciprocating her confidence in him. My Aunt slyly supposes he is going to be married. ENGLEMORE admits that he is giving a look round. This interests my Aunt. So does the subject of furniture. She strongly recommends stained floors, and carpet in the middle. This idea seems to take ENGLEMORE's fancy. My Aunt promises to give him, before he leaves, the name of the man who stained the floor of the house that her friend Mr. JOHN SKIMPHER built, where it answered admirably.

Happy Thought (to myself).—This is the House that SKIMPHER built; this is the Floor of the House, &c.; this is the Man who stained, &c.; this is the Address of the Man who, &c. Nursery rhymes adapted to everyday use. This worked out might be a playful education for children. Instead of teaching them nonsense, teach them sense, but, so to speak, nonsensically.

ENGLEMORE "trains up" to town, and leaves us, being very busy about his new house, where to-morrow, he tells us, "he's got Mister Carpenter coming." I remind him of what I want him to do for me, and he promises to "keep his eye open for Farm."

I give him I say *carte blanche* to do what he likes in my absence. He replies, "All right, Colonel," and we seem to understand each other perfectly. There is an air of business about this off-hand way of settling a matter which is very assuring. On consideration, after he has gone, it occurs to me that he scarcely required any *carte blanche* from me to do what he liked. Hope he won't think it all a joke, or that I'm, as he calls it, "doing Joey." However, we did seem to understand one another.

Happy Thought.—In order that any matter of business should be perfectly intelligible, nothing should ever be "understood." Make this into what ENGLEMORE would call Mister Epigram, and put it down to HORNE TOOKS.

—Will write and explain. I do so. By way of answer I receive a telegram, "Yes. Agreed. What you said. Right." Before I have time to find out what on earth he means another telegram arrives. It is, "Ask what man stains floors. Where."

My Aunt, to whom I show this, suddenly remembers having forgotten to give Mr. DANGERFIELD (she seldom gets a name correctly, and never on a short acquaintance)—"ENGLEMORE," I say. Well, she supposes I know whom she means, and she forgot to give him his address. "The stainerer who's an upholster," she informs me rapidly, "lives at—dear me! let me see—a street near what was the Chinition—I mean the Chinese Exhibition, years ago. Number Thirty-One, I think it is; but I'll look it out, and your friend, Mr.—Mr.—APPLETON—"

Happy Thought.—Nod "Yes."

My Aunt means ENGLEMORE, but why shouldn't he be "APPLETOX," to save discussion?

"Yes, he has only to go to him, and mention my name. He will find him a most respectably eldable person."

Happy Thought.—Respectably eldable person. Evidently standing for "respectable elderly person." The words sound like a quotation from what might be called the Drunken Dictionary.

Next Day.—Aunt receives letter from the GLEMPHYNS.

She tells me that "I must write and say the exact day when I'm coming, as JANITA GLYPHYN tells me that, in that case, she has seen some lodgings which CAPTAIN QUORTESFUE will take for me."

CAPTAIN who? Think whom my Aunt means, as it annoys her to suggest a "proper name."

Happy Thought.—Found it out. "Quortesfue" means Fortescue. CAPTAIN FORTESCUE.

All clear. Make arrangements for little Uncles JACK and GIL at Little Shrimpton; then, day after to-morrow, depart.

Happy Thought (musically).—Partant pour le Soufre-is (i, a, to fill up "Mister Metre").

My Aunt would rather be left alone to pack without my assistance, or anybody's.

Happy Thought.—Leave her alone. Suggestion of Little Bo-Peep,—

Let her alone,

She'll, going from home,

Leave lots of things behind her.

On thinking over this Nursery Rhyme, it occurs to me that there must be something radically wrong with an educational system which commences by teaching the infant mind that "alone" rhymes with "home." How many gushing poets have been lost to the world by this!

Happy Thought.—Lots, I hope.

I go out and sit on the beach, watching my little Uncles.

They are never tired of digging in the sand, apparently with the idea of ultimately making a new basin for the sea to wash itself in, nor do they ever weary of varying the amusement with an occasional quarter of an hour devoted to stone-throwing.

Beach Thoughts.—There are few stronger temptations presented to the human mind than that of stone-throwing. Moral of above for inward application.

Children can't resist it. The smaller the child, the larger the stone. This is experimental stone-throwing. The Boy (who is "father to the man"—and why not if my Uncles are about thirty years or so younger than their nephew)—the Boy delights in distance. Distance lends enchantment to the stone. He likes to show how far he can make a stone go.

Happy Thought.—Another moral for inward application: Teach him how far he can make a shilling go, and reduce his pocket-money.

Beach Thoughts (same subject continued).—The Youth does fancy tricks with stones. Chiefly Ducks and Drakes. [Evident inward application again.]

Happy Thought.—Youth must have its fling.

Old Man sits quietly down and throws small stones at intervals into the sea. The older the man the smaller the pebble.

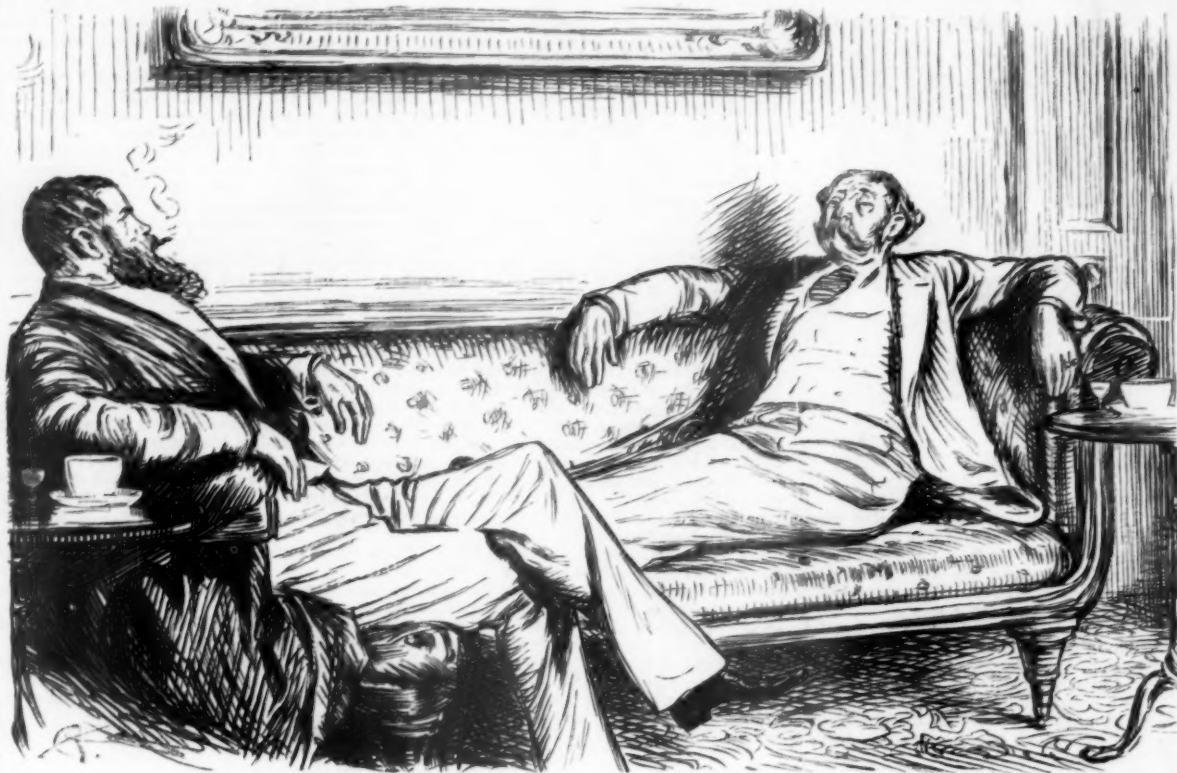
Sad and Poetic Inspiration.—

Morals mingle

With the shingle.

Also, subject for a classical cartoon, *The Fleeting Hours playing upon the Sands of Time*.

Nurse comes to remove Uncles JACK and GIL. They remonstrate, having one more hole to make. Uncle GIL has in his pail a choice collection of small green crabs. Nurse empties the pail, and that is the result of his morning's work. He is a little downcast at first, as I fancy he has regarded them with the eye of an epicure. Uncle GIL tries to watch them all at once crawling off in different direc-



"L'EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES."

Vivacious Guest ("limited income"). "DON'T KEEP A BROUGHAM!"

Languid Host ("thousands a year"). "AUGH! WHAT'S THE USE! LOTS OF HANBOMS CLOSE BY 'F YOU WANT TO GO ANYWHAR."

Vivacious Guest. "BUT A SADDLE-HORSE OR TWO, SURELY!"

Languid Host (with a shudder). "AUGH! BLESS YOU, NO, MY DYAR F'LLAR! WHY I SHOULD HAVE TO WIDE IN THE PARK!"

tions. I am sure that there passes through his mind a vague hope that they will all meet again (he and the same crabs) in happier times, when perhaps they will have grown bigger and he can have them for tea. GIL is a quiet boy, with a roving eye. When perfectly still, and smiling to himself, I have no doubt that his mind is arranging (on the theory of "Unconscious Cerebration") some deep scheme for the future. He is only five years old, and my theory to account for his reserved demeanour is, that the greatness of his mental operations stagger him. He is deep in plots and conspiracies. An Infant MACHIAVELLI. Uncle JACK is noisy and active. I ascertain that it was Uncle JACK who collected the crabs, but it was Uncle GIL who offered his pail for their reception, and who ultimately was walking off with them when Justice (represented by the Nurse) interfered.

Adieux to little Unoles. Aunt and boxes ready. My Aunt is perpetually reassuring herself of the wisdom of the step she is now taking for getting rid of the "Rheumalgic Neuralism" (*vide* Dixon's Johnsonary).

"CHARLOTTE—MRS.—dear me—you know who *was* Miss—dear me—Miss GLYMPTHY, of course, though it really is dreadful to forget names like this, and I can't help being afraid that the Rheumery weakens the memory—but what I was saying was, that in the letter this morning she says her mother, who's laid up there, can recommend me to a Doctor who's a cellar cethubrity."

"A—a—what, Aunt, is he?" (*Wanted*, Dixon's Johnsonary.)

"I say," she replies, slowly, "that the doctor to whom they go is a thorough celebrity. You'll like the GLYMPTHYs, I'm sure: JANITA's a very pretty girl, and very sensible, too; and they're all so musical, so's young MR. GLYMPTHY, who's a great student of Historical Natyry—I mean" (she corrects herself in a marked manner, as much as to convey to me that, *she* knows, thank you, *when* she makes a mistake)—"I mean, of course, 'Natural History'; and I dare say that's why they've made CAPTAIN QUORTESFU's acquaintance, who, I told you, was there, and as she writes, JANITA says to

me in her letter she must finish her letter as they're making such a noise with practising duettos between the piano and the koo beagle."

[*Happy Thought*.—"Koo Beagle," evidently "Key Bugle," *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.]

OCCASIONAL ATTEMPTS.

CERTAINLY, as *Justice Shallow* says, good phrases are, and ever were, commendable. They are good and commendable in their proper places. Among such phrases may pass, "The designs of those who have created this fabric." Here are phrases which would be good enough and sufficiently commendable in a speech made on the opening of a Museum or other Institution. If the speaker, going on, spoke of "moral and intellectual culture," he would use one of the phrases which, common in public speaking, are good broad flourishes of fine English, and in so far commendable. In a young men's Debating Society an orator would use phrases not other than good and commendable if, in relation to Science and Art, he declaimed about "The knowledge which humbles whilst it elevates, and the tastes which purify while they adorn." So also might he do if he called pictures and statues "creations of Art," and perhaps with equal propriety he might advise artists to "imbue the creations of Art with 'the beauty of holiness.'" Addressed to the British Public, or a British Chairman representing it, or part of it, the above phrases are, the lot of them, all very well and appropriate in their way, that of hacknied modern rhetorical stock. His Royal Highness the PRINCE OF WALES might, without incongruity, have employed them in the speech, had he chosen to make a florid instead of a plain one, wherewith he the other day opened the Bethnal Green Museum. They do, however, occur in a composition published in the newspapers as a prayer put up on that occasion by the BISHOP OF LONDON.



HIGH ART.

MR. PUNCH OFFERS THE ABOVE SUGGESTION TO THE COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, FOR THE USE OF CRITICS VISITING THEIR EXHIBITION. WITH THE AID OF THIS LITTLE MACHINE, THEY WILL BE IN A POSITION TO STUDY EVERY PICTURE, FROM THE HIGHEST TO THE LOWEST, WITH EQUAL COMFORT, THEREBY ENABLING THEM TO IMPART TO THEIR CRITICISMS THAT &C. AND &C. WHICH SHOULD EVER BE THE &C. AND &C. OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

MR. PUNCH, WITH HIS PROVERBIAL LARGE-HEARTEDNESS, HAS PUT NO PATENT OR OTHER RESERVE UPON THIS INVENTION.

UJJIAN CIVILISATION.

THE *New York Herald* has expiated the Editorship of the late JAMES GORDON BENNETT by sending MR. STANLEY fitted out to search for DR. LIVINGSTONE, whom he has found. Our great traveller is safe at Ujiji, amongst natives if you like, but not savages. Below, extracted from a summary of MR. STANLEY's despatches, is an indication of their character, as manifested in personal bearing. In order to astonish those natives in due measure, MR. STANLEY, at the rear of his little band of followers, entered Ujiji in pomp, with flags flying and rattle of firearms, and—

"As the procession entered the town, MR. STANLEY observed a group of Arabs on the right, in the centre of whom was a pale-looking, grey-bearded white man, whose fair skin contrasted with the sunburnt visages of those by whom he was surrounded. Passing from the rear of the procession to the front, the American traveller noticed the white man was clad in a red woollen jacket, and wore upon his head a naval cap with a faded gilt band round it. In an instant he recognised the European as none other than DR. LIVINGSTONE himself; and he was about to rush forward and embrace him, when the thought occurred that he was in the presence of Arabs, who, being accustomed to conceal their feelings, were very likely to found their estimate of a man upon the manner in which he conceals his own. A dignified Arab chieftain, moreover, stood by, and this confirmed MR. STANLEY in his resolution to show no symptom of rejoicing or excitement."

He, therefore, although an American traveller, accosted DR. LIVINGSTONE in exactly the same kind of way as that in which one English gentleman travelling abroad generally accosts another, when under feelings of emotion, and received a precisely suitable reply:—

"Slowly advancing towards the great traveller, he bowed, and said, 'DR. LIVINGSTONE, I presume?' to which the latter, who was fully equal to the occasion, simply smiled and replied, 'Yes.'"

MONEY-MARKET AND CITY POEM.

Reviving Confidence.

AFTER a lull, again once more
Incessant double raps at door,
And ever as the Postman knocks,
Prospectus left in letter-box.

What do I know of banks or mines,
Railways, and mercantile designs,
That Joint Stock schemers e'er should see
A likely share-buyer in me?

My name on a Profession's roll
They know about me is the whole.
From that mere knowledge they surmise
That I shall at their projects rise.

How many fools, and what fools they,
To make those stamps and paper pay,
What numbers of amazing asses,
Must count among the lettered classes!

Behold PILGARLIC's little hoard
Into a speculation poured,
Large dividends in hope to gain!
The poor PILGARLIC is insane.

Did Bubble-mongers only know
How I their circulars beatow,
In less waste paper me they'd stand.
—I tear up all that come to hand.

It seems but just the other day
The cry was all how money lay
Idle, because of panic dread
From Bubble speculations bred.

And has the cycle come round, when
The same is to occur again?
If a fixed law these things thus rules,
What constant quantities are fools!

Ascending to a higher sphere,
Whoever leaves me money here
Will ne'er look down from regions blest,
In risky shares whilst I invest.

Lured by high interest I'd ne'er be
To bite at bad security.
O, I would make a cautious heir!
Try me, ascending Millionnaire.

This was the way to behave; and the necessity felt for composed behaviour in the Ujijians' presence, is evidence of the native dignity of those natives. They are clearly not of the sort concerning whose manners and customs the midshipman in the celebrated story returned a report of "Manners none; customs disgusting." Whatever their customs may be, their manners are manifestly at least equal to those which distinguish our highest Aristocracy. The dignified Arab chieftain, above mentioned, probably excelled our most dignified old English gentleman, or Peer, in dignity of bearing, inasmuch as he was not only undemonstrative, but, most likely, stately, demeaned himself with unstudied grace, and was in nowise comic. Advertisements of persons offering to teach dancing and deportment appear in our newspapers. Ujiji might perhaps send us some dignified Arabs to teach our youth, and even some of our adults, if possible, not indeed dancing (*nemo saltat sobrius*, and dignity is incompatible with drunkenness), but deportment. Still more occasion for such tutors is there on the part of our gesticulating and countenance-contorting neighbours. Duly lessoned in deportment by dignified Arabs, a body of Legislators would never have presented the grotesque spectacle exhibited by the members of the French National Assembly the other night, ramping and roaring. Had MR. STANLEY and DR. LIVINGSTONE been two Frenchmen, they would probably not have been restrained by any fear of their superiors' derision, from rushing into each other's arms!

Let us rejoice in the good news that DR. LIVINGSTONE has not been eaten, but, on the contrary, was found alive and well in the truly genteel society of dignified Arabs; moreover, that he has discovered, and placed beyond doubt, the real source of the Nile.

HOW (IF YOU HAVE IMAGINATION) YOU CAN KEEP COOL THIS WEATHER.—Ice the thermometer.

THE GAME OF GHOST.



WE live in an age of tomfoolery. Modern necromancy is comic. The *Medium* is on that account worth reading. At some of the *stances* related in it occur phenomena, if the experiences so called are objective, very much like boisterous frolic in a pantomime, only that the "properties" flung about are household goods of a value which must render that practical fun now and then rather serious for their owners. According to a report given by our supernatural contemporary of some proceedings at a spirit-circle assembled at Liverpool, a

table repeatedly rose and fell, remaining, in the meanwhile, some time suspended in the air; and—

"Shortly afterwards, a special controlling spirit attending Mr. FEGAN, manifested himself. A heavy sofa-cushion was thrown violently on the table. We held it in our hands, and it was whisked away with great precision and force. Immediately afterwards, the heavy swab of the sofa standing near was hurled on to the table, folded in the middle, at the same time smashing the glasses of the gas pendant, and turning the tap, so as to cause an alarming escape of gas. This caused the circle to be broken up, but not without witnessing the great strength manifested by the spirit. Indeed, the sofa was about to be placed on the table, but it was jammed into a corner, so that it could not readily be done."

If there existed disembodied *Houyhnhnms*, and one believed in communicating ghosts generally, and the foregoing description of their doings in particular, one would say that those doings, though droll, partook rather too much of the nature of spiritual horseplay. You know, by the way, that the horse's

skull and the horse's hoof were once regarded as especial objects of *diablerie*, in days before the "Northern Phantom" (so called with great injustice to Orientals) had vanished. The limbs which moved the above-mentioned table would then have been thought some of his, and not without reason, if, with respect to the alleged performer of its tricks, reason could credit what has preceded and what follows:—

"This spirit calls himself 'JACK TODD,' and says he was known to fame as a highwayman about a hundred years ago, and suffered a violent death at the hands of justice. He says he was remarkable for his courage and resolution, and robbed the mail, single-handed, several times. He does not seem to have been a murderer, or wantonly cruel, but one of those daring examples who love to inflict reprisals upon the rich and well-to-do. Though he exhibits great violence at the circle, yet he does nothing of a hurtful or malignant nature, and will no doubt ultimately improve very much, and be of great use in vindicating the reality of these manifestations."

There might be supposed to be room for improvement in the spirit professing itself to be "JACK TODD—*alias* SHEPHERD," but it would be more charitable than orthodox to hope that any was possible.

Consumption of Vitals.

HERE, at Midsummer, are coals at from twenty-eight to thirty shillings a ton! Is it not time for us to consider how much longer we can continue to light the world with gas, supply the world's steam-engines with fuel, and at the same time afford domestic fires? M. THIERS proposes to denounce the Commercial Treaty with England. Might not we as well begin to think of denouncing the exportation of coals?

BEGGARS OF BETHNAL GREEN.

Beggar (Sings).— Art the money as 'as bin spent on hall that 'ere Science and Hart 'ud 'a made hall us Beggars our wives and children lushy.

A RAGGED SCHOOL FOR MUSIC WANTED.

MELODIOUS MR. PUNCH.

LAST week there was a Music Meeting at the Crystal Palace, and I am told it was attended by a great number of visitors, and a great deal of success. I did not go myself, for the fact is, I have no more ear for music than an oyster, and may add, to show my taste, that the sounds I chiefly relish are those produced by codfish.

The fact is, also, that I hear far too much music as it is, and without taking the trouble to go all the way to Sydenham for it. In the Quiet Street where I have the ill-fortune to reside, there are music meetings daily, from shaving time till supper. I hear that at the Crystal Palace vocalists and bands met to compete with one another, and prizes to the value of fifteen hundred pounds or so were publicly awarded, and royally presented.

At the music meetings held in the Quiet Street I speak of, the like kind of competition is daily carried on, though certainly the prizes are by no means so remunerative. Ballad bawlers, organ-grinders, German bands, blind fiddlers, Scotch bagpipes, Welsh harpers, Italian pifferari, and black-faced nigger bellowsers, sing and bawl, and blow and growl, and grunt and groan, and twang and scrape, and squeak and scream, and squeal and shriek and screech, all one against another, from morning until midnight; and though pence, instead of pounds, are as much as they can pocket, the competition is sustained with monstrous energy and vigour. The competitors seem generally impressed with the idea that the more noise they can make, the more money they will win: and as they often play some half a dozen tunes at the same time, their mingled melodies produce most unmelodious discord.

As the police appear quite powerless to prevent these music meetings, it may be worth while to consider how they may be made less noxious. Surely something might be done to improve in some degree the skill of street performers, and render them more musical, and thereby less offensive. If a PATTI or a NILSSON were heard singing in the street, few people, I presume, would object to the performance; or if a JOACHIM began to fiddle a sonata just opposite your door, you hardly could refrain from throwing him a copper. We have an Academy of Music, I believe, intended for the training of future *prime donne*; and why should we not also have a Ragged School of Music, to give some slight instruction to future street musicians? As a step in this direction, I would suggest that, at the next Crystal Palace competition, prizes should be offered for street singers, fiddlers, fluters, fifers, drummers, harpers, grinders, buglers,

bagpipers, "bones"es, banjoists, and hurdy-gurdy players, and the like, with a view to their advancement in the musical profession, and thereby their prevention from the exercise of music as an art of street offence.

I can hardly hope myself to live to see the day when JOACHIMS and PATTIS will be prevalent on our pavements; but anything that helps to make street music less tormenting than it is will confer enormous benefit upon countless fellow sufferers, in common with your tortured correspondent,

MISERERIMUS.

BEAUTY AND THE BUTCHER.

THE Women of the North are holding meetings of their own to agitate for cheap food. According to the *Manchester Guardian*:—

"At Sleekburn and Bedlington the Chairwoman recommended a strike against the Butchers, and she lamented that 'a vast of people' would still buy butchers' meat. The meeting is reported to have shrieked in chorus, 'We'll watch 'em;' 'We'll tar 'em;' and to have shown in other ways that they have not been unobservant of the practices adopted by the tougher sex (so called) when trade interests are in dispute."

Instead of watching and tarring people who still buy butchers' meat, the ladies above referred to should coax as many as they can to consume Australian in its stead. If people would abjure beef and mutton at one shilling per pound including bone, and addict themselves to those meats at sevenpence per pound without bone, they would soon bring the butchers down on their marrowbones.

A Little Kingdom.

THE Isle of Man preserves an autonomy of its own. It has a distinct budget; that for the present year having just been published by the LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR. The statistics of crime in that Island exhibit no peculiarity; for it was the remark of a mere buffoon that the Isle of Man is the Paradise of Garotters, because the Manx cats have no tails.

A POOR RETURN.

A LOAN Exhibition of Porcelain is now open at Salisbury. What must be the feelings of those who have lent their precious treasures, when they read the startling announcement that the Collection will be "broken up" in September?



HAZARDOUS!

Husband. "IF COOK ISN'T PUNCTUAL TO-DAY, LOVE, GIVE HER A GOOD—BLOW HER UP WELL!"

Wife. "MY DEAR CHARLES!—WELL, WILL YOU COME AND STAND BEHIND THE DOOR WITH YOUR LIFE-PRESEVERER?"

SPECIAL MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

THE following places in the United Kingdom have been selected by the SECRETARY AT WAR, the FIELD MARSHAL COMMAND-IN-CHIEF, and GENERAL OPINION, as singularly fitted to be the new Military Centres:—

Armagh,
Battle,
Fighting Cocks,
Killin,
Knock (Down),
Camp Hill,
Cannon Street,
Drum,
A Place in Fife not yet
determined,
Swords,
Shields,
Trooper's Lane,
Wadborough,
Wellington, and
Waterloo.

Astronomical.

It is well understood (in upper circles) that Luna dislikes any allusion being made to her age.

Themes of the Day.

THERE are two subjects whose mere names

Refreshing 'tis to read;
To wit, the Alabama Claims,
And Athanasian Creed.
Both it and they perhaps were best
Alike referred from home:
Teach us, Geneva, to digest
The Creed derived from Rome.

MORE TAXES ON KNOWLEDGE.

KNOWING one of those confoundedly good-tempered, impudent, unkickable-out-of-your-doors sort of fellows, who invite themselves to visit you upon the slightest provocation, and then spend a month or so in riding your best horses, drinking your best claret, smoking your cigars, and flirting with your wife.

Having to act as nursemaid to a lot of romping, rollicking, rampaging children, because, as your fond mother says, you know how to amuse them so much better than JEMIMA does.

Being asked to take down LADY HUMGRUFFIN to dinner, instead of pretty little MRS. PRATTLETON, because you happen to know something of the Troglodytes, or the Dolomites, or the Zoophytes, or something which happens to be her Ladyship's pet theme for conversation.

Although you are really of a serious and sentimental turn of mind, being expected *always* to return thanks for the Bridesmaids, because the fellows say you know so capitally how to make a funny speech—which is equivalent, as *you* think, to making a big fool of yourself.

Because you happen, by an accident, to have made the slightest possible acquaintance with a Lord, being asked by snobbish friends to plague him for his autograph, or by charitable friends to dun him for subscriptions, or by inquisitive friends to ask him where he buys his boots.

Being bored perpetually to escort your country cousins to the Tower and the Thames Tunnel, and similar exciting places of amusement, for the reason that you know the way about so much better than they do.

Knowing a young couple who, for certain (quite unfounded) expectations, plague you to be godfather, and whenever you go to dine with them, persist in having Baby handed round with the dessert.

Having to appear at the police-court, at the imminent risk of being misreported to your wife, in order to give evidence for one of your fast friends who has been out upon the loose.

Being expected by the better halves of nearly all your bosom friends, whom you dare not disoblige, on the pain of losing your pleasantest of dinners, to "take the boys about" when they come home for the holidays, for the reason that you know so much about the diving-bell, and all the other things you know the darlings are so fond of.

Being bothered by your artist-friends to be their model, gratis, for somebody historical, DAMIEN on the rack, or TITUS OATES, say, in the pillory, because you know so exactly what they want, and are so clever in assuming an uncomfortable attitude.

WEIGHTY INTELLIGENCE.

THE subjoined telegram, which came the other day from Paris, does evidently not require confirmation:—

"The rumours of preliminary negotiations having been entered into between the Catholic Powers and France for the purpose of arriving at an understanding as to the attitude to be adopted in the eventuality of a conclave, are regarded as incorrect."

The wording of the above sentence reveals its official origin. It is an admirable example of the peculiar language of diplomacy—precise, perspicuous, clear as the unclouded atmosphere, not hazy in the least. What important information, too, it contains! how grave, and how tangible! It informs us that certain rumours are regarded by some person or persons, whose opinions may or may not signify, as incorrect. Those rumours relate to alleged negotiations, which, though represented as merely preliminary, are momentous to think of. Consider the immensity of their supposed purpose—a purpose no less than that of arriving at an understanding as to an attitude to be adopted in an eventuality. This purpose, too, is as definite as the phraseology which expresses it is crystalline. The understanding as to the attitude to be adopted in the eventuality specified, is easily understood. If it existed, it would exist among the Catholic Powers. It would, therefore, be an understanding as to an attitude which might be naturally expected in some quarters to be an attitude of devotion, but might prove the contrary.

A Testimonial Well Deserved.

HAWLEY and other Staffordshire towns have been doing themselves honour by presenting MR. BRIGHT with a beautiful cabinet containing beautiful specimens of the ware for which the district is famous. In one respect the gift seems inappropriate, for it is difficult, nay impossible, to think of MR. BRIGHT in connection with anything that looks like "pottering."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



And from its force nor doors nor locks
Can shield you: 'tis the Ballot Box."

They are by JOHN PIERPONT, b. 1785, d. 1866. Why do we put such stuff here? Why, who are you, Madam, that you should never read nonsense? We have to read a good deal, we can tell you. We have no doubt that folks who like the Corn Law Rhymes, and that sort of thing, think the above exceedingly fine. Go to. This is not weather in which it is safe to incense Mr. Punch. He makes frightful examples when the thermometer is at 80° in his refrigerator.

All people do not think alike on this Ballot question, that is clear. For during the whole Session there have been nine petitions, with 84 signatures, in favour of the Bill; and in ten days there were collected 150 petitions, with 21,599 signatures, asking the Lords to stick to their Amendments. Nevertheless, the Peers did not stick to them, and are to be lauded for not doing so. The alterations would have made the Bill a Sham, and the Lords are not Juggling Fiends—

"Who keep the word of promise to our ear,
And break it to our hope."

After a dignified discussion (in the course of which EARL RUSSELL mentioned, from his personal knowledge, that MR. GLADSTONE had "over and over" voted against the Ballot), the Peers gave up the Optional Secrecy Clause by 157 to 133, majority 19, and they also gave up their objection to using schools for voting places, a concession for which the children who will get holidays on poll-days, ought not to be grateful, but will be.

But on the question whether the Ballot should become an institution of the Country, or should be only an experiment, for a given period, Eight Years, their Lordships, by 117 to 58, majority 59, stood by their opinion that the Ballot-Boy should be bound 'prentice for the term. It will be seen by Mr. Punch's Cartoon that the Boy objects to his being made an Apprentice, and thinks that he is strong enough to set up for himself.

"The remaining Amendments," says the *Standard*, "were disposed of in a friendly spirit." Mr. Punch rather likes this way of putting things—all is told that we want to know, and it is the sensible hot-weather style. Whitefriars drinks to Shoe Lane, and may its broad-sheet never be less.

In the Commons, COLONEL HOGG had the pleasure of admitting that the Board of Works could not prevent the erection on the Embankment of a house that will obstruct our view of the beautiful Clock Tower. Such is local rule.

"For forms of government let fools contend,
Whate'er is best administered is best."

Very true, ALEXANDER, and what do you think of a Local Government that cannot administer better than this? Where's the *Edile*, or are all his energies devoted to persecuting DR. HOOKER at Kew?

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moved a vote of £4123 to pay the legal expenses of the defence of EX-GOVERNOR EYRE, who was prosecuted for saving Jamaica. Mr. Punch will not detail the debate. The Vote was furiously opposed by MR. EYRE's enemies, and the indignation of his friends was not mincingly expressed. MR. RUSSELL GURNEY summed up judicially, and it will be remembered that he went out to examine into the Jamaica business. His words were:—

"There had been a planned insurrection for obtaining the back lands of the country—

ONDAY, July 8. —
Lovely weather, Madam, eminently suggestive of cooling drinks under the trees upon the Lawn of, let us say, some pleasant cottage in the Valley of the Thames: or a lounge by the gold-fish pool at Hampton Court, such leisurely enjoyment to be followed by a neat repast at the Mitre. But Mr. Punch eschewed all temptations, Madam, and attended in his place in the House of Lords to see what was to be done with the Ballot Bill. By the way, Madam, did you ever read these foolish lines?—

"A weapon that comes
down as still
As snow-flakes fall
upon the sod,
But executes a free-
man's will
As lightning does the
will of God;

and it was a very clear and decided conspiracy—(hear, hear)—and though it extended over only a small district, yet such was the state of the country that it immediately spread over a very extensive district, and if not put down at once, it would have had to be put down at the expense of a much more fearful loss of property and life. (Cheers.) To all these he absolutely adhered."

MR. EYRE, therefore, did his duty in proclaiming martial law. But MR. GURNEY considers that martial law was unnecessarily prolonged. But, MR. HARDY replied:—

"After the regular law was re-established, and SIR PETER GRANT had to preside at the trials of parties who had been engaged in the insurrection, two persons were sentenced to death, fifteen to penal servitude for life, eleven to penal servitude for twenty years, two for ten years, and one for two years—seven amongst them being women. It was thus seen to be necessary to proceed by the ordinary tribunals of the country, and to put certain inhabitants to death, and sentence others to various terms of penal servitude."

MR. GLADSTONE said that "for the honour of England and the service of the country" this Government had taken up the engagements of the late Government with MR. EYRE. On division, the vote was carried by a union of Liberals and Conservatives, who mustered 243 against 130. MR. EYRE served his country well for twenty-five years, was distinguished by his courageous humanity to the Australian natives, saved Jamaica to the English Crown, and—after four years is paid the expenses of defending himself against an irresponsible body of prosecutors. Encouragement to Englishmen to be self-reliant when their Sovereign's interests are at stake. *Pour encourager les autres*, as VOLTAIRE said.

Tuesday.—LORD GRANARD, Roman Catholic Lord-Lieutenant of Leitrim, wrote a letter expressing sympathy with some people who were about to meet and abuse MR. JUSTICE KEOGH. For the which indecorous conduct LORD SALISBURY did to-night give it LORD GRANARD "hot." But LORD SALISBURY strikes high, as becomes one of his name, and, having disposed of poor LORD GRANARD, turned upon the great LORD-LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND, and rebuked him for not castigating the smaller Lord-Lieutenant. The Earl and LORD GRANVILLE refused to say anything about the Galway business until they had studied the famous Judgment, but they declared that Government had done everything necessary for the vindication of law and order.

Episode in the debate. LORD SALISBURY said that LORD GRANARD should have restrained his "cursive and cursing pen." LORD GRANVILLE, no doubt for fun, assumed that the latter word was "cursed," and declared it improper. The Marquis allowed that the passive participle would have been objectionable. Then he misquoted SHERIDAN; but not much, as he gave the spirit of R. B. S.'s language. This reminds Mr. Punch to ask how many more times the blunder which found the phrase, "some d—d good-natured friend," in the *School for Scandal*, is to be repeated. The speech is by Sir Fretful Plagiarism in the Critic, as MR. CHARLES MATHEWS (welcome home, C. J. M.) can testify, and we hope will do so, publicly.

The Commons went down into the Mines in the morning, and we suppose stopped there, for there was no finding them to make a House in the evening.

Wednesday.—No, we thank you. Some excessively ingenious plan for altering the proportions of representation was ventilated in the Commons, and MR. WINTERBOTHAM, for the Government, utterly declined to have any opinion about it, or to talk about it, or to think about it. Most sensible. We would as soon read what's his name on Quantitative Analysis. By way of making things still more pleasant, the Commons talked about Vaccination. Lady Macbeth uses strong language on the subject of a spot, and if Mr. Punch were not an English gentleman, he would have echoed the Scotch lady this afternoon.

Thursday.—About something, no matter what, the DUKE OF RICHMOND said, that "under the circumstances," etc. Could not His Grace have said, "in the circumstances?" Circum means round.

There was a Conference to-day between the Lords and Commons, four members of each House attending. They met at Wimbledon, where they happened to find some targets, some luncheon, and a lot of Volunteers and ladies. So, in the most affable manner, the statesmen

took to shooting off rifles, and the Commons beat the Lords by 145 to 140. Then they cheered each other. It was magnificent, but it wasn't Parliament.

Mr. COLE has given some ladies and gentlemen tickets to see the Bethnal Green Museum on Sundays. Mr. FORSTER has ordered that the tickets be taken away. For the first time in *Mr. Punch's* recollection, Mr. FORSTER delivered himself of some twaddle, and it is to be hoped that it will be the last delivery of the kind. This comes of associating with certain feeble colleagues. The privilege in question could do nobody any harm, and was an advantage to the student of Art, who wishes to study its gems in peace and unbelowed. Of course, if Mr. FORSTER uses the Sabbatarian argument, we are silenced.

Mr. BRUCE moved the Second Reading of the Licensing Bill. Sir WILFRID LAWSON said that public-houses were the greatest nuisance we have in the country, and that the grocers were nearly as bad. Is this weather in which *Mr. Punch* is to be expected to detail any more bosh of this kind? The Bill was read a second time. Somebody said he wished all theatres were shut at XI. So do we, but until they are, the hours for closing public-houses mean tyranny.

LORD MILTON has left Parliament—we regret it, and we regret the reason—ill health. We are sorry that

“a damp
Falls round the path of Milton.”—Wordsworth.

Mr. Punch wishes a gifted and spirited young nobleman speedy convalescence. His seat for the West Riding, E., has passed to a conservative, Mr. STANHOPE.

Friday.—The Lords addressed themselves to Scotch Education, our admirable Scottish Primate having given them previous admonition not to do anything to deprive the Northern system of its Religious Character. His Grace spurred a willing horse (if that be a proper image in the case of a hierarchy) for the Peers carried, against Government, and by 81 to 70, an Amendment in the sense of Dr. TAIT's suggestion.

MR. GLADSTONE said that Government would consider whether they themselves would submit a motion on the Galway judgment. They will show their own judgment by acting in English fashion in this matter. Later, the PREMIER described “threatening letters” as “characteristic of the mode of carrying on business in Ireland.” Yes, and if an Affectionate People did not occasionally add a P. S. which, *pro hac vice*, means Powder and Slugs, the eccentricity would be only idiotic.

The Commons assented to the Peers' Amendment making the Ballot an experimental measure; that is, binding the Ballot Boy 'prentice till 1880. There was no division.

“The application is absolutely ludicrous and absurd,” said MR. LOWE. Is it necessary to add that this answer was given to MR. WHALLEY, who wanted pecuniary assistance for his martyr-friend, CASTRO? By the way, MR. WHALLEY has not yet denied that he sanctioned, by his presence, the atrocious language which CASTRO is reported to have used at one of his touting-meetings. somebody should give the Member for Peterborough the opportunity which he has not sought.

FILIAL FAITH IN IRELAND.

THE POPE, if His Holiness reads English newspapers, or has them translated to him, may have derived one consolation under his trials, from the fervent zeal for religion displayed by the faithful Irish in a manner evident from the subjoined paragraph:—

“ARRIVAL OF JUDGE KEOGH IN DUBLIN.—JUDGE KEOGH arrived in Dublin last night. On landing at Kingstown he was guarded to the train by a force of police, and in the compartment next to the one in which he proceeded to Dublin were a number of armed detectives. To-day he goes to Longford. A pilot-engine will precede the train, and forces of soldiers and constabulary will be quartered in all the towns on the North-west Circuit.”

The Holy Father has of course been duly informed of the circumstances which have rendered it necessary that JUDGE KEOGH, on circuit in the Island of Saints, should be attended by escorts of soldiers and policemen, and preceded, on the rail, by a pilot-engine by way of preservative from torpedoes. It is known to the Successor of St. Peter that Mr. JUSTICE KEOGH, himself a Roman Catholic, has not only not hesitated to sit in judgment on the political acts of Roman Catholic clergymen, but even to pronounce Priests and Prelates guilty of practising intimidation on electors in order to influence their votes by spiritual means. The POPE is aware that this impious audacity has caused its perpetrator to be burned in effigy, and has placed him in peril of his life at the hands of his warm-hearted countrymen affectionately attached to their beloved Bishops and Priesthood. The sentence of JUDGE KEOGH has condemned to disfranchisement a Most Reverend Archbishop, two Right Reverend Bishops, and a large number of reverend Priests besides. The faithful Irish are letting him know what they think of his thus daring to do his official duty irrespectively of his

filial obligations, politically, to the Holy See; and they would soon make him feel what a sacrilege he has committed if they were not deterred by the brute force which surrounds him with its myrmidons; the slaves and tools of a bigotry comparable with BISMARCK's own. But the burning desire, evident on the part of a religious people, to perform an act of faith on an unfaithful Judge, cannot but contribute to console His Holiness under the dreadful persecution which he endures in being dispossessed of temporal power.

PHILOSOPHY AND FASHION.



PHILOSOPHIC MR. PUNCH.

As a fashionable man, and one “moving,” as the phrase goes, in elegant society (and what with walking, riding, driving, and then dancing after dinner, one certainly is kept pretty much upon the move in it), you may fairly be accredited with taking some slight interest in the matter of the fashions, and with noticing the way in which the ladies mostly dress. You will therefore be enabled to verify this statement, which I see recorded by a fashionable paper:—

“Everything this season has a tendency to imitate decaying nature. Faded flowers, withered leaves, and sombre grays and browns are most prevalent in all varieties of dress.”

Jaded as you are by the labours of the Season, which you are happy to remember is very nearly ended, you perhaps may feel inclined to think that withered leaves and faded flowers are vastly fitting decorations to be worn in a society where budding hopes so oft are blighted, and where flowery expectations so rapidly decay. Sombre colours may seem suitable where life is a dull round of vain and vapid pleasures, and artificial wreaths of flowers made to look like those of nature in process of decay, may appear a proper head-dress to be worn by girls whose eyes have lost their pristine lustre through the keeping of late hours, and whose unhealthy dissipation has withered all the roses Nature planted in their cheeks.

Wishing you the luck, by a course of careful living, to repair your shattered frame in due time to enjoy the pleasures of next season, believe me yours in deepest sympathy,

The Hermitage, Thursday.

A BLIGHTED BEING.

DRUNK AND DISORDERLY.

In a *Times* leader on the paternal Licensing Bill, the other day, occurred the remark, relative to the United Kingdom Alliance Abolitionists—“Sober persons are unwilling to seem identified with impracticable fanatics.” Just so. The sober refuse to be associated with the drunken. Fanatics, who howl and shriek, and fight with fists at public meetings in the frenzy of their craving to impose a Liquor Law on their neighbours, demonstrate the possibility of drunkenness without drinking. It is well, indeed, that they should be debarred from “intoxicating liquors,” which would fearfully increase their habitual condition of excitement from intoxicating sentiments. For they go about drunk under the influence of lust of rule, bred of outrageous vanity and conceit, or, in phrenological language, an excessive development and an inflamed state of the organs of self-esteem and love-of-approbation arousing combativeness and destructiveness into furious activity, accompanied by a general frame of mind resembling *delirium tremens*.

THE HAPPY MEDIUM.—Gentleman between two Ladies.



INDUCTIVE FLATTERY.

"THAT IS A PORTRAIT OF DEAR PAPA, BEFORE HE WORE A BEARD AND MOUSTACHE, YOU KNOW."

"INDEED! HOW VERY LOVELY YOUR MAMMA MUST HAVE BEEN!"

ECLOGUE ON THE EYRE INDEMNITY.

WILLIAM. ROBERT.

William. ROBERT, thy smile a kindly joy implies.
Thy sympathetic soul shines through thine eyes.
With genial triumph all thy features glow.
Wherefore I do not ask—because I know.

Robert. Thou, WILLIAM, sharing, dost divine my joy
Think of our worthy pledge redeemed, my boy,
The legacy of rivals, it is true.
So much the more magnanimous we two!

William. The nation will discern how great we were
In taking up the cause, bequeathed, of EYRE.
Carrying the vote which will, in part, requite
The sufferer of a canting faction's spite.

Robert. O what a pleasure 'tis to interpose
Between a hero and his howling foes,
Though late, and make him for his loss amends,
Though thrift might save the cash that honour spends!

William. Hereafter may a servant of the Crown
Trust that, for putting a rebellion down,
When all his trials (for murder ones) are past,
His law expenses will be paid at last.

Robert. Expense be hanged! Conservatives be blest!
They helped us aid a true man, long oppressed.
Too many of our friends, alas! were those,
The vote we had to ask, who did oppose.

William. Aha! But we obtained our vote, my Bon,
We've shown our scorn of the seditious mob.
But see where Edile AYRTON comes this way,
With DOCTOR HOOKER on his arm. Hooray!

JOVIAL TEETOTALLERS.

AMONG other curious novelties we see advertised extensively "The New Tea Spirit." Can this really be a fact? Can there be intoxication in the innocent Bohea? Can there be deadly alcohol in the harmless, unfiery, peaceful Gunpowder? Can there be subtle poison in the simple household Souchong? Can the boasted drink that cheers be likewise inebriating? May we expect to see teetotalers really "in their cups," and prostrate underneath the tea-table? If so, we may presume that jovial songs for jolly tea-drinkers will ere long be forthcoming; and as it is our aim to be considered in advance of the age, we hasten to present it with a model ditty to be warbled by a tea-toper:—

AID—"A Dumper of Burgundy fill, fill for me."

A tea-cup of Tea Spirit fill, fill for me,
Give the man who prefers it champagne:
I care not for wine, 'tis far weaker than tea,
To the dregs, then, the tea-pot we'll drain!
And though as teetotalers strictly we boast
That we ne'er touch a liquor fermented,
Yet round every tea-table pass we the toast,
To the man who Tea Spirit invented!

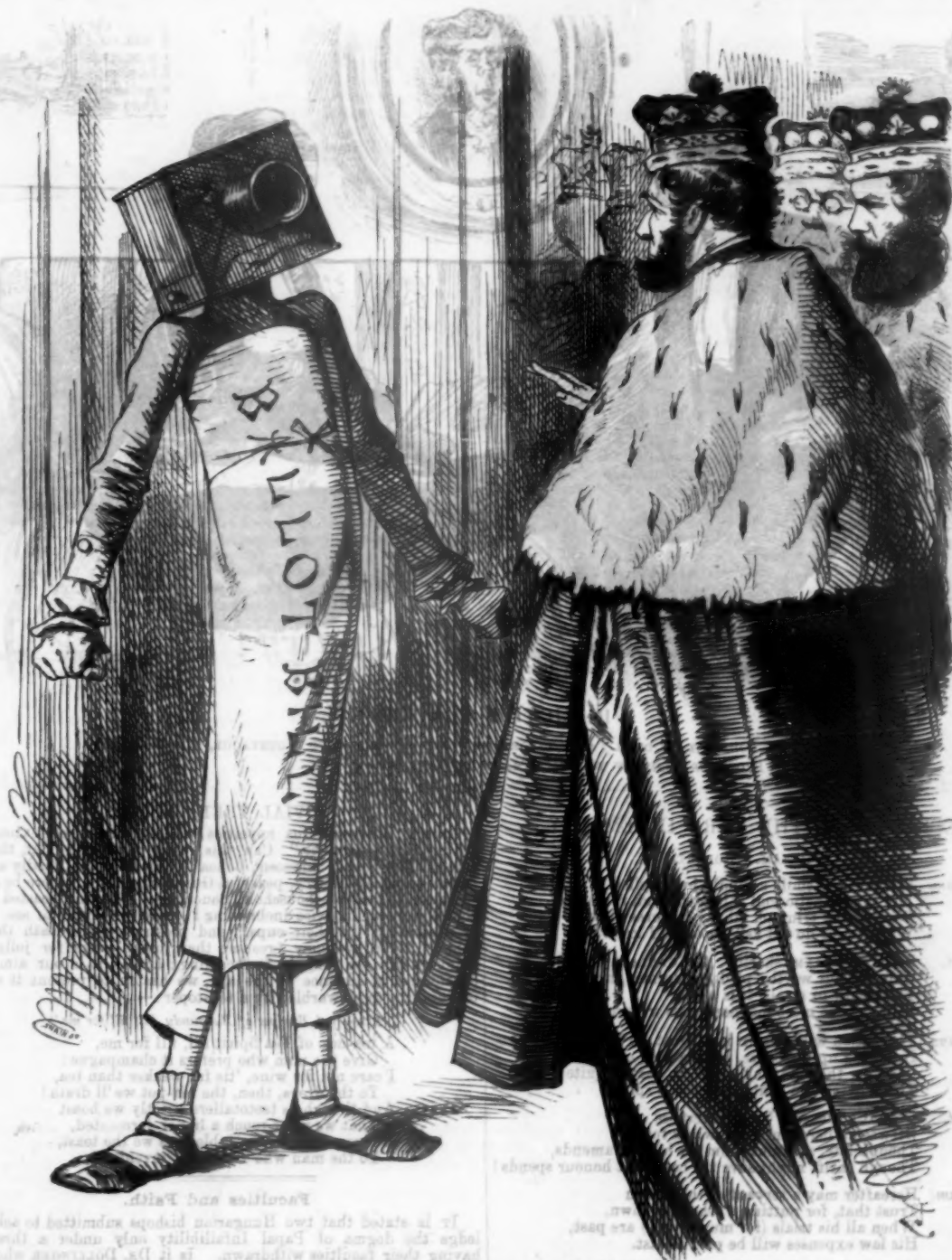
Faculties and Faith.

It is stated that two Hungarian bishops submitted to acknowledge the dogma of Papal Infallibility only under a threat of having their faculties withdrawn. Is it DR. DÖLLINGER who says that before anybody could possibly acknowledge that dogma, his faculties must have been withdrawn already?

TOO GREAT A CONTRAST.

SCENE—Bethnal Green. TIME—Sunday evening. Place open—Public-House.

SCENE—Bethnal Green. TIME—Sunday evening. Place closed—Museum.



THAT BALLOT-BOY AGAIN!

"O! AH! MY NOBLE SWELLS! 'PRENTICE, ENDEED! MY FRIENDS THOUGHT I WAS QUITE BIG ENOUGH TO SET UP FOR MYSELF! BUT NO MATTER! YOU'LL SEE!"



THAT BILLOT-BUY AGAIN!

THEY ARE THE ONLY BILLOT-BUYERS WHO CAN BE TRUSTED TO
GIVE YOU THE BEST AND CHEAPEST BILLOT-BUYING SERVICE.

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HAPPY THOUGHTS.



GOING up to town by train, a really Happy Thought occurs to me, suggested by a conversation which I can't help overhearing. The conversation is about farming. The conversers (or "ver-coners" according to Dixon's Johnsonary) are two agriculturists.

Happy Thought.—Gentlemen—farmers. Be a Gentleman and be a Farmer. Equal parts judiciously mixed. Must listen, and occasionally pick up, and then note down. This repeated often must be valuable.

What I gather from their conversation (which is difficult to catch, as they talk towards the window, occasionally looking out).

That it is a capital thing to roll a meadow. Always give top-dressings to—[What it is I can't hear, but can fill this up another time.] That hay won't be so dear this year as last. That you "give it 'em green" in the summer. "Em" refers, I suppose, to horses, and "green" to grass. That some people don't "give it 'em green." Hay is now three fifteen to four ten. I wonder if this is by the peck or the bushel. One agriculturist observes, that "he finds it best in certain cases to give his animal roots."

Query.—What animal? What roots? What certain occasions? The other gentleman-farmer agrees with him. Yes; certainly roots. Is he (his friend) well off for roots? Yes, it appears he is tolerably well, but won't want 'em now. The other one supposes that he won't. The train stops—it is going to stop very often, as my AUNT JANIE dislikes express travelling—and a stout gentleman in a light suit gets in with a friend.

Happy Thought.—TELFORD (in the light suit). The very man I wanted to see.

Curious chance! Quite a coincidence! He is a great hand at farming, agriculture, horticulture, and chicken-culture. I introduce him to my Aunt. He introduces his friend, and we are supposed now to know each other. At the same moment the gentlemen-farmers descend.

Happy Thought.—Consult TELFORD. Tell him my plans. Going to see a German Farm.

"Aha!" he laughs at once. "I know. Seen 'em in toys. German trees with Christmas things on 'em." And this notion amuses him immensely. His friend smiles, as an acquaintance. AUNT JANIE is amused. TELFORD has such a remarkably jolly laugh, that to hear him is enough to set other people off without knowing the joke. He shakes a good deal in laughing, and from a twinkle in his eye one is apt to fancy that he knows another joke worth two of the one he is apparently enjoying now.

"And what are you doing here?" This is my question. On consideration, indiscreet, because if he doesn't wish to tell me "what he is doing here," he must either be rude, and retort with "What's that to you?" or must tell a lie.

Happy Thought.—To add immediately, playfully, "I won't press the question."

This again (on consideration) is indiscreet. It conveys (I see it does) to my Aunt the idea that she is in a carriage with a *Don Juan* weighing about sixteen stone, or a Cupid of forty-five unable to get a pair of wings to carry him.

TELFORD replies that he has come to this part to look after a pony. I never yet met him, and I've known him some time, when he wasn't going somewhere to look after a pony, or when he hadn't "just heard of something to suit him."

Happy Thought.—A Pony. Does he think it would suit me? His natural reply is the question, "Do you want one?" I may safely say "Yes" to this, because I always want one, and never had one. Besides, with TELFORD and his friend (who are both very much sporting-men) it puts one on the same platform for the time being to want a pony. And being on the same platform one can converse.

Happy Thought.—Always get on the same platform with another fellow, if possible.

TELFORD looks me over, and turning to his friend says "he knows the very thing to suit me."

Happy Thought.—To look perfectly delighted. *Think (to myself).*—Must get out of this again somehow. Perhaps I might be

saddled with a pony—(paddled with a soney, *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary) before I knew where I was, so to speak. When I've got the farm I shall want one.

"I'll tell you who told me about him," says TELFORD, turning to his friend, and referring to the pony.

"Who?" asks his friend.

"Ned, the Gipsy," replies TELFORD.

I watch with interest the effect of this information on his friend. I rather expect him (I don't know why) to pooh-pooh Ned the Gipsy.

"Um!" returns his friend, thinking it over, "I saw the Gipsy with a pony at Twigham Meeting. He wanted me to have it." Here he suddenly breaks off, as if the subject were an unpleasant one to revert to. It leaves me in a reverie as to whether he did have it or not. I should like to ask him. I feel that it's an unfinished tale. The tail of a pony unfinished. Wonder, by the way, who invented this *jeu de mots* on "tale" and "tail." How it must have set the table in a roar when first said. I should like to hear the history of The First Joke. Date 3 A.D. "A.D." here means Anti-Deluge. There were some very queer words then, suitable for *jeu de mots*.

Happy Thought.—For a proverb, There are good and bad jokes in all languages. A sort of Proverb. Joke-Explorers might make voyages, like DR. LIVINGSTONE, in search of a joke, or like DIODORUS, with a lantern, in quest of a good honest joke. Happy title for Tales of Adventure, The Joke Catchers.

CA. I. How they heard of a joke. CA. II. How they set out to catch that joke. CA. III. How they heard two Joke-Crackers in the distance. CA. IV. How they came on the Joke-Crackers' tracks—(good phrase this for Dixon's Johnsonary. Ask my Aunt to try it, and see what she makes of it). CA. V. How they came on an extinct Volcano, which had busted itself with laughter. CA. VI. How they lost their way in the Pun-jab, where the Punjabberers dwell. CA. VII. How they couldn't see the joke. CA. VIII. How several weeks passed, and yet they couldn't see the joke. CA. IX. How at last one of their party made a shot at the joke. CA. X. How the joke fell flat. CA. XI. How one of their party decided that it was no joke. CA. XII. How, at all events, they all said they'd heard of a much better joke than that. CA. XIII. How they set out again. CA. XIV. How they did not catch that joke, Brave Boys! But being taken by the Punjabberers and Joke-Crackers were cruelly sold. CA. XV. How they could only escape by coming across a very broad joke, and a very dangerous joke. CA. XVI. How they came to a kingdom where their motto was, *Pro aris et Joci* for our Altars and Jokes. CA. XVII. How they were introduced to the Best Joke that ever was made. CA. XVIII. How they laughed at it, and wouldn't listen to the Worst Joke. CA. XIX. How the Worst Joke being irritated, fought the Best Joke. CA. XX. How the Worst took Best. CA. XXI. How the Worst retaliated upon the Joke-Explorers, and ordered the Joke-Crackers to tickle their fancies, and the Word-Twisters to torment their ears, until at length the tears poured down the cheeks of the Joke-Explorers. CA. XXII. How, finally, they died o' laughing. . . .

All this out of a Pony's tail!

One hour in the train passed. One more.

TELFORD says, after a pause, "He'll go in harness, quiet to ride and drive, and up to weight."

"The very thing I should like," I say, with a mental reservation to the effect, "and the very thing I don't mean to have."

My Aunt interposes, "You can't possibly want a pony." I am a little hurt at this.

"Why not?" I ask.

"Well," she says, "I've never seen you ride."

TELFORD and his friend smile. I protest (because it really is annoying) against my Aunt's insinuation. "I've not ridden for two years, but I used to hunt regularly."

"Ah!" says TELFORD, interested. "What hounds used you to go with?"

Happy Thought.—None in particular. Sometimes Leicesterhire, sometimes Dorsetshire; also Hertfordshire, and—and—many other packs. I revert mentally and especially to the Brighton Harriers. In talking to thoroughly sporting and hunting men like TELFORD, it's best not—(I've found this out by experience)—it's best not to boast much about runs with the Brighton Harriers. There's so little peril "by flood and field" connected with the B.H. The most you can say is to a friend who's been out with them. "That was a nasty hill you came down, when you got off and walked" or "That was a stiff bit of country up that hill where I was obliged to dismount." Also, "There were some awkward ruts in that last-ploughed field;" and then with enthusiasm, "It was a splendid burst across those turnips!" And, cunningly, "I think that ditch (2 feet by 1) or that furze bush (2 feet high) choked off a few of them."

"Well," says my Aunt, with something of irony in her tone which doesn't suit her, "I'm sure I wouldn't have said so if I hadn't thought it. But I've never seen you on horseback, and



"PARKUS CULTOR, NON INFREQUENS."

"SHAME TO BRING HIM TO TOWN! O, I ASSURE YOU, POPPET IS VERY FOND OF SOCIETY. HE WOULD BE BORED TO DEATH ALL SUMMER-TIME, IF HE DID NOT DO HIS PARK IN THE SEASON."

really wasn't aware until you told me now that you were even a questionable etoleran."

Explanation wanted. TELFORD and friend look at me and smile. "You mean," I say to her, "that you did not think that I was even a tolerable Equestrian."

"I said so," returns my Aunt. ("Questionable Etoleran," *vide* Dixon's Johnsonary, as usual.)

INDIRECT CLAIMS.

Who are the Arbitrators, Umpires, or Referees, at Geneva or elsewhere, competent to decide upon the justice, the equity, the propriety, the admissibility of such Claims as the following?

The Indirect Claim of a Wife when she is walking down Regent or Oxford Street with her husband, and stops before a large shop with a large plate-glass frontage, to admire and point out to her companion "That lovely silk," or "That most becoming Costume," or "That elegant Polonoise," with an appealing eye, and, it may be, a deprecatory glance at her own deteriorating attire. The Claim is strengthened, if the husband is conscious that in the expiring season the balance of enjoyment has been in his favour.

The Indirect Claim of the Waiter, at a Dining Establishment where attendance is charged in the bill, who, his attentions accumulating as the meal draws to an end, is very anxious to know whether you would not like some more ice in your wine, and most watchful over the safety and accessibility of your hat, overcoat, and umbrella.

The Indirect Claim of the hanger-on who suddenly appears when you have hailed a Hansom, and has never yet been known to perform a more substantial service than stand in your way as you get into the vehicle, or, perhaps close one of the flaps; but who hovers, and lingers, and looks, with an expression of expectancy in his gazing eye.

The Indirect Claim of the Cabman who has received his legal fare, and contemplates it as it lies in his palm with a surprised and injured air, and, possibly, if his feelings will allow him, and his manners have not become quite corrupted, with a hand raised to the brim of his hat.

The Indirect Claim of the Young Gentleman who is on the eve of returning to school after the holidays, and would be glad if it occurred to you that he has expenses to meet in the ensuing half.

The Indirect Claim of Mamma, who offers baby for the inspection of friends and relatives.

The Indirect Claim of the Young Lady who presents herself to the family circle bewitchingly arrayed for her first ball.

The Indirect Claim of the Juvenile Author who writes to you with a presentation copy of his little volume of poems.

The Indirect Claim of the promising Painter, whose studio you visit to inspect the works he is sending to the Royal Academy.

The Indirect Claim of the Crossing-sweepers.

The Indirect Claims of the various classes of persons who prey upon you at theatres, concerts, and other places of public annoyance and extortion.

The Indirect Claims of different sections of the community about the last week in December.

FORGIVENESS FOR ALL.

THE thoughtful mind cannot fail to be impressed by the annexed telegram from Baltimore:—

"The Convention has almost unanimously adopted the Cincinnati platform unaltered, advocating a general amnesty, impartial suffrage, and Civil Service reform."

So long a time has elapsed since the close of the American Civil War that liability to any penal consequences of failure in that struggle must surely be barred by a common consent equivalent to a Statute of Limitations. What offences, then, are those of which we can suppose that the condonation is contemplated by the Cincinnati platform proposing a general amnesty? Apparently such as include non-political as well as political misdeeds. That general amnesty may perhaps be understood to be an amnesty for offences in general; amongst them for the Erie and Tammany frauds in particular: and to be based on the general principle advocated by the Cincinnati platform of "No Punishment."



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

The New Governor. "COME AND REST A LITTLE, BERTIE. SHALL I TELL YOU A PRETTY STORY?"
Bertie. "Y-Y-YES! BUT-BUT-BUT NOT ABOUT KING ALFRED, PLEASE!"

DROPS WITH A DIFFERENCE.

PERHAPS it is premature to say that the axe is laid at the root of the gallows-tree. Yet, if one wished to avoid suicide by getting oneself hanged for murder, it would be needful for him carefully to plan and study its commission with very aggravating circumstances. However, a meeting to promote the abolition of capital punishment was held on Tuesday evening last week at Armfield's South Place Hotel, Finsbury Pavement. Although comprised by a room in an inn, this assembly had the dimensions of an International Conference, and its Chairman was that distinguished German Jurist, BARON VON HOLZENDORFF, who, in his speech from the Chair, declared that, "For his own part he did not believe in the great deterrent effect attributed by many people to capital punishment." If this disbelief is right, to the extent that capital punishment is less deterrent than secondary, *cadit questio*. If secondary and capital punishments deter in equal measure, then, weighed in the scales of reason, secondary punishment would, so to speak, kick the fatal beam. Hanging a criminal is not the worst use you can put him to, if it is that of an effectual scarecrow. You cannot utilise him more without bringing him into injurious competition with the unconvicted man. In the meanwhile he must live, since you choose that he shall, and you must pay for his living. It is cheaper to go to the expense of a rope, and MR. CALCRAFT'S fee.

Would there be more murder, if there were less hanging?—that is the question. There is some reason to doubt that there would. The fear of death worse than death according to law is no hindrance to army organisation. What thinking creature would not prefer the risk of being hanged to the risk of being, as it were, broken on the wheel without receiving a *coup de grâce*? Yet these are the comparative risks of battle and murder. Nevertheless we have no difficulty in obtaining any number of soldiers by a very small pecuniary temptation. Hanging is bad enough for those who come to think about it; but the majority of us are not philosophers.

By a curious coincidence, another meeting, synchronous with the

SONG BY A "NOBLE SAVAGE."

I AM no Market Gardener, I,
 In an apron of violet blue.
 I do not know any Botany,
 Of Breeding I boast myself as free;
 Yet I am the King of Kew.

That is, I'm in some authority
 Under the QUEEN, do you see,
 Maintained by a safe majority:
 In an office of inferiority
 I have HOOKER under me.

A Gardener he must be, I trow,
 As Botany is his line.
 But I don't care whether he is, or no—
 He will have to pack up his traps and go,
 Or my place I must resign.

A scientific gentleman,
 He expects to have his way,
 But when we differ about a plan,
 As it ever has been since the world began,
 The inferior must obey.

I'm no respecter of gentlemen,
 Nor of scientific swells,
 Will ye talk to me of courtesy? Then
 Go talk to Brinin, in yonder den
 By the Regent's Park, who dwells.

I am no Market Gardener, I,
 And an ADILE'S taste I lack,
 But your indignation I defy;
 For you sell DR. HOOKER myself to buy;
 And choose him to have the sack.

A Point for the Prison Congress.

CAPTAIN DU CANE, Surveyor-General of Prisons, in an able Report on Penal Servitude, justly remarks that:—

"Punishment is inflicted much more for the purpose of deterring from crime the enormous number of possible criminals, than for any effect on the criminal himself."

This is a very strong argument for the Corporal Punishment of all manner of Scoundrels. We presume that, for their correction, CAPTAIN DU CANE, advocates not merely the Cane, but the Cat.

one abovementioned, took place at Exeter Hall, SIR THOMAS CHAMBERS, M.P., in the Chair; Lion of the night, to roar, ARCHBISHOP MANNING. The assembly was even treated to an allocution by the POPE present, MR. S. POPE, however, Q.C., and not POPE PIUS; His Sobriety in lieu of His Holiness. It is remarkable that, in two distinct places on the same night, in this Metropolis, there should have been as many meetings, whose constituents, diverse in their aims, nevertheless concur in altogether objecting to a drop as a drop too much. But the United Kingdom Alliance differs from the Howard Association in seeking to impose on the temperate British Public the deprivation of even a drop too little.

Juvenile Sport.

THERE are three Gun Clubs, the Hurlingham, the Senior, and the Junior. The gunnery of these Gun Clubs consisting in the practice of shooting domestic pigeons, there is only one of them that could be approved of in any measure by any true sportsman. That one is, or would be if constituted as its name implies, the Junior Gun Club. If the members of that Club were so many schoolboys, there would be something to be said for it; namely, that it is an institution serving to teach the young idea how to shoot.

Book of Birds.

A WORK which may be imagined to be one of some interest in an ornithological point of view is announced by MESSRS. CHAPMAN AND HALL. It appears under the title of *Mabel Heron*, by EDWARD PEACOCK. Fancy a Peacock the biographer of a Heron!

LOYAL ORDER.

FRANCE BISMARCK has been determined to expel the Jesuits for their machinations against the German Empire. He does not like the loyalty of the disciples of LOYOLA.



FAITH IN DEVELOPEMENT.

Fond Mother (at the Militia Barracks). "HOW WELL OUR JOE DO IT, DON'T HE? LOOK! I BELIEVE HE'LL BE A GENERAL SOME DAY!"

Father. "SHOULDN'T WONDER AT ALL, MY DEAR! WHY, I'VE NEEDED AS FIELD-MARSHAL THE GREAT DOCK O' WELLINGTON HIS-SELF WAS ON'T A IRISHMAN ONCE!!!"

SHAKSPEARE AT A WEDDING.

MR. PUNCH observes in the *Osnestry Advertiser*, that at the recent marriage of a lady and gentleman who move in the best society, and are therefore of course known to Mr. Punch, though he has no right to mention their names, there was an exhibition of very good taste in the selection of a motto of felicitation. Instead of the usual affectionate doggerel, supplied by him whom Mr. CHARLES MATHEWS, in that beautiful piece, *Anything for a Change*, calls "some bumpkin bard, the poet of the *County Chronicle*," the congratulators turned to their SHAKSPEARE, and set up on high the lines from the *Tempest*:—

"Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, and increasing;
Homely joys be still upon you,
Juno sings her blessing on you."

(By the way, "homely!" Mr. COLLIER and the Cambridge Editors give "hourly." Was the other an accident, or a conjectural emendation? We have no time to look into other editions, but the word is a capital one in the circumstances.) Mr. Punch holds it a good omen for the united and happy pair that they invoke a Shakspearian benediction. Juno has a perfect right to bless the votaries of Hymen—is she not his great Aunt? Bacchus was his father, and the son of Jupiter, who was the brother of Hera aforesaid. All is correct; and so, much happiness to the lord and lady of Leighton Hall, Montgomeryshire.

The Wise Men of the West.

AN old cry has just been revived at the West End. "Eastward Ho!" its inhabitants exclaim, and lose no time in hastening to Bethnal Green, to see the Museum and the Marvellous Collection which is fast making it famous, through the generous action of SIR RICHARD WALLACE.

SERVED WITH A STAFF.

THE importance of considering every statement in connection with its context is illustrated by the following passage in an account of the Camp at Wimbledon:—

"During the day numbers of visitors came into camp, and Mr. JENNISON, who has the contract for refreshments this year, had full employment for his staff in serving those who sought for meat and drink in the pavilion."

By attending to the information that Mr. JENNISON has the contract for refreshments at the Camp this year, the reader may be prevented from imagining that an ugly rush of a famished and thirsty multitude into the pavilion for meat and drink placed that gentleman under the necessity of laying about him with his staff by way of giving them a bellyfull.

Teetotallers' Table-Talk.

WHO with SIR WILFRID LAWSON dines,
We may suppose, is served with wines.
For, if the contrary were known,
WILFRID would mostly dine alone.

When guests, of whom he is the host,
The bottle stop, in talk engrossed,
"Pass," cries he, as in conscience bound,
"The intoxicating Liquors round"?

THE NEW MEDRA.

WE always thought MISS BATEMAN strong, but had no conception what her power really was, until we read that she "carried the house with her as one man," the other night at the Lyceum.

A FEW HOURS AT WIMBLEDON.



PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 15.—*Sapiens dominabitur astris.* While that huge star called the Sun is in his present excited state, and is every moment welling forth quadrillions of tons of whatever it is that

he makes us hot with (this is no time for accurate scientific definitions), a wise man will be brief and sententious. Heat expands some things (as the dear little girl knew, who explained that the days were long in hot weather on that account), but does not expand paragraphs. *Punch* means to be concise, Madam—concise as you are in your merciless reply when MR. PATERFAMILIAS proposes to give up an evening crush because the thermometer is high, and you have been out so much.

LORD DERBY gave notice that he should call attention to MR. AYRTON'S behaviour to DR. HOOKER. The judicious DERBY is just the man to right the wrongs of "the judicious HOOKER." For AYRTON is appointed the fate of Marsyas, yet pity were misplaced. 'Tis weather to take off our flesh, and sit in our bones.

The Peers assented to the Commons' latest dealings with the Ballot Bill. Later, it was passed, and on Thursday it received the Royal Assent. The Ballot is Raw. We are unequal to the noble observations which ought to follow such an announcement of the triumph of Secret Voting, but please to take our ecstasies "as read."

The POST-MASTER cannot yet give us Sixpenny Telegrams, because the old head post-office is already crowded, and the new buildings are not ready.

MR. HAWKINS has charge of the prosecution of MR. WHALLEY'S friend, CASTRO, and has no intention of abandoning it.

MR. GLADSTONE Massacred Seven Innocents. *Punch* knows not why the title thus adumbrated, or faintly shadowed, should attach to the slaughter of Bills by their framers. MR. GLADSTONE would hardly admit that he had been mocked by the wise men. Of the Bills he slew none need be mentioned except one for injuring a certain Sanatory Act, about which shriekers and sentimentalists oppose their noises to the voices of the Faculty and of Figures. It is not to be weakened.

H.M. ship *Zealous* is to be repaired at Callao. The officers say:—

"O frabjous day! Callao, Callao,
And chortle in their joy!"

Naval and Military Votes. MR. RICHARD politely observed that wherever you placed a body of soldiers, you placed a corrupting and demoralising agency. We don't believe it. How glad the Matrons of England and Wales are to get a lot of soldiers to their balls!

Tuesday.—On Scotch Education the DUKE of ARGYLL stood up for the Shorter Catechism. We don't mean that he stood up to repeat it, but to defend it. DR. WATTS' First Catechism is worth a thousand of it. Some folks dislike these things, but what was the first impulse of *Little Billie*, when he "heard the information" that he was to be killed and eaten? No, the second; the first was of a hydraulic sort.

"O let me say my Catechism,
Which my poor mother did teach to me."

Up he went to the main-top-gallant mast, where he fell down on his bended knee. And how was his youthful piety rewarded?

"He'd scarcely got to the twelfth commandment
When, 'O my eye, there's land,' says he.
'There's Jerusalem, and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee,
And there's the British Fleet a-riding
Under ADMIRAL LORD NELSON, K.C.B.'"

The ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY complained of the abominable nuisance of the Lambeth Potteries' Smoke, and being answered, somewhat trivially, by the Hereditary Grand Falconer (we say, MR. LOWE, does his Grace take out a Hawk's Licence?), did come out archiepiscopally, and intimate that the Government had a remedy, and was bound to use it. Then LORD MORLEY made courteous promise of inquiry.

The Public Health Bill was being hindered, when MR. DISRAELI, mindful of his *Sanitas* dogma, requested the House to go on, not that the Bill was what it might have been, had Ministers given their energies to it, but because it would certainly do some good. MR. NEWDEGATE would say no more, as the Leader of Opposition had become a supporter of Government. The Bill was read a Second Time.

On the Coal Mines Bill, MR. A. HERBERT regretted that so much was done to protect the labourers, who ought to exert their energies and protect themselves. Dear MR. HERBERT, what is to be done with a labourer who exerts his energy and his pick-lock in opening a Davy's lamp with which you have supplied him for his safety? Is he to be trusted to legislate for himself and others?

There was an Irish Bill—Joint Stook Banks—opposed by MR. LOWE. Said MR. DELAHUNTY, of Waterford:—

"After the miserable speech of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER (laughter)—which, if it does get into print, the whole country will cry shame upon—I will withdraw my motion, but next year I will smash the Right Hon. Gentleman up (loud laughter)."

Pews in Churches. Please take notice, you who are in the sad habit of coming late to Church, that after Five Minutes from the hour of beginning service, anybody is to be put into any pew, no matter whether the owner's family has held it from the time of St. Augustine, or whether you yesterday paid ten guineas for pew-rent. And very right too. You can be punctual enough, Madam, when there is a sight to be seen, a new singer to be heard, or an Heir Apparent to be hunted.

MR. ORR EWING is a prosperous as well as a benevolent gentleman, and he knows nothing about the wants and habits of folks who climb the Mount of Piety. On pawning, he was for a restriction which would simply have driven myriads of poor people to their wits' end. On division, there were, against it, 88; for it, MR. ORR EWING—majority 87.

Wednesday.—A very dull discussion, but you must please to attend. The Irish Railways are in an Irish mess. It was proposed that the Government should buy them up. "Not at present," said the Government, "as that would merely be an invitation to railway people to be outrageously exorbitant in demand. But the matter is one which ought to be considered, and shall be." This came from LORD HARTINGTON. Is another sweet sop preparing for O'Cerberus?

Thursday.—MR. O'KEEFE, parish priest of Callow, has been suspended by his ecclesiastical superiors, and consequently turned out of the mastership of his school. So far from saying, "Callow, callay," and chortling, he petitions the House of Lords. But as his second suspension was a necessary result of his first, and as with the reason for the first the Lords have, they say, nothing to do, MR. O'KEEFE gets no relief. His crime is that he dared to appeal to law against ecclesiastical authority.

LORD SALISBURY caused a Government Bill to be thrown out, by 77 to 56, because it would promote the "Jerryandering" of municipal wards, for political purposes. The word is not in *Johnson* or *Webster*. But we may guess at its import. The Jerryandering Measure was treated as *Sir Jerry Gonimble* was served by the ghost of his wife:—

"SIR JEREMY hid himself under the clothes,
From whence the ghost pulled him out straight by the nose,
Threw him out at the window, and cried, 'There he goes,
With his high-diddle, ho-diddle, dee.'"

SIR T. BATESON asked whether it was the intention of Government to remove from office "a notorious disturber of law and order." Do you know, Madam, that this civil description was meant to apply to GEORGE ARTHUR HASTINGS FORBES, seventh Earl of Granard, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of Leitrim, whose motto is *Pax mentis incendium gloriae*, but who lately expressed sympathy with the anti-Keogh incendiaries. And SIR THOMAS intimated that he should stick to his text.

Another matter to be noticed. MR. DISRAELI intimated that if the Government did not bring forward a Motion on the Galway Judgment, a Motion would come from the Conservative benches. "Was not that thunder?" (*Ion.*)

Friday.—LADY MAYO (who has just been gazetted a Lady of the Bedchamber) is to receive from the Home Government a pension of £1000 a year. All right-minded persons will rejoice in this tribute to the memory of a good and able man, who died in the service of his country. Long may LADY MAYO receive—we dare not say enjoy—this proof of national gratitude.

MR. GLADSTONE, as the *Daily News* well says, "dropped the portcullis," and shut out independent Members and their crotchets. He carried a Resolution that for the rest of the Session, Government shall have precedence on Tuesdays. We gladly give it the pass, that we may the sooner behold "the Yeasty," and we add Shakspearially,

"Consume and swallow Legislation up."

Then we had all sorts of useful and dull debate, mainly on Education, until three in the morning. See how hard we work for you and yours, Madam.

A ROUND WITH BLACKIE.

WHY, here is our jolly old friend, PROFESSOR BLACKIE, again. He has been lecturing at Inverness on Nationality—no, not Rationality, excellent Composer,—please be careful. Among many wise things, the esteemed Professor said:—

"He once had the honour of being laughed at by *Punch*—as wise men were always laughed at by fools—(*laughter*)—because he said in Glasgow that the Scotch wanted self-esteem. Now he repeated the Scotch did want self-esteem, otherwise they would never allow such things to be done. Take our national music as an example. He regarded national music and poetry as a noble inheritance of which people ought to be proud. Did they devote themselves to the study of ROSSINI BURNS as they ought to do? No—they preferred the Italian opera. What was the opera? A mere magnificent luxury for the ear, but nothing for the understanding and nothing for the heart."

Now, we may be as foolish as the Professor is polite, but that's not the point. We shall certainly laugh at him—good fellow as he is, and much as we admire him—when he talks nonsense. In utter defiance of him and all his works, we maintain that a young Scot is better engaged in listening to an Italian opera than in reading ROBERT BURNS. Firstly, MOZART and BEETHOVEN do appeal to the heart, or the hearer's heart is not to be approached through the ears. Secondly, at the opera the young Scot's good taste will not be offended by lyrics in praise of drunkenness and other debauchery. Thirdly, the young Scot will not, at the opera, be disgusted with deliberate profanity, and this point should count with a particularly Christian nation. Fourthly, the young Scot will, by attending the opera, learn to comprehend that there are nobler themes for one of the noblest arts than plebeian sentiment of a nearly monotonous character. And fifthly, at the opera, the young Scot will listen to something that he can talk about to ladies and gentlemen, and, as all Scots are gentlemen, this is another point. Come, Professor, you are much too truthful a man to adhere to a blunder. Gloat over your BURNS, if you like (and about a fifteenth part of what he wrote nearly deserves the praise you give to all his writings), but remember that you are a teacher, like *Mr. Punch*, and that you must not lead your pupils astray. We have done, and here's a band, our trusty friend, and we drown all unkindness in a drammie. You know that we are right. Strike up with us—you are no mean songster, Professor:

"Dhia gleidh ar Banrigh mhor,
Beatha bhuan da'r Banrigh choir,
Dhia gleidh Bhanrigh."

"I cannot pray in Highland tongue," says poor *Blanche*, in the *Lady of the Lake*. Those who cannot read Gaelic (there be some such afflicted beings) may like to know that PROFESSORS BLACKIE and PUNCH are singing the National Anthem, and thus showing the best sort of Nationality.

Answer to the Keogh Question.

WHY all that reserve which our PREMIER has shown in replying to questions respecting the intentions of Government with regard to the judgment of JUSTICE KEOGH? Why has he hesitated to take a step which would effectually have settled every question on that subject? He might, at once, have raised KEOGH to the Peerage.

How to TRAVEL CHEAPLY.—Get wrapped up in a novel, and go by book-post.

A MAID-MARTYR.



THE LATE AGITATION AMONGST THE MAIDS OF DUNDEE.—A domestic servant who took a prominent part in the agitation has since suffered so much from excitement and accompanying fits of depression and weakness that she has been compelled to leave an excellent situation in the west end of Dundee which she had held for a considerable time. Her medical man is of opinion that great care will be required to secure a return of her ordinary health and strength.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

Truly afflictive. In fact we are as yet quite unable to write on such a subject. The news must carry sorrow into every house in the kingdom. Poor martyr to the cause of freedom and no apron! It speaks well for the unconventional character of the *Dundee Advertiser* that it gives a paragraph to the hysterics of an ex-servant maid. May we hope to be regularly informed of the condition of the interesting creature, and to have "her medical man's" bulletin? Since the illness of the Hair Apparent, nothing has excited more general distress. We trust that the poor thing's late employer is in constant and penitent attendance.

THE ONE TOPIC.

WHAT'S the news?—Coal.
Where are you going?—To order Coal.
Where have you been?—To my Coal Merchant.
Is anything the matter with you?—Yes, Coal in my head.
Where do you mean to go this summer?—Divided between Wallsend and Silkatone.
We shall go into Wales.—Ah! Ruabon, I suppose.
Anything stirring in politics?—Strange Coalition that—Derby-Bright.
What are you thinking of?—Coal.
Something's weighing on your mind?—Yes, the last three tons.
Go to the Royal Academy.—I've been: one of the first things I saw was Landscape (fine) by V. COLE.
And South Kensington?—Yes, COLE works wonders.
I've just come from the Privy Council.—Ah! COLLIER'S COURT.
Your servant looked black as he let me in.—No wonder. I had that moment been calling him over the Coals.
Nothing seems to go down with you to-day.—No, not even Coal.
You'll be better when the cold weather comes.—When the Coal weather comes!!!
Will you join me at the Theatre this evening?—Yes, if you don't mind my going to the coal-pit.
Well, I must say good bye, for I see you are dreaming.—Yes, of Coal.
A penny for your thoughts.—Thirty-six shillings a ton.
By the bye, what's that book you are reading?—COLE.
I prefer COLERIDGE.—I suppose you mean the poem which begins—
"All Silkstones, Wallsends, Derby-Brights,
Whatever warms this shivering frame,
All are varieties of Coal,
And very dear their flame!"

Liquoring Up.

SOKEN, observing that "Straw-elevators" were exhibited at the meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society at Cardiff, remarked that no man living could be a better judge of such implements than himself, considering the number of times he had had his spirits raised by the imbibition of sherry-coblers and other American beverages.



YOUNG HEADS UPON OLD SHOULDERS.

Enter Agnes. "O, HOW NICE AND COOL YOU MUST FEEL, GRANDMAMMA DEAR! WHY MAYN'T I WEAR A LOW BODY LIKE YOU AND AUNT METHUSHELA!"

Grandmamma. "MY DEAR AGNES, WHAT NONSENSE! WHY, YOU'RE SCARCELY MORE THAN A MERE CHILD! YOU'D LOOK A PERFECT FRIGHT!"

PROSPEROUS JOHN.

(Millionaire sings.)

THE price of coal is rising fast.
 With costly coals you cook dear meat.
 PILGRIMIC, you don't know, at last,
 What you shall do for food and heat.
 Well, very likely, ere the Sun
 Again has brought a Christmas round,
 Your coals may be two pounds per ton;
 Your mutton half-a-crown a pound.

What then? Through gay and wealthy street,
 Or Park around, my carriage rolls.
 To him who keeps one what is meat?
 Of what account the price of coals?
 A house to match I keep meanwhile,
 And lead a fashionable life;
 Support, to name not sons, in style,
 Daughters who dress; likewise a wife.

Dear coals and meat pinch but the poor
 In soul, not worthy caring for;
 To me are but as calls for more.
 Millions to carry on a war.
 A dunce, compelled, his money spends
 With his right hand, and, so bereft,
 Saves with the other; but amends
 I make by grasping with my left.

Get more as your expenses grow,
 Retrenchment's an exploded rule.
 Make money, still make money, go
 Ahead; don't play the frugal fool.

Content with interest safe and small
 For modern times will nought avail;
 Risk what you name your little all:
 Throw out your tub to catch a whale.

Why, what is it this rise displays
 Of coals and meat, and all things, higher?
 Prosperity in fullest blaze;
 And all the fat is in the fire.
 Flare up, then, too, and take no fear
 Of flaring down to workhouse keep.
 And, if the means of life are dear,
 The means of leaving it are cheap.

Cannon by Buchanan.

THE eminent Scot BUCHANAN (castigator of the youthful JAMES THE FIRST) had clearly the Second Sight. He foresaw that MISS BAYREMAN would play *Medea*, and he also knew the Hebrew character, *Leah*, by which the distinguished artist made her fame. In his Latin version of the tragedy by EURIPIDES, BUCHANAN thus describes the enchantress:—

"*Lea, natorum caede cruenta.*"

The Softer Species.

How are you off for soap? "An agreeable Softness to the Skin" is imparted, according to an advertisement, by a special modification of that simply emollient article. It is an innocent cosmetic that produces an agreeable softness of the skin. Not always do we find an agreeable softness of skin accompanied by a provoking softness of intellect; but we do sometimes.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—JUNE 27, 1872.



PROSPEROUS JOHN!

A WIDE AREA.



Most certainly this is the weather to be vague and indefinite, to abominate details, not to care to be pinned to anything or to pin anybody else, to enter into confessions and not particulars; and the individual, by whom "a small furnished house" is "wanted, for six months or longer, in the neighbourhood of Russell or one of the other squares," evidently felt that a hot July day was not the precise moment to be minute in his public communication to agents, persons leaving town, and other residents in the neighbourhood of the various squares in London, having houses to let.

Statistics which are out of place in spring, unseasonable in autumn,

and figure to disadvantage even in winter, are of course not to be thought of at this season of the year, and so we have not set anyone to count the number of squares in the Post-Office Directory; but assuming that our

vague friend will receive at least one answer to his advertisement from the neighbourhood of each of those four-sided spaces enclosed with houses, north, south, east, and west, he will probably find selection so embarrassing as to lead him to wish that he had made known his wants with more attention to topographical details.

TWO DOORS TO FORTUNE.

These two advertisements appear in the same Number of the Times. Read them:—

A GRADUATE of CAMBRIDGE is REQUIRED, as SECOND MASTER in the Graham Grammar School, Holt, Norfolk. Stipend £10 per annum.

A Good PLAIN COOK WANTED in a Gentleman's Family, where a man and four other servants are kept. Must clean door-steps. Wages £25.

So, clearly, it is better to know how to clean a door-step than to be a graduate. Who says that labour is not honoured in this country?

An Expensive Office.

UNDER the Ballot Act election expenses will have to be borne by the Returning Officer; in counties the Sheriff. He may recoup himself by suing the Candidates, if they will not pay; if they cannot, by whistling for the amount. The *Post* calculates the future liabilities of the High Sheriff of Surrey, in the event of contested elections, at £4,000. Had not Parliament, before it separated, better pass a short statute, supplementary to the Ballot Act, increasing the fine for recusancy to accept the office of High Sheriff to something ruinous?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(We journey up to Town and discuss Agricultural Subjects. Notes and Mems made on this occasion.)

WE drop the Pony, and come to farming operations generally. TELFORD and his friend know a good deal about poultry.

Happy Thought.—Draw 'em out.

TELFORD's friend will have nothing but Cochins. TELFORD himself says, "No, have Dorkings and Spanish." TELFORD wants us to guess how many eggs he had from November to February. I am inclined to say, thoughtfully, "Well, let me see"—as if I were making a stupendous calculation—"six a day." TELFORD's friend asks, "How many hens?" I note this question as being naturally the common-sense one to put to a man who wants you to guess about eggs. I wonder how it is that I didn't at once think of this question. I was simply occupying myself with the vaguest probabilities without any data to go upon. TELFORD's friend, having obtained his data, which means fifty hens, expresses his guarded opinion that TELFORD ought to have had a good lot of eggs. TELFORD replies that, as a matter of fact, he had, and informs us that they numbered over two thousand. "Put 'em at twopence apiece," says he, knowingly, "and that's money."

My Aunt chimes in, in a hurry, "I'm sure you must find it very amusing, and I dare say where you cannot always calculate on such a very returnable remark—I mean," she says, with a sudden gasp, "a very remarkable return of eggs, the mere looking after and attending to the chickens, as we used to do at home, where we always kept Dorkshires and Fowldoor Barns, as I told my nephew, and I believe they're the best after all,"—gasp, to recover her sentence—"on the whole I should say that, after all, it's far more repaying than mofitable." [Evidently, "more amusing than profitable," *cide* Dixon's Johnsonary.]

TELFORD's friend now informs us that he has sold eggs at fourpence apiece. We all say "Indeed!"

Mental Calculation.—Sixty eggs at fourpence equal a pound. If this could be done every day, evidently there would be "a fortune," as ENGLEMORE would put it, "out of Mister Chicken."

Happy Thought.—To ask TELFORD's friend, can he do this (this meaning sixty eggs at fourpence apiece) regularly.

He answers, decidedly, "O no, nothing like it. And then," he adds, "you must deduct for their food."

Their food? I always had an idea that it cost nothing to keep poultry; that, in fact, you gave them anything—chiefly, perhaps, pepper.

"Lots of oyster-shells," says TELFORD.

"Greens," says TELFORD's friend.

"Yes," rejoins TELFORD, "and nettles."

Make useful notes for the future out of this. I can speak with some authority as to fowls, as I once kept seven in a chicken-house

at the Cottage (given up now some years since) where, I remind TELFORD, with the air of a man who's reared prize fowls, he may remember to have seen them.

"Yes," says TELFORD, in his brusque and hearty way, "I recollect."

"I had some good ones there," I say, knowingly. This is for the benefit of TELFORD's friend, who is inclined to be supercilious in poultry matters.

I rather hope that TELFORD will have forgotten all about them, and corroborate my estimate of their worth.

"Well," says TELFORD, shutting one eye, and, as it were, putting himself back three years for the sake of recalling the event of his visit, "well—um—" this doubtfully; he evidently has put himself back, and is once more by the side of my Fowl-house, "um—yes. You had one old Cochins—"

"Very fine old Hen she was," I say, in my character of The Prize Poultry Reaver.

Happy Thought (in theatrical form).—My character, for this occasion only, solely for The Benefit of TELFORD's Friend.

"Yes," replies TELFORD, "that was a fine old Hen. I gave her to you. But she was too old, and the others were a measly lot." A measly lot! If I had expected this I wouldn't have asked his opinion. He continues: "I recollect telling you then that they'd have done much better as Mulligatawny than as fowls."

TELFORD's friend laughs, my Aunt smiles, and TELFORD laughs as he repeats, "Horrid measly lot."

Happy Thought.—Treat what he says as a joke. Then TELFORD's friend will think that they weren't "a measly lot" after all.

But, additional mem. for future Farming use; note it down as "P. M. M.—Poultry—Measles—Mulligatawny."

As we've not got much more time in the train, I ask TELFORD and his friend, if they've, both or either, ever kept pigs.

Yes, both. "Then," to come to the point, "what would you say about Pigs?"

"In what way?" asks TELFORD, "for sale, for fattening, or for breeding?"

Evidently more ways than one of keeping a pig.

Happy Thought.—For Sale. Undoubtedly keep a pig for sale. You can't make money out of him unless you do sell him.

TELFORD's friend here interposes. He says, "There's only one way to make pigs pay. Buy 'em young, very cheap, keep 'em until they want something to eat, and then sell 'em. I can buy mine at four shillings, and sell 'em at fifteen, and you've spent nothing on their feed."

"But," I ask, diffidently, "they must be very thin?" I was going to say "very hungry," only I don't like to accuse TELFORD's friend of cruelty to animals, point blank; besides, it may not be considered as cruelty in farming operations.

"No," he says, then adds, as if explaining away any doubt we might have had on the subject, "they're not prize pigs, of course."



A SOFT IMPEACHMENT.

Sporting Saxon (mournfully, after three weeks' incessant down-pour). "DOES IT ALWAYS RAIN LIKE THIS UP HERE, MR. MCFUSKEY?" His Guide, Philosopher, and Friendly Landlord (calmly). "OO AYE, IT'S A-YE JUST A WEE BIT SHOOKY."!!

As this appears to be satisfactory to TELFORD and his friend, I merely reply that "of course, they're not expected to be Prize Pigs," to which TELFORD's friend returns, "No, of course not." And so the subject drops.

Happy Thought.—Our conversation in the way of taking up and dropping subjects is quite like a Parliamentary report (or a "Portamentally Report," *vide D's J.*). Some one gets up and asks, in clear type (indicative of importance of person or subject), whether the—whoever it is—is ready to explain whatever it is. Whereupon up gets the—whoever it is—and does not explain it to anybody's satisfaction. Then, when you'd expect a hot controversy on a question involving so many weighty interests, you find nothing more said, but merely the words, "The subject was then dropped;" and in a jerky manner, up comes the heading of another matter altogether—"Mines," perhaps—and up gets some one who "wants to know," and is cheerfully answered by some one who doesn't know, and then that subject is dropped.

So we suddenly take up the topic of labour. TELFORD's friend, who lives in the south-west of England, supposes that TELFORD, who lives in the South Midland, finds labour dear. This, I apprehend, is a really vital question.

TELFORD does find labour dear. I should like to know—always for information—how many men are necessary where Pigs and Poultry are kept. (This sounds like an Advertisement—"Wanted, by a Young Man under Twenty-two, a Place under a Butler, where a Pig is kept"—or something of that sort. Forget exact instance. It merely flashes across me while I put the question.) TELFORD says it all depends upon the size. Of the place he means, not the pigs.

I say, of course naturally; and, as a premiss to go upon, say six pigs and fifty chickens, with cows to match.

"Two men," says TELFORD's friend, "would do all you (meaning me) want." He means all that the Pigs, &c., want. I nod. "Now," says he, "I'll give you a wrinkle." We listen attentively. "When you want labour cheap, don't get the regular fellows. You'll have to give them just what every one else does, p'raps more. But you get Cripples." Here he winks at us knowingly.

"Cripples!" exclaims my Aunt.

"Yes," continues TELFORD's friend. "Get a fellow whom no one will have because he's got a game leg or one arm, or weak in the eyes. Farmers won't have him, because he's only half a man. He'll be only too glad to come to you. Half a man, half a man's price. You'll find that, just to show what he can do, he'll work double the amount of a sound 'un. Of course," he says, reflectively, "if they're weak-backed 'uns, the extra steam they put on floors 'em, and they go off the hooks early; but," he adds, in a reassuring tone, seeing that this last piece of information has made us a bit gloomy, "but you soon get another. They'd rather come to you than go to the Workhouse; and the Workhouse, if it had got 'em, would give you something to take 'em. It's a capital plan."

Happy Thought.—Motto for TELFORD's Friend's Farm, "Go it, ye Cripples!"

Notes on Farming gathered from conversation overheard or joined in during train-journey:—

1. That you give horses green hay in summer. [*Query when it's "green hay" isn't it grass? When does grass become hay? Is all cut grass hay? if so, mown grass is at once hay. Must find a Dixon's Farmonary—I mean a Farmer's Dictionary, and look it all out. Give my mind to this subject and the result, as "Your little ENGLEMORE" puts it, will be, in time, thousands out of Mister Turnips and Colonel Pigs.]*

2. That in certain cases you give your animal roots. *Mem.* to find out which animal, and what roots.

3. Roll your meadow. [Find out why, when, with what, and how much for labour. How many cripples to roll a meadow?]

4. Poultry. Give them nettles, pepper, and oyster-shells. [The result would be probably curried eggs. But go into this more fully.] When Hens get old, or measly, make 'em into Mulligatawny. The worse the hen, the better the Mulligatawny. To induce them to lay, give 'em chalk eggs. [Can't understand the principle of this. Must master the principle with a view to scientific farming. TELFORD's friend didn't know "why" but so it was. The only other use of chalk eggs that I've hitherto known has been



FAITH.

Isabel. "THAT'S PARIS AFTER THE SIEGE, YOU KNOW. ISN'T IT TERRIBLE TO LOOK AT!"

Alec (who has a touching belief in his elder brother). "AH! IF GEORGY HAD ONLY BEEN THERE WITH HIS TOOL-BOX, HE'D HAVE SOON PUT IT ALL TO-RIGHTS, WOULDN'T HE!"

to encourage Divers. You threw in a chalk egg and a Diver went in for it. Six chalk eggs for threepence. A chalk egg is a sort of doll to a Hen. And yet when one comes to reflect—but it is evident that as yet I have not mastered the principle.]

5. Pigs. Buy a pig for four shillings, give him nothing to eat (this is most inexpensive), and sell him for fifteen. Evidently profitable. But how to escape, ultimately, Prosecution for Pig Persecution by the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals!

I remember a book which might be of some use to me—*Our Farm of Four Acres*, and what we made by it, or a name something like it.

Happy Thought.—If I began farm-keeping now, I might in a few months' time publish a book entitled *Our Farm of Four Acres*, and the Jolly Mess we made of it.

6. As to Labour. Happy Thought.—Cripples.

Arrived. London. Tickets and Terminus. My Aunt refers to her watch and her appetite. "Two o'clock. That's very fortunate," she remarks, "because we can stop at the refreshment-rooms and have our luncheon. I really am quite upset for the rest of the day," she explains to TELFORD, "unless I follow out my variable plan, and always have my luncheon lucktually." ["Invariable plan," and "my luncheon punctually," vide Dixon's Johnsonary, as usual.]

Happy Despatch.

THIS year there has been no Massacre of the Innocents—if we may trust our WILLIAM. MR. GLADSTONE said the Bills which Government was about to drop were like "criminals standing in a row awaiting execution." If they resembled criminals, of course they were quite the reverse of Innocents, more shame for their parents. There is no occasion to mourn the creatures' untimely end. The massacred, this time, have been of the same character with those which usually survive. Had they lived, they would have mostly helped to make our liberties less, and to increase our annoyances, as usual.

A CAD ON CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

THE Nobility and Gentry,
They've got their Two Gun Clubs,
And they practize gunnery
Upon Pidgeons at Wormood Scrubbs.
And, witch Sport is witnessed by Crowds, and Some
The First Class of the Finest Gurls,
Likewise in the Park of Hurlingham;
Where the Gunners is Lords and Hurls.

The Pidgeons ain't of No Account
If their Leggs and Wings is broke;
But you're fined in Forty Bob's amount
When you wallops a Nedstrong Moak.
Nor Doggs you hain't aloud to Fite,
Nor Badgers for to Draw.
They're Priviledged Creeters in the Sills
Of the Blessed British Lawr.

SUMPTUARY SABBATARIANISM.

WILL Parliament consent to the addition of another hour to the time for which taverns are compelled to close, so that people can get no refreshment during excursion hours on Sunday? For, if it does, the People will assuredly draw invidious comparisons between Public-houses and Clubs. There is obviously no analogy between those diverse institutions; but King Mob will insist upon it that they are just alike; except in respect of British freedom; and the lower orders will demand that the liberties of the higher classes shall be levelled down to their own. LIQUOR LAWSON and his confederates will of course encourage the populace in roaring for equality before the law restraining the sale of "intoxicating fluids," to whose prohibition an immense step will be made by a supplement to the Licensing Act consisting in a statute which will shut up Clubs to the same extent with Public-houses on a Sunday.

Distressing Occurrence.

A SAD case of self-destruction is reported, by the evening papers, from the agricultural districts. Yesterday afternoon, about four o'clock, the Wife of a respectable Farmer who had been in her usual spirits all the morning, deliberately went into the dairy and churned herself.

"SWEET PHOSPHOR, BRING THE DAY."

Quarles.

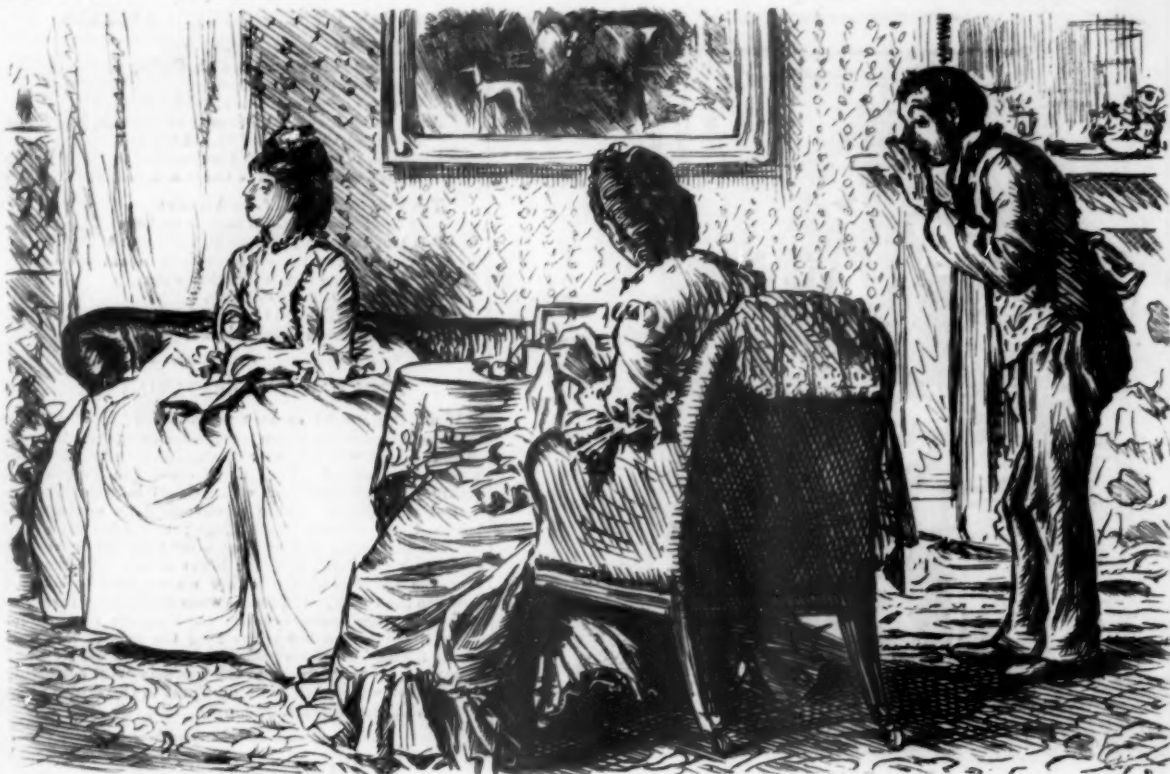
It has been courteously intimated to *Mr. Punch* that the British Farmer, for whose instruction, and deliverance from perils of false chemistry, he lately put forth an article on the subject of manures, might, from pardonable want of habit of close reading, mistake the meaning of a portion of *Mr. Punch's* remarks. The B. F. might, it has been thought, suppose that merely because a substance was called Phospho-Guano, it necessarily came into the category of worthlessness. This, however, it is not *Mr. Punch's* intention to imply, for the reason that it would be untruthful. His friend, BARON LIEBIG, for instance, having examined certain preparations bearing the above name, and vended by a Liverpool Association, called the Phospho-Guano Company, testifies thus:—

"I can say with conviction, that I never had in hand a better sort of artificial manure."

Mr. Punch would deeply regret to mislead his confiding friend the B. F. That would be "a dismal thing to do." In the interest of agriculture generally, and in the hope of splendid crops next year, he would specially remark, that he and BARON LIEBIG think together on this matter, and that the B. F. may very wisely doctor his land with medicaments like those above alluded to. Be it added that MR. LITTLE himself, whose remarks were the basis of *Mr. Punch's*, disclaims any idea of confounding a worthy manufacture with a quack compound, against which he very properly warns the bucolic experimentalist.

A "Benevolist" Question.

It has become customary with a certain sort of persons, using "iteration," of the kind which *Falstaff* stigmatises, to quote as against the better-off classes the question, "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" The proper answer to be returned to it and them is another inquiry:—"Is my Brother a Lunatic?"



"SUIT YOUR TALK TO YOUR COMPANY."—*Handbook of Etiquette.*

Mrs. Clovermead. "AND, DAN, YOU'LL BRING THE TRAP—(recollecting herself—her fashionable Cousin, from London, is on a Visit at the Farm)—WE SHALL WANT THE CARRIAGE TO DRIVE INTO THE TOWN AFTER LUNCHEON, DANIEL."

Daniel. "YES, MUM—(hesitating—he had noticed the correction)—BE I—(in a loud whisper)—BE I TO CHANGE MY TROUSE'S, MUM!"!!

LIBEL ON GENEROUS LIQUOR.

CANT words bespeak a snobbish age
Of shams, pretences, false professions,
And quacks, denoted by a rage
For Anglo-Latin-Greek expressions.
E'en Legislators, with no ear
For British, simple as the Druids',
Good liquors, spirits, wine, and beer,
Miscall "intoxicating fluids."

Who gave them that abusive name
First; what pedantic pompous railer?
Some Doctor, known through puffs to Fame?
Some Temperance advertising Tailor?
Or priggish Pump with speech endowed
Like Platform Orator, red-snouted,
Who poison deemed all drink that flowed
Stronger than he, and his like, spouted?

OLD SCOTTISH SLANG.

In an old Scotch Act of Parliament "anent the punishment of drunkards" a clause adjudges all persons "convict" of drunkenness, or tavern-haunting, "for the first fault" to a fine of £3, "or in case of inability or refusal, to be put in jogges or jayle for the space of six hours." What was "jogges," as distinguished from "jayle"? Possibly a somewhat milder place of detention for the rather, than that appointed for the very, drunken. If so, "jogges," in the lapse of time, we may suppose, having lost its distinctive sense, came to be regarded as simply a synonym of "jayle," and, as such, now passes current in the People's English (not to say the QUEEN'S) abbreviated into the contraction "jug." Thus imprisonment for a state of too much beer might be described as jug for jug.

IMPATIENCE HATH ITS PRIVILEGE.

So says the immortal Frenchman, JACQUES PIERRE, whose name has been corrupted into SHAKESPEARE, and who is now habitually suspected of being an Englishman. What would he say to this fiery advertisement?—

LOST.—Reward of Five Pounds.—Stolen, or taken for a "Lark," from my Office, in Skipper Street, a first-class BROWN SILK UMBRELLA, with a Silver Ring, on which my name was engraved in full. If returned within three days from the date hereof, the matter will be at an end, and no questions asked; if withheld after that Date, I hereby offer a reward of Five Pounds sterling for such information, either public or private, as will lead to the conviction of the party so detaining it. This is not the first, the second, or the third time I have been tricked in the same way, and I am now prepared to spend Fifty Pounds, if necessary, to make an example of somebody, who would, most likely, be highly indignant if he were considered other than a gentleman, but who I, and I am sure the public and the Press, will brand as a mean wretch of a thief of the lowest grade.

We can only add what is said to children when inclined to forget themselves: "There's a temper!"

Epigram with Moral.

AGAIN is England victor in the field;
Again Guildhall receives the Eleho shield;
Yet well shot, Sootia, well shot, Erin. Sol
Shoots fiercely too. Ice! Soda! Elchohol!

Wimbledon.

FRANTIC DEMONSTRATION.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, one day last week, acknowledged the receipt of £2 "in stamps" for Income-tax. The earner of a precarious income generally pays his Income-tax with stamps and also strong language. Doesn't he wish he could stamp it out!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 22.—LORD GRANARD—you must look back to last week if you don't remember all about him; it is too hot to go into details—saved everybody all trouble by resigning his Lord Lieutenancy. It may be remarked that some previous attempt to obtain an opinion on this subject from the VICEROY OF IRELAND was met by the slightly incisive remark that it was not the business of Government to advise: it had only the power to dismiss. Well put, LORD SPENCER.

LORD BUCKHURST'S Bill (for the protection of children against those who twist them into Acrobats) having been drawn badly was withdrawn promptly. The "professors" of the art of tumbling have been making a great clamour against the measure, and desire us to believe that the life of a young acrobat is a sort of Paradise, whence he emerges lissome, daring, and beautiful as "the herald Mercury, new lighted on a heaven-kissing bill." We should like to hear the children themselves on the subject, only they might be afraid to testify.

MR. JACOB BRIGHT aimed another blow at the Sanatory Act touching which the sentimentalists ululate, and the House, by 140 to 74, decided that matters should remain as at present.

We talked on Army votes, and the pension to LADY MATO was voted, with warm tributes to the merit of the lamented Viceroy, and then we took the liberty of defeating the Government on the Thames Embankment question. The Bill for carrying out the preposterous plan of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was rejected by 154 to 133. But a new question opens up. It is suggested that Northumberland House should be pulled down, in order to the making a fine road to the Embankment. The DUKE has signified that he will listen to the reasons why his mansion should be destroyed. This fine specimen of Jacobean architecture was built about 1605, and it has histories; but of course, if it is in the way of the omnibuses and railway vans, down with it.

Tuesday.—The Lords read the Metalliferous Mines Bill a Second Time. Would you be surprised to hear that we already protect women and children to this extraordinary extent? No children under 15 are sent down into the mines, and women are not worked more than 12 hours, and—will you believe it?—not at all on Sundays.

There came this evening a terrific thunderstorm, one that will be mentioned in records. It broke while the Lords were discussing the Elementary Education Elections Bill, for which the Electricity was too much; the Debate could not be heard, and the measure, a Government one, was thrown out by 46 to 42.

On the question of the Slave Trade on the East Coast of Africa, there were some very noble and worthy utterances, and especially did the son of WILLIAM WILBERFORCE deliver himself eloquently against "the cursed traffic." As his Lordship said, we know little on the subject, but we ought to know that about 90,000 slaves are annually exported, and as each costs the lives of many others, it may be said that from 350 to 500,000 human beings are annually sacrificed. The Bishop called on Government to appeal to France,

America, and other civilised Powers, for aid to put down the hideous system. LORD GRANVILLE said that the horrors of the traffic had not been exaggerated, and stated that Government was taking active measures against it. We rejoice to hear it; but we hope that the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER and others will from time to time demand a report of progress.

In the Commons, SIR ROBERT PEEL wished to know if any steps were being taken to prevent the probable influx into this country of the Jesuits, banished by PRINCE VON BISMARCK for plotting against the safety of Germany. MR. GLADSTONE did not think lightly of the matter; "it was indeed a grave and serious one;" but he was not prepared with any present reply.

Then was made the announcement that, in consequence of the Judgment of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH in the Galway Case, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL FOR IRELAND intended to prosecute the Roman Catholic BISHOP OF CLONFERT, CAPTAIN NOLAN, MR. SEBASTIAN NOLAN, and nineteen Priests, for their conduct at the Galway election. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL (MR. DOWSE) declared that his duty was plain, but that it was very painful. There was an effort to show that an Order of the House was necessary to this prosecution, but all the Law Officers of the Crown had decided that it was not.

Here Mr. Punch craveth, or rather taketh, leave to interpolate a remark which will save him trouble in the future. He raises his hat in admiration of the cleverness which is being displayed in exalted quarters. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, like a rude person, has denounced a number of ecclesiastics, and others, for mal-practices. "Remove that profane Judge!" howleth Irishry. "Maintain the QUEEN'S law!" shouteth Britishry. Sweetly smiling, comes the Executive, steering notably, satisfies England and Scotland by upholding the law, and pleases Ireland (or the rational Papists) by a prosecution which will make martyrs of the accused Priests, and can by no possibility be followed by a conviction. Mr. Punch has rarely been delighted by more dexterous and adroit management. "How blest are we that are not simple men!"

Military Forces Localisation (the Druidical Centres) Bill. Much abuse of soldiers for not being as virtuous as they are brave. SIR HENRY HOARE made fun of "three peaceful shepherds who had tuned their pipes on the Radical benches," on which he also sits; but when he called MR. RICHARD the Hon. and Reverend Member, MR. HADFIELD, another Dissenter, arose to order. Why the title should offend, we know not. MR. RICHARD is the son of a Reverend, a Calvinistic Methodist minister, and was himself for several years minister at a Dissenting chapel in Southwark. However, SIR HENRY retracted the reverence.

The above took place in what Posterity may like to know we call the morning, that is, in the sitting that ended at seven in the evening. At nine we resumed, and went at the Licensing Bill. It was a very hot night, and those who were making regulations about other folks' thirstiness, had plenty of iced cup ready at hand. Divers Over-Legislations were attempted, and some Members had an idea that no boy under fourteen could ever want a glass of beer. A clause was carried for punishing a publican who may sell such boy a glass. Then we imposed penalties on drunkenness, and one Member proposed a heavy fine for being drunk, and another was for imprisonment; but it was finally arranged that for a first offence the fine shall be Ten Shillings, and then cumulation fines were voted. Well, if the law be carried out, getting tipsy will be an expensive amusement to anybody who has not plenty of money. MR. VERNON HARCOURT said, on Friday, that unless the Magistrates are lenient, the Act will send about half our adult male population to prison.

Wednesday.—MR. GILPIN once more aired his Anti-Hanging notions, and in the usual debate the afternoon was wasted. Mr. Punch notes that MR. TIPPING, Member for Stockport, made a courageous and able speech against our tendencies to relaxation of moral fibre, and to shrinking from duty; and MR. BRECK contended that, as it was clear that the gallows had a deterrent effect, we were right to use it. On division, 167 to 54 showed that all the House's moral fibre is not relaxed, and also that a certain physical fibre, of the genus *Cannabis*, is not thought to have lost all its virtue.

Thursday.—The Autumn Manœuvres, ladies, are thus fixed. The Southern Army will assemble at Blandford on the 17th of August, and the Northern Army at Pewsey on August 31. It is at Pewsey that, according to all the books, the wonderful epitaph to LADY O'LOONEY is to be seen. It describes her as "great niece of BURKE, commonly called the Sublime," and adds that she was

"Bland, passionate, and deeply religious;
Also she painted in water-colours,
And sent several pictures to the Exhibition.
She was first cousin to LADY JONES,
And of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

We shall be much obliged to the Northern Army to look into the church or churchyard, and report to us whether this amazing inscription is really in either.

To-night in the Commons there was excitement. The gallery and



FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

"MASTER'S AWAY FROM HOME, SIR. WOULD YOU PLEASE TO LEAVE YOUR NAME!"

"FAIX, AN' WHAT SHOULD I BE LAVIN' ME NAME FORR, BEDAD! WHEN HE KNOWS ME QUITE WELL?"

lobbies were filled with Irish. For the Keogh debate was to come on. The weather was fearfully hot. Do you want to know what happened? You must be content with brevity. MR. BUTT made a worse speech, against MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, than could have been expected from an able advocate. He talked for an hour and a half. Then the House went to dinner, and MR. MITCHELL HENRY took up the theme. MR. BUTT moved for a Committee of the whole House to consider the Keogh judgment, and the complaints against it. MR. PIM moved that the language of the judgment was objectionable, but that no interference was called for. MR. PATRICK SMYTH abused MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, omitting his title, and catching a smart rebuke from the SPEAKER.

The ATTORNEY-GENERAL opposed Motion and Amendment, and approved the prosecution of the Priests, who had mixed things sacred and profane in such a manner as to bring discredit on the great religious communion to which they belonged. It was not for the House to criticise faults of taste and temper.

MR. HENRY JAMES delivered a bold and elaborate defence of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, vindicating his denunciations of the offenders, and adding (you will remember that MR. JAMES is no Orange-man or Tory, but an advanced Liberal)—

"It is not to technical prosecutions—it is not to the chances of a verdict from an Irish jury—you must look to correct this evil. It is to public opinion freely expressed that you must look for the correction. I know how weak the voice of an individual is; but the voice of Parliament is strong, and the voice already heard to-night, with no uncertain sound, will re-echo through the breast of every man of every class, of every creed, of every party, and may assist to teach this proud priesthood that within this realm no allegiance can be allowed save to our Sovereign—(loud cheers)—and no obedience save to our laws. (Prolonged cheering.)"

There was more debate, and the House wished to have the affair finished, but the Irishmen would not hear of this. MR. GLADSTONE and MR. DISRAELI both urged that the debate should be closed. Adjournment was moved, and there were 350 against it, to 59 for

A CLOWN ON CHIGNONS.

I TAKES care my hay to dry
Well afore my rick I raises;
'Cause, if damp, 't'ool heat by-'m-by,
Ees, and bust out into blazes.

So, you gals, that stacks your hair
Fur above, in Men's opinions,
All you could by Natur' wear,
Mind you always airs your chignons.

For, like hay-ricks sometimes fires
Of themselves, put moist together,
So them hair-ricks we admire
Also med, this here hot weather.

Though the heads o' them we love,
Flarun' up outright be n't many,
How them hair-ricks must, above,
Bake the brains below—if any!

BRAVERY AND BOOTY.

ON Thursday last MR. STANSFELD, the President of the Local Government Board, was to have distributed the prizes gained by the lads of the *Goliath* training-ship, lying off Grays, Essex; but, as the boys were wanted to attend the school-drill in Hyde Park before the PRINCE OF WALES, the distribution of those prizes had to be postponed. This postponement, however, will not be for long; and let us hope that there will be no greater delay in the distribution of prizes which the lads of the *Goliath* may one day gain when they are men. By that time, perhaps, a great deal more promptitude will have come to be practised in giving both sailors and soldiers their due winnings, so that the former will then not be forced to wait for them so long as the latter have now been for the Kirwee prize-money.

A Blot Hit.

YES; 'neath over-legislation,
VERNON HARCOURT, groans this nation.
Statutes, to compel behaving
Prettily, are men enslaving.
Freedom is—defend its cause!—
No unnecessary laws.

it. This vote really settled the question, and marked the opinion of the British House of Commons on the attacks upon MR. JUSTICE KEOGH. But anybody can go on moving adjournments, and this system being resorted to, MR. GLADSTONE gave way, and the resumption was fixed for the next Monday. To show you how hot the night was, MR. PUNCH adds that MR. FAWCETT, having moved an Amendment on a legal Bill, was told by the ATTORNEY-GENERAL that the Amendment meant, either that MR. FAWCETT was a fool, or he, SIR JOHN COLERIDGE, was a knave.

"Our bloods obey the heavens."

Friday.—Fag-ends of legislation now "engross us wholly." The Lords took up a good many, rejecting the worse sort.

In the Commons we had more Liquor Debate, and a wholesome clause was passed for compelling an adulterating Publican to have his sentence exposed at his own shop-door. This, and the remarks of his jeering customers, will conduce to bring the evil Bung into a happy frame of mind, and we pity his barmaid.

Debate on Improving the Law, but it was felt to be waste of time. MR. GLADSTONE made fun of MR. WHALLEY, declaring him to be a most wonderful man, who knew things that nobody else knew.

Saturday.—Yes, Madam, the poor Commons were driven to work on Saturday, and they again took the Liquors Bill, and, we hope, refreshed themselves with experiments on the subjects of their discourse.

Tragedy in Lambeth.

ARCHBISHOP CRAWMER died by fire.

To Ritualists if that's a joke,
ARCHBISHOP TAIT will them inspire
With mirth if he should die by smoke.



CONSIDERATE.

Mrs. Clovermead. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DANIEL?—(He had kept his hand to his cheek during the drive.)—HAVE YOU GOT A TOOTH-ACHE?"

Daniel. "No, MU'M, THANKY' MU'M. BUT I WAS AFRAID, MU'M—— I'VE BEEN A HAVING INGONS AT MY DINNER, MU'M!!!"

A NATIONAL WARNING.

LIQUOR LAWSON, look here; this is from *Allen's Indian Mail*:—

"BEEF AND BEER IN INDIA.—BABOO RAJENDRALEK MITTRA surprised his audience at the last meeting of the Asiatic Society of Bengal by his paper on the use of beef in ancient India. Imagine the horror of the more orthodox among them at being told by one of their most learned sages that, according to old Sanskrit writings, the Hindus were a beer-drinking and beef-eating race. . . . The Baboo held that Brahmins ate beef until the first century B.C., when they began to follow the example of their Buddhist rivals. No authority older than the seventh century after Christ can be quoted, it seems, against the use of beef."

The lovers of animals slaughtered for sacrifice, the BABOO informed his hearers, "were roasted and reserved for the priests as tit-bits, which they washed down with draughts of 'soma beer,' and, as PLATO would have said, no doubt that soma beer had body in it."

Now, LIQUOR LAWSON, see what the Hindoos have come to in little more than a thousand years' time by disusing beef and beer. The analogies of language, you know, prove ourselves to be a branch of the Indo-European family, come of the same original stock as the Hindoos. Look at the difference between us and our rice-eating, water-drinking, poor relations, the Brahmins. If you had your way, British and Anglo-Saxon posterity would in a few generations be reduced to a level with those herring-sided, enfeebled Lascars and Coolies. They are black, most of them; and if we also were to adopt vegetarian and teetotal habits, as their forefathers, apostate from good living, did, our own race, doubtless, in time would turn black too. Will you say that you want to enforce Teetotalism only, and not Vegetarianism also? Well, but if you succeed in shutting up public-houses, somebody else, equally reasonable with yourself, will, with equal reason, demand the suppression of butchers'-shops, and the nation of milkops that will have submitted itself to restriction at your bidding will be likely enough to let that other place them under further restraint. A pretty progeny, then, JOHN BULL will have some centuries hence—precious descendants of once beef-

eating and beer-drinking Britons! Go to, then, LIQUOR LAWSON, unless you will come round and liquor up; liquor, and let others liquor, especially in this hot weather.

DENBIGH THE DAUNTLESS.

At the sympathy-with-Jesuits meeting, the other afternoon, LORD DENBIGH said:—

"The Jesuits were held up as intriguers, whereas those who know them well knew that it was distinctly against the constitution of their order to mix themselves up in any intrigue."

We hate to be vulgar, but we may quote DICKENS' *Mr. Bucket*. "Do you know why they killed the pig?" "No." "Because he had so much cheek." Now, does LORD DENBIGH expect anybody to be deluded by such indescribable gammon? He must gauge our intellects by an odd standard—we will not be uncivil enough to suggest what it is.

Acrobats and Asses.

WHAT is an Acrobat? Literally, one who goes aloft. A sailor is an acrobat in the strictest sense of the word. Whether as mountebanks or as sailors, acrobats go aloft to earn their bread. For that purpose the nautical and spectacular acrobats alike risk their necks; acrobats of either sort are liable to be tumblers. The consistent prohibition of acrobats' performances would be impracticable, the partial prevention of them absurd; but these considerations do not lessen the wonder that the fools who pay to see them enough to make them profitable, are so numerous.

JUSTICE TO AMERICA.

"CHARGE, BENNETT, charge! On, STANLEY, on!"
So came last news from LIVINGSTONE.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(A Start for Foreign Parts. Old and New Friends. Off.)



UR "little" ENGLEMORE calls on us with information. "I've got," he says, "Mister Berth for you. Best cabin. One for the Colonel, and one for you, Ma'am." My Aunt thanks him, and requests further particulars, which he proceeds to give, in his own way, "Baron Nosey, Sunday at Twelve. Be there rather before, say eleven-thirty, because of Mister Luggage. Horrid bore, Mister Portmanteau."

I tell him that I quite remember all these details, having been by the Baron several times. Upon this ENGLEMORE remarks to my Aunt, "Then you're Little All-right, Ma'am. The Colonel knows the ropes. Wish I was going

with you." Why can't he? "Why?" he answers, "because, first of all, there's Mister Business in Town. Then there's Mister Furniture in new House. Just finished. Man stained floors. Gas laid on. Kitchen stove gone mad, I mean cracked. Went home the other evening, found Mrs. Cook swimming about. Mister Boiler burst; no dinner for your Little ENGLEMORE, and jolly mess everywhere."

My Aunt consoles with him. "She knows," she says, "by experience the nuisance of furnishing and busters boiling." She means boilers bursting, of course, and, "said so." But, she supposes, silly, that Ma. ENGLEMORE is only preparing to renounce the bachelor state.

"Ah," says ENGLEMORE, blushing slightly, "don't know yet. We shall see. Settle up for Mister Furniture, and settle down afterwards." Then turning to me, "I'll be on the look-out for Mister Farm. I'm going into the Midlands for a week's fishing. Going to see Major Trout. Catch him at home. Then you'll be back before Mr. Grouse and Mister Oyster turn up. If you see anything in the way of furniture while you're away, don't forget your Little ENGLEMORE."

On his saying good-bye to us we once more allude, pleasantly, to his intended (evidently intended) marriage. My Aunt, who is not to be put off the scent of a genuine match by any pretence of his as to fishing, observes that she supposes he is to bring home a bride from the Midlands? "Aha!" he returns to my Aunt, "you know too much for me, Ma'am. Talking of that, I was trying to write a song, you know," this to me. I nod, but don't know; however, that's of no importance. "'A Hieland lass my love was born.' I made it 'A Midland lass my love was born,' only I couldn't get any farther. Mr. Poetry is not my name. Don't know how it's done. Good-bye. I'll have my eye on something for you. I know sort of thing. A Nook, that's what you want. You'd nook all day if you had one. Good-bye. Love to Mister Germany." I notice that he has at once made a verb of "nook." In ENGLEMORE'S grammar—

Happy Thought.—Grammar of the Future, by Your Little ENGLEMORE.—In such a Grammar "to Nook" would signify "to remain in a secluded spot in the country," and would be conjugated "I nook, Thou nookest, He nooks, &c." Imperative—"Nook!" i.e. "Go and remain in a secluded spot in the country," which might gradually come to mean, "Go to Jericho, or Bath, or Coventry." Imperfect—"I was nooking," i.e. "When I was living (or used to live) in a secluded spot in the country," &c. But what a saving of words! Then, at dinner—"Will you mutton?" "Do you cucumber?" or, while one is about it, with a new grammar of the future, why not "Cucumberez-vous?" or "Cucumber-you?" "You'll bear, I suppose?"

"I'll wire," continues ENGLEMORE, "if Mister Farm turns up. And if you see Colonel Sideboard or Major Armchair anywhere, wire price, as, at present, my name's Mister Furniture. Good-bye."

And so he leaves us, having probably, as my Aunt suggests, been running on about his furniture, Major trout, and his noocled Slook ("secluded Nooks," vide my Aunt's Dixon's Johnsonary), in order to avoid any further questioning about his marriage.

Aunt, under the impression that St. Katherine's Wharf is at least ten miles from any known centre, determines upon starting early. Usual sombre drive through the *urbs mortuorum*, with the shutters

up on Sunday morning. City looking as if it had been hard at work over-night trying to scrub itself clean, and couldn't for its very life get the dirt out of its ruts and wrinkles. Lines of hard-featured respectabilities going to church; Paterfamilias looking devotionally uncomfortable in his clean, starched collars. If it wasn't for Materfamilias and the girls, who require his presence as a background to their Sunday finery, he would have preferred stopping at home, in his shirt-sleeves, to "tot up" his accounts.

Now we leave Eastern Christianity, and, penetrating farther into the Oriental quarter, we come into a Parochial Palestine! Here, on one side are the names of Mister Moses, S. Isaacs, and Jacob Marx, faced, on the other, by Solomons, Cohen, and Aaron Levi. Genuine good old D'Israeli titles, ungentelised as yet by substituting an "a" for an "o," or a "y" for an "i." It seems as if a whole colony of German Jews had landed here, and, having been thoroughly knocked up by the voyage, never cared to unsettle themselves again.

St. Katherine's Wharf, intended for the arrival and departure of passengers. St. Katherine's Wharf offers the smallest amount of accommodation possible. Abroad, whether at a small station, or on a quay, or at any place specially intended for passenger traffic, the traveller, generally, will find comfort, and even elegance. But, in England—generally not.

"Well, thank Heaven," says my Aunt, piously, "that it doesn't rain, and we can stand on the wharf among the luggage."

The Baron is not yet ready to receive us—he is being washed and tidied.

My Aunt occupies herself in asking me if I don't think every fresh arrival on the wharf is a foreigner. She founds her remarks on the supposition that most of the *voyageurs* must inevitably be foreigners; or, if they are not *now*, she has some sort of idea they will become foreigners during the voyage, and appear as something quite different (as in a *Pantomime*) when we shall land in Antwerp.

"That's a German, I'm sure," says she, pointing to a stout man in spectacles, with a young lady, rather pretty, in a costume of many colours.

Happy Thought.—To call her "*Josephine*," on account of the costume of many colours.

The pair are standing near us. My Aunt is commencing some remarks on the young lady's high-heeled boots, and other peculiarities of what she considers foreign *toilette*, when Mister German turns to me, and says, with an accent (from the north of England), "Can you tell me, Sir, when this *Baron Ozy* 'll be ready to take us aboard?"

I give him my opinion. Pretty girl his—daughter? or, niece?

Happy Thought.—As a co-voyageur, to speak to her *sans façon*, "Is she a good sailor?" She is shy and simpers.

"She doesn't know," she says, simpering. "She's never yet been to sea," simpering. Northern accent.

Happy Thought.—"Northern Farmer" and his daughter. "Property, Property," &c. Perhaps he's going to examine German Agriculture. Pick up a lot from him on the voyage. Always picking up.

Happy Thought (Musical).—"Where are you going to, my pretty maid? Keep this to myself.

The Baron is almost ready to receive us. There is a good deal of shouting in an unknown tongue by two dapper gentlemen in smart naval uniforms, a considerable amount of gesticulation, confused noises of chains, cranes, planks, engines, and plunging of horses objecting to being embarked on board the gallant *Ozy*.

Ancient porters, who look as if they couldn't carry a handbox, stagger away under the weight of my Aunt's trunks, and a burly fellow with a badge—in ENGLEMORE'S grammar of the future, "A Badger"—insists upon relieving me of my hand-bag.

Happy Thought.—Keep my eye on him.

Six porters stagger in, and against us, with boxes, portmanteaus, and bags; then a maid-servant with rugs, bundle of parasols and sticks; then a sharp-looking, funny little man, looking as if he'd been taken directly off a German bon-bon box, carrying a plaid, a small bag, and another bundle of sticks, umbrellas, and parasols. "Dis vay, Sir!" he is saying to a lady and gentleman following him. Two porters deposit a large portmanteau almost on my Aunt's toes preparatory to heaving it up again and carrying it on board. The name attracts my attention.

"MILBURD," in large letters.

My Aunt takes my arm. I turn and see, no doubt about it, MILBURD with a lady on his arm. We recognise one another. He asks me if I know the Duchess? The who? I say looking towards the lady on his arm. "Now then, Sir, this way," shouts somebody. More directions in unknown tongue. "Now, Sir!" says gruffly, just behind me a voice which apparently proceeds from a huge box on two legs. My Aunt pulls me to what I believe is called "the gangway." The Northern Farmer has his northern elbow in my ribs; he is tugging at his daughter (or niece), my Aunt is tugging at me, MILBURD is tugging at the Duchess, boxes in front of us, boxes behind us, boxes threatening our heads and toes, a vague fear pervading every one that the

Baron will get tired and suddenly steam off without us, and so we all crowd on to one another, hustle, crush, fight, struggle and fume, until we suddenly find ourselves on board.

"This way, Sir!" remonstrates some official belonging to the Baron, and we are on board. More crush. People hurrying below (they call it "down-stairs") and demanding beds and accommodation.

Happy Thought.—Got our Berths. We shall be Mister Comfortable. Polite and cool steward at table taking down names in a book and apportioning berths to those who haven't previously engaged them. MILBURN is explaining, jocosely as usual, "You needn't give us the state cabin, as Her Royal Highness."

"Name, Sir?" asks the Steward in the most business-like way. People about, thinking that MILBURN is only wasting time, don't laugh, I am glad to say. He answers, "Mr. and Mrs. MILBURN and Friend."

MILBURN married!!

PIOUS CONSPIRACY.

RECENTLY has been held, at Willis's Rooms, "an influential meeting" convened by the "Catholic Union," for the purpose of protesting against the recent edicts expelling the religious orders from Germany and Italy. Among these Catholic Protestants were several lords and numerous ladies; at the head of them was the DUKE OF NORFOLK, who took the chair. ARCHBISHOP MANNING attended, of course, together with the learned and eloquent dignitary who is his right-hand man; and the *Post* says that:—

"MONSIGNOR CAPEL said—To those who would ask whether we should interfere with the people of Italy and the people of Germany in their affairs, he replied that the Church of Rome was one perfect whole, each obeying, working, and conspiring for the general good."

For the general good of its own members? Of course. For the particular good of the Temporal Papedom? No doubt. But in conspiring for these objects, the Church of Rome, unfortunately, appears to the Italian Government and to PRINCE BISMARCK, to have conspired against the unity of Germany and of Italy. Appearances are often imaginary, and Statesmen weak; but if MONSIGNOR CAPEL wishes to procure a revocation of the political orders expelling the religious orders from those countries, he might as well, perhaps, persuade the Church of which he is an ornament to condescend to clear itself from the charge of conspiracy, that is of conspiring for a purpose beyond that which he acknowledges it to conspire.

In the *Times* report of this same meeting, ARCHBISHOP MANNING and LORD DENNIGH are represented also to have made remarkable statements. The noble Earl observed that:—

"It would be wise to look beneath the surface, and to ask how it was that such injustice could be done and the world not rise against it, and he accounted for this by saying that we lived in an age of shams. The Jesuits had been misrepresented."

We do, indeed, live in an age of Shams, whether the Jesuits have been misrepresented or not, and whether they have or have not been limited by JUDGE KEOGH's sentence as to their representation in Parliament. Shams, certainly, do abound in this age; but it is not very lately that we have heard of a winking statue or picture; whence it will not perhaps appear very surprising that the Most Reverend Prelate spoke as follows:—

"He saw this great meeting of the laity, he said, with great satisfaction, because in this age, which LORD DENNIGH had called one of Shams, and which he would call one of Superstitions, they had given a formal and sufficient contradiction to a superstition which seemed to hang in the air of England, and to be received by the most intelligent journalists—namely, that the Catholic laity of England were unable to go alone."

This notion, on the part of those journalists, may be a mistake, but in what respect it is a superstitious one too, few ordinary people will probably discern. To see that requires as sharp an eye for superstition as DR. MANNING's, on which he is to be congratulated very much.

It may edify some of our readers to know that, a resolution having been put to the vote:—

"SIR CHARLES CLIFFORD, who seconded the resolution, said it might be some consolation to think that the fate of JULIAN the Apostate was not unlikely to befall PRINCE BISMARCK."

SIR CHARLES CLIFFORD was evidently joking. Of course he wishes and hopes that BISMARCK will be converted and do penance. The fate of JULIAN the Apostate, moreover, is not that which usually befalls a Statesman who has provoked the Jesuits. There was no necessity for an inquest on the body of JULIAN, and it seems very unlikely that PRINCE BISMARCK will fall on the battle-field.

In the meanwhile the Catholic Union will perhaps do best for itself and the Religious Orders whom it would vindicate by perseverance in ridiculing BISMARCK for being afraid of them, and by

incessantly repeating or suggesting to the British Public and all Europe that he is an old woman. Say that BISMARCK and VICTOR EMMANUEL are shams, and ideas of Jesuitical intrigues superstitions; and let not the coarse Protestant tell you that the less you say of superstitions and shams, the better.

OVER-LEGISLATION.



THE following Notices of Motion for leave to bring in Bills, have been given for the next Session of Parliament:—

A Bill to put an end to the deleterious habit, by Mothers, of addressing nonsensical words to infants and young children, and for enacting that any Mother, speaking to her child, shall use the language of grown-up people.

A Bill for preventing all persons leaving churches, or other places of worship, from commencing secular talk until they shall be at least fifty yards from such edifice.

A Bill for prohibiting any persons who may attend a musical or theatrical entertainment, from speaking to one another except in whispers, or between the acts.

A Bill for preventing any person from eating an orange in a street or other place of public passage, unless he shall have previously, in the presence of a police-constable, peeled the said orange, and deposited the peel in a receptacle to be provided by the rate-payers of the locality.

A Bill to prohibit any person from suddenly stopping in the street to look in at a shop-window, and thus interfering with the progress of other passengers.

A Bill for preventing acquaintances or others from standing to talk in the street, to the hindrance of the public, and for providing recesses at various points where persons desirous of conversation may enjoy it without interference with the public interest.

A Bill forbidding all persons to sneeze loudly in any public thoroughfare where there is danger of terrifying horses.

A Bill preventing persons from kindling cigars on the sea-shore, lest the pilots of vessels should be deceived by the lights, and marine property be endangered.

A Bill prohibiting any person from offering a bet upon any subject whatever, without a Magistrate's certificate that the wager is not contrary to morality, and without entering into security to liquidate the said wager when decided.

A Bill for checking the employment of objectionable language, and for imposing fines on the use of any Pagan oaths, as "By Jove!" of any exaggerations or untruths, as "I have not seen you for an age!" "You have been a month on the errand!" and of all suggestions of comparison between an event and the Principle of Evil, as, "It rained like the Deuce."

A Bill for making it unlawful to use false and conventional terminations to letters, and for abolishing the phrases, "Your obedient humble servant," and the like, but with provisions that no restriction shall apply to letters between persons entitled to exchange affectionate language.

A Bill for prohibiting gutter-children from blowing tin whistles, which make a distressingly monotonous noise, and for sending offenders to the Royal Academy of Music, for instruction in better instruments.

A Bill providing for a quarterly return, from every householder, of the general behaviour of each member of his household, with special accounts of any irregularities, distinguishing them under the heads of religious, moral, and social, and with statements of the means he has employed for punishing the same, and preventing their recurrence. The cases of children under three years old not to be included in the return.



AT LOSS FOR A WORD.

Distinguished Foreigner. "ACH! MEES! I GONCRATULADE YOU VROM DE POTTOM OF MY HARRT!! YOU HAVE BLAYED AND ZUNG KVITE—KVITE—"

Fair Performer. "QUITE EXCECRABLY!"

Distinguished Foreigner. "ACH! YES! DAVE IS DE VORT!—QVITE EXCECRABLY!"

CHIT-CHAT.

MISS AMY PINCHDOL, a young pianiste, aged seven, has just achieved the stupendous task of playing the first eight bars of "*In my Cottage*," with one hand, nine times consecutively, in the course of two hours. Should there be a public competition, she will probably obtain the first prize.

MR. SMUGGINS, of Boon's Buildings, Bethnal, whose decease was reported some weeks ago, is alive.

MASTER JOHNNY SMITH, aged eleven on the 10th of May last, will attain his twelfth year (D.V.) on the occasion of his next birthday.

MR. PRIGG, member of various West End Clubs, will shortly exhibit his valuable Loan Collection of Umbrellas.

Two flies were caught and killed the other day in the neighbourhood of Regent's Park.

MR. DOO WALKER found London too hot for him last week. His bills were £12,000 at the hottest part of the day. He is now in the shade.

HERR HERMANN, the distinguished German, took off his hat the other day no less than a hundred and fifty times between seven A.M. and ten P.M. He finally took himself off. He is now in England for the benefit of his hat.

The Grand National Swimming Match will, it is hoped, take place this year in the Thames above Henley. The sole condition is, that the competitors must never have been in the water on any occasion previous to the day of the match. The prize is to be a good wholesome cake—of Brown Windsor.

BARON ROTHSCHILD purchased sixpenn'orth of strawberries for fivepence ready money. It is supposed that he could not spare more on account of the New South Austrian Loan.

A new system of ventilation has been invented for the use of some of our theatres. Two or three stupid plays, and nothing attractive in artists, and the house, will be quite empty and charmingly cool.

MR. ROBINSON had excellent sport off Twickenham bank on Wednesday last. He hooked as many as twenty worms in the course of the day. Shoals of sticklebacks and gudgeon were seen in the neighbourhood of his punt. At 8 P.M. he caught a train and hooked it by the South-Western line.

1267 jokes about "bores, big bores, and small bores," were made during the Wimbledon meeting. The total shows a decrease of three jokes on the word "bore" since 1863.

No new subject of Ball-practice-conversation has been introduced during the present Season.

Home Rule and Home Speaking.

JUDGE KROGH a speech intemperate made,
Says BUTT (upon Home Rule who trades),
Because he called a Spade a Spade,
And Knaves of Spades, too, Knaves of Spades.

A Circular on Circulars.

THE senders by post of Circulars inviting people to take shares in new Joint-stock Companies are hereby informed that the paper on which their prospectuses are printed is of a very unsatisfactory quality. It is so stiff that it does not lend itself to the purpose of wrapping things up, and so little combustible that when ignited it goes out almost directly, and is therefore of no use to light a pipe with or a cigar.

EPIGRAM BY ODGER.

THE Lords' the "fly-wheel." Lor! how ill I feel!
Nay, HATHERLEY, "the fly upon the wheel."



“ADOLPHE THE ALCHEMIST.”

(A TALE OF WONDER AND ENCHANTMENT.)



"FEDERAL GOVERNMENT"

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

PRE-CONSUMPTION OF FOOD.



WHEN a short time ago, in the House of Commons, Mr. MUNTZ inquired whether the Government would not advise HER MAJESTY to issue a Royal Proclamation enjoining loyal subjects to abstain for the present from the consumption of veal and lamb until the stocks of cattle and sheep were restored to their former numbers, there was exclamation. The *Lancet*, with keen "iteration," remarks:—

"When Mr. MUNTZ gave notice of his intention to ask this question, his notice is said to have been received with 'laughter'—a laughter little

creditable to those from whom it came, and very suggestive of that 'crackling of thorns under a pot' which was once spoken of by a great authority."

The merry gentlemen, whose denomination the *Lancet* neatly suggests deserve it with a difference. If fishing may be defined as "a stick and a string, with a fish at one end and a fool at the other," they are not such fools as fishers—who know something. If they were, they would at any rate know that anglers, happening to have hooked a quarter-of-a-pound trout, for instance, throw it back again. They are unaware that the destruction of young salmon is disallowed, and that the meshes of nets used in the Thames must not be under a certain size. If they were fishermen, however, doubtless all would be fish that came to their net. They would grumble at being compelled to return small fish to the river, and if they saw any one do it of his own accord they would laugh him to scorn. How should they see that the economy of flesh is nowise more ridiculous than that of fish; and that, as young fry killed are big fish wasted, so, to compare things vegetable with things animal, lamb and veal are beef and mutton nipped in the bud?

PROGRESSIVE INTELLIGENCE.

In the *Post* has appeared a full true and particular account of a new political party, with a new platform, stated to have been organised by Mr. SAMUEL MORLEY, M.P., on the nineteenth of June last at the Cannon Street Hotel, and to include among its constituents the patriots who used to meet in that other public-house once named the Hole-in-the-Wall. For the rest, its composition may be inferred from the following list of the leaders who form its Committee:—

"MR. CARMEN, of the Workmen's Peace Society; MR. MOTTERSHED, Labour Representation League; MR. ODGER, aide-de-camp to SIR CHARLES DILKE; MR. GALBRAITH, of the 'Hole-in-the-Wall' Club; Citizen LE LUBEZ, of the Bradlaugh Republicans; Citizen ECCARIUS, of the International; MR. EVANS, Land Tenure Association; MR. PATTERSON, Workmen's Club Institute; Citizen BOON, of the International; MR. SAVAGE, and MR. OSBORNE."

It can hardly be necessary to quote the details of a "platform" comprehending the above-named Representative Men. One of their points is, of course, Manhood Suffrage. If they succeed in carrying this, the most illiberal of Conservatives will be unable to deny them credit for completing the Ballot Bill. Doubtless Manhood Suffrage for the New Party will mean Manhood Suffrage and no exceptions. What if a Citizen is in trouble? A man's a man for a' that. What if he be of unsound mind? He is still a man, and, as to a madman, it might even be a question whether he ought not, indeed, to have two votes, being a man beside himself. Furthermore, criminals and lunatics may be regarded as classes, having their special interests, and therefore a claim to special representation. The principal Prisons and Asylums for the Insane and Imbecile might accordingly be empowered to send representatives to Parliament—as the chief Universities do. Thus there might be Members for Bethlehem and St. Luke's, for Colney Hatch and Earlswood, and perhaps there will in case of the triumph of Mr. MORLEY's platform.

FASHIONABLE ECONOMY.

SYMPATHISING MR. PUNCH,

WITH steaks and mutton chops at fifteen pence a pound, and coals in the dog-days at six-and-thirty shillings a ton, surely the father of a family may be excused if he calls over the latter costly article of consumption any member of his household who is wasteful or extravagant. If the dressing of his dinner cost him nearly double what it did a few years since, he surely may be pardoned if he inculcates economy in the dressing of his daughters, and even of his wife. Yet how little is his preaching likely to be listened to, while his girls can read the newspapers, and find in them such demoralising paragraphs as this:—

"For evening dress at present there is no special novelty. If possible, the trains are longer, and it is impossible to put too many flounces, flowers, and puffings on the tarlatine, gauze, grenadine, or tulle skirts."

What is the good of a paternal sermon on the virtue of economy, while it is esteemed the fashion to be profuse in dress? One would have thought that, merely for their comfort's sake, ladies in the dog-days would abstain from over-dressing, and would choose simplicity of clothing rather than profusion of flounces, flowers, and farbelows, which in midsummer must surely be a burthen to their backs. But Fashion is their idol, and they sacrifice themselves in obeying the behests of those who are its priests: and their unlucky fathers, too, may count themselves its victims, for they have to pay the piper, while their daughters, in rich dresses a yard or so too long for them, go out evening after evening to tear their skirts to rags and tatters in the mazy dance.

Without the slightest hope that any girl of mine will ever condescend to listen to the voice of wisdom, I beg of you to publish my faint protest against fashion and its follies, and subscribe myself

Yours humbly,

SOLOMON SOLON SMITH.

SAGACITY OF THE SNAKE.

In a letter on "Snake Takers," a Correspondent of the *Times*, "W. S." gives an account of a visit made by him to a lady and gentleman who keep serpents, and pet them as other people do cats and dogs. Concerning a boa-constrictor, "W. S." tells the following snake story, than which there was never heard a better; no, not in the United States:—

"About a year ago Mr. and Mrs. M. were away for about six weeks, and left the boa in charge of the keeper at the Zoo. The poor reptile moped, slept, and refused to be comforted, but when his master and mistress appeared, he sprang upon them with delight, coiling himself around them, and showing strong symptoms of intense delight."

The journal which, among its general news, contains this anecdote, will soon, perhaps contain, in one of its advertising columns, some such an announcement as:—"Lost; a Boa, supposed to have strayed from" such or such a distinguished neighbourhood; "answers to the name of Rover." Or—"For Sale, a Python, of extraordinary docility, and thirty feet long; can fetch and carry, and is a capital water-snake." Large serpents will perhaps come into employment in lieu of house-dogs; they cannot bark, indeed, but, though not venomous, they can bite hard enough to hold a burglar fast, and, instead of barking, they can hiss on occasion of alarm. Pythons and boas will be seen in the streets, following at the heels of gentlemen and ladies, and will accompany their masters out shooting over heather and stubble, serving in the capacity of pointers and retrievers. A huge boa, according to "W. S." twined playfully round MRS. M.'s waist and neck, and coiled itself into a kind of turban upon her head. Equally gentle and sagacious, another reptile of the same species might doubtless be educated to be a performing boa, and hereafter the British Public may be from time to time entertained with *poses plastiques* including a Læocœon group with real snakes.

Comparative Finance.

OUR enlightened contemporaries, some of them, are wont to animadvert somewhat satirically on M. THIERS's persistence in the proposal to tax raw materials rather than income. The raw materials, however, which M. THIERS proposes to tax, can feel no burdens. If they are subjected to duties, how high soever, they have no sense of duty, such as that which in England prompts the victim of an iniquitous impost to evade it. Those raw materials do not live, and cannot suffer; their rawness is not a raw which has been established by partial and oppressive taxation.

THREE MILLIARDS.

A MIS-SPELLT title-page now understand:
France is the country called "The Great Loan Land."

DISCUSSION IN THE DOG-DAYS.

To waste several hours of the nation's time, during these more than commonly canicular dog-days, in discussing Capital Punishment, was to deserve it. But you cannot hang the House of Commons, although limited to the number of Members who usually attend on Crotchets Day, or even to the section accustomed on that day, Wednesday, to air their Sumptuary and Sabbatarian Crotchets. And if you could, their execution would exceed the bounds of needful severity. The certainty of penal servitude would, we have no doubt, have effectually deterred MR. GILPIN from making his annual futile motion touching the scaffold, and MR. R. N. FOWLER from seconding his friend. Wouldn't it be quite enough to deter any criminal, capable of being deterred, from any crime? As to the sufficiency of punishment for the prevention of crime, it is impossible for anybody to evolve the slightest idea out of his moral consciousness, and the consciousness of a criminal whence alone it could be evolved, is immoral. Your criminal is either too great a fool to be capable of evolving any idea whatsoever, or, being more rogue than fool, instinctively conceals any idea which he has been able to evolve. If all criminals were as capable of being restrained as yourself, thinking reader, by the consideration of consequences, the mildest of penal systems would keep them in check. What law would you break at the risk of probable imprisonment and hard labour? Can you fancy yourself, under any provocation, committing murder, if it were in the least degree likely to subject you to being locked up for twenty-four hours?

The strongest argument for the office of MR. CALCRAFT appears to be always ignored. "Sweet is revenge, especially to women," says LORD BYRON, with not too much gallantry. The majority of women would vote, if they had votes, for abolition of MR. CALCRAFT's office. But its retention is advocated by the strong-minded men most antipathetic to strong-minded women. "Revenge, and a healthy hatred of scoundrels," is what they profess and demand with MR. CARLYLE. Lose no time in questioning this position; assume it

rather. Is Capital Punishment then, the most satisfactory revenge? We know that My Lord Judge's sentence of death concludes with a blessing. If that benison is fulfilled, Capital Punishment is "hire and salary, not revenge." How, in any case, can we know that it has not been fulfilled? Now in the case of a criminal sentenced to penal servitude there is no doubt of his misery. The man who has been hanged may be happy for aught we know, and even supposing DARWIN's theory of development true, is at rest. Not so the other

scoundrel. The victim of a garrotter, for instance, doomed to his deserts, can occasionally solace himself by thinking of the lot which that convict is enduring at that moment, having, moreover, not only been whipped, but being liable, in the event of misconduct, to be whipped any number of times again. No such solace can, with any certainty, be derived from an executed criminal. Preference, therefore, of Secondary to Capital Punishment should not be imagined necessarily to arise from mawkish sentiment and maudlin philanthropy; because it may be determined by opposite feelings, and thus concurred in by the strong-minded of both sexes. But, on the other hand, it should be borne in mind that the convict allowed to live must be kept alive; and what satisfaction can he possibly afford worth the cost of his keep?

BLACK AGAINST BLUE.

THE colliers, male and female, at various places in Lancashire, have been meeting for the purpose of enforcing a reduction of the high prices of butchers' meat. At Scholes, near Wigan, the other day, they passed a resolution "amid much cheering," to the effect "that any woman who gave more than 7d. a pound for meat at the market on Friday and Saturday, should forfeit her husband's wages for the week." Col-

liers may well flatter themselves that they know how to strike. Their plan is that of striking right and left; for higher wages and lower prices: against their employers and against their butchers. When the price of coal is considered, to be sure, it may be thought that the colliers, of all workmen, should be the last to strike for meat at 7d. a pound; but, if they could bring it down to that, they would make the public some amends for increasing the cost of coals, which they would balance, in a measure, by compensation out of the Butcher's pocket.



MR. PUNCH'S DESIGNS AFTER NATURE.

A SUGGESTION FOR HARVEST TIME.



A NARCOTIC.

Doctor. "LOOK HERE, MRS. McCRAWLE. DON'T GIVE HIM ANY MORE PHYSIC. A SOUND SLEEP WILL DO HIM MORE GOOD THAN ANYTHING."

Godwife. "E-H, DOCTOR, IF WE COULD ONLY GET HIM TAE THE KIRK!"

A LOFTY EXAMPLE.

AMONG the inhabitants of London and its neighbourhood some enjoy the advantage of an option between the water of the River Thames and that of Artesian wells for drinking purposes. Using the former only for purposes of ablution, they will derive comparatively moderate gratification from the following item of intelligence:—

"THE SEWAGE OF WINDSOR CASTLE.—Very extensive works are now in progress for the drainage of Windsor Castle, and the utilisation of the sewage of the Palace and Frogmore House."

Even those, however, to whom the Thames water is a fluid merely, as the labels on the lotion bottles say, for external use, must be not a little glad to hear that arrangements are in progress for enabling that river to flow *minus* the additions it has been wont to receive from Windsor Castle and the dependency thereof abovenamed. It is expected that those arrangements "will be completed before the return of the QUEEN to Windsor in the Winter." Although it will be a merely local abolition of certain superfluous tributaries to the Thames which will then have been effected, yet that will be an instalment of sanitary reform, and in these matters every little helps, as to augment, so likewise to diminish the impurity of an ocean; still more that of a river. Windsor Castle, it is well known, stands upon an eminence where it is an object conspicuous for many miles of country round. So now it will shortly be in a condition to be pointed out as an example to many towns more or less distant on the banks of the river which they as yet continue to infect with material which they might utilise, and save the Water Companies the expense and trouble of separating it, some of it, from the water which water-rate payers, most of them, drink. In the meantime, perhaps, the steep crowned by Windsor Castle will be distinguished for time to come, by the eulogistic name of Mount Pleasant.

Odd Taste.

IF, as is commonly supposed, to eat coal is symptomatic of a morbid condition of consumption, we are in a bad way, for just now that article is in everybody's mouth.

BIRDS OUT OF THE BILL.

"EXCLUDED from the Wild Fowl Bill
People may shoot me if they will.
A little fruit our kind regales,
But we devour more slugs and snails;
Protection for my song is due."
Exclaimed the Thrush and Blackbird, too.
"Why leave out me?" the Skylark said,
"Me, upon insects chiefly fed;
Me, your bright bird to soar and sing,
And make you music on the wing."
The Whitethroat murmured: "And we twain,
The Less and Greater, sing in vain,
Among the excluded we both figure,
The Smaller Whitethroat and the Bigger."
The Warbler (Garden) breathed a doubt.
"I wonder why they've left me out.
"Mean they to eat me? I suppose
Some one the Beccafico knows.
But then the Wheatear goes shot-free,
Although a dainty, too, is he."
"They've overlooked, or did they strike
Me out?" cried Blue and Red-backed Shrike.
"Its head the Game List me did bear on;
This Bill ignores me," said the Heron.
The Rook observed, "They've passed me by.
They shoot our young to make rook-pie.
But I'm an old bird, and let Man
Get a shot at me if he can!"
The Raven croaked "I'm out!" "And so
Am I," did likewise croak the Crow.
"The Scavengers of Nature Few
Have, as it is, grown we and you."
"Bedad, and HERBERT ought to blush,"
Remarked the gentle Irish Thrush,
"He's left me out among the bunch,
Though my long note 'a, in Saxon, *Punch*."
"Passed over!" jabbered the Jackdaw.
"What for?" "I, too," the Jay shrieked, "Yah!
I suck some few eggs; they determine,
Therefore, to class me with the Vermin."
"And me," the Magpie chattering cried,
"With Vermin, too, they've left outside."
"So," screamed the Kestrel, "me they class.
Whereas the very greatest Ass,
On commons that is wont to browse,
Could tell them that I only mouse."
"Vermin be hanged, if that's their talk
Of me," avowed the Sparrowhawk.
The Hobby and the Merlin owned
The same. "What if some chicks they boned?
How picturesque they looked on flight!"
So Buzzard also spoke, and Kite,
And Harriers, skimming here and there.
And nobler Hawks and Falcons rare.
"Why not protect the Birds of Prey?
They'd kill us down; and who are they?
The Landed Poulterers, counter-bred,
Loss of a little game who dread.
And therefore doom to extirpation
Us chivalry of plumed creation."

* This statement is reported on the authority of a fair Irish Correspondent, who addresses us from Cork.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

HERE is the latest bit of news from the true Tom Tiddler's Ground:—

"PAVED WITH GOLD.—A plot containing one hundred and twenty thousand square feet of land on the Holborn Viaduct has been let upon a building lease for Fifteen Thousand Pounds per annum."

"Some men have plenty money," as the Waggawock observed; but it does not always follow that they have "no brains." A man clearly must have plenty money to be able to pay fifteen thousand sterling pounds a year for just eight times that number of square feet of building ground. Still, such payment must not hastily be taken as a proof that he is afflicted with deficiency of brains. On the contrary, City rents are so continually rising, that his building lease may turn out a lucky speculation, and by no means show a weakness in his upper storey.

THE SCOTCH SHOW AT SYDENHAM.



NE day last week a Grand Scottish Fête and Gathering of the Clans came off at the Crystal Palace, and among the prizes that were dressed, and danced, and dirked, and thrust, and thrown, and tossed, and run, and leaped, and jumped, and skirled, and shrieked, and squeaked, and schreeched, and piped and bibroched for, by native Scotch competitors, was a purse to be awarded "to the Best Dressed Highlander, to be dressed at his own expense."

As modern fashions quickly change, it seems that it is difficult to find a Scotchman now-a-

days who, ancient as it is, can be perfect in his dress; and indeed, considering how fond he is of snuff, it may safely be asserted that, whatever garb he wears, there is sure to be a mull in it. But though he generally is up to snuff, your Highlander by no means is a person to be sneezed at. And this mentioning of snuff reminds us of the Scottish figures who adorn our snuff-shops. Were these Highlanders suffered to compete for the prize of the best dressed? They would certainly have increased the attractions of the show, and their presence there might have exercised a beneficial influence on their, at present, blighted prospects. As lovers of the picturesque, we need hardly say how vastly we admire them, and how deeply we deplore their departure from the doorways they used formerly to grace, for we have grieved of late to notice that they yearly are decreasing. They are among the sculptural ornaments of London, and we need not say that we have not too many statues on which we can gaze with pleasure and with pride.

LUXURIES FOR LADIES.

MR. PUNCH,

THE subjoined extract from a daily paper, in which it is likely to catch the bright eyes of a very considerable number of ladies, would really, but for a slight omission, look very much like an advertisement, wouldn't it?—

"THE LADIES' BOUDOIR CANDLES.—These elegant candles (manufactured by, let us say, MESSRS. GLIM) are carved in the pattern of a cable, and tinted in the most delicate shades of rose, green, lavender, &c., are beyond question the most striking and beautiful candles ever produced. They may be obtained from all dealers in boxes of three, four, and five candles each."

At how much per box? This is the little particular omitted. It may not much signify to every fair reader, but I know one who would have been gratified by the information which the foregoing announcement fails to supply. Although in my eyes she excels all the rest of her sex, so much that I believe there is not another woman in the world equal to her, yet I am impartial enough to suppose that the generality resemble her pretty nearly in one admirable quality, or perhaps it would be correct to say combination of qualities, the disposition to blend economy with elegance. My wife, Sir, I know, would enjoy the occupation of dressing for dinner (solely to please me) before a glass reflecting the fairest face in the world, all the more if her mirror were flanked by a pair of the pretty candles above described. But then, *Mr. Punch*, she is too rational to wish to purchase this additional pleasure at too high a price. *She is*. She is quite content to dress by common candles, but, if tinted ones were not a farthing more expensive, would prefer the tinted. She would never dream of sending to the dealer's and ordering a box of coloured candles, or any other articles, in ignorance of their price: but in this particular of carefulness, I cannot suppose her to be singular; for, surely, it is a point of common prudence with her sex at large. As we were married only yesterday, I think of treating her with a box of those Boudoir Candles, if on inquiry at the Italian shop I find them reasonable; but, even in these early days of the honey-moon, am not going to buy a pig in a poke and

begin married life by setting a bad example myself of extravagance to the partner of my income.—Never at any time, now or hereafter to make such a mistake as that, *Mr. Punch*, trust yours truly, howsoever

UXORIOUS.

P.S. My love suggests that an inch of boudoir candle would do perfectly well with boudoir save-alls tinted to match, if they were only long enough.

TALK AGAINST TIME.

GREAT cry you say, and little wool,
In Parliament you find.
Indeed, that's true enough, JOHN BULL,
But therefore never mind.

The tongues that time consume in prate
Afford not any cause
For grief to those who fear, and hate,
Unnecessary laws.

My Session after Session closed
Each twelvemonths, on our backs,
Some new restraint has been imposed,
Or some vexatious tax.

O let the flood of words not cease!
For, whilst that deluge pours,
Our legislators can't increase
Our burdens and our bores.

Our liberties, until they've spent
Their talk, they can't repress;
Our imposts they can not augment,
Nor make our pleasures less.

PROGRESS v. POTHOUSE.

ONED MISTER PUNCH,

I AIN'T much of a Scollard, being nawthun but a Hodman. However I can make shift to read a noosepaper a bit, and this ere I found in an old un as I picked up. The great LORD ARCHBISHOP MANNING he've been saying in a lectur about Progress respectin People sich as me:—

"He had never seen the peasants of France and Italy without observing their intelligence, their brightness of eye, and their quickness of step; but when he saw the labourers of England, and especially of London, they seemed to be materialistic, imbruted, dull-eyed, heavy, lumbering, and in an almost stupefied state. . . . This state of things he attributed to the prosperity and materialism of England."

I can't say much for furriners, aving never been among em, exceptin horgangrinders and them fellers with the bagpipes as wear dormats on their showders and go a capering in the streets. *Their* steps aint none the quickest, sept when a Crusher's arter em—but prehaps they aint fair samples and so I pass em by, which folkse mostly do. But when I ears as English labrers are heavy lumbering louts, livin a'most stupefied and matterelistic as they say, why thinks i if we be stupefied it aint becors as England is in a prosperus state, but becors we've bin a drinking adulterated Beer. A man as swallers drugs i'stead o' malt and ops he aint likely to look bright i'd or remarkable hintelligent, being as he is arf pisoned with the dose. Jest you reform the Licker Laws, and make it Penal Suv-itude to serve us with bad beer, and depend on't British workmen ull be as bright and active as the Harchbishop himself, which they say he drinks but Adam's ale and not too much of even that. So I remain yours to comand for jobs of bricklayin or plasterin.

WILLIAM STUBBS X his mark.

Lines to My Love.

NINETY-FIVE in the shade!
Bring me iced lemonade
Dashed with brandy, and some
Small admixture of rum.
Let me smoke my Hayannah;
While you play the pian-ah!

On a Marriage.

(With *Mr. Punch's* kindest Wishes.)

For taking wrongful time ne'er chidden, nor "goosed,"
Yet, in July, fair NILSSON takes her AUGUST.



LATEST FROM THE PLAYGROUND.

First Schoolboy. "YOU'RE THE NEW BOY, AIN'T YOU? LOOK HERE, DO YOU COLLECT STAMPS?"

Second Ditto (reassured). "YE—A."

First Schoolboy. "THEN THERE'S ONE FOR YOU!"

[Comes down heavily on his Toes, and cuts off!]

FACTS FROM "LE FOLLET."

DEAR as meat and coals are, wives and daughters are dearer. So they ought to be, it may be said. Not only are they dearer, however, but likewise more expensive, and that because the expense of dressing them is like that of dressing meat, enormous; for millinery, at the rate they consume it, costs even more than fuel.

Persons of the plainer sex, about to marry, will be disposed to think twice and three times before they do so, if not to refrain altogether from so doing, by the following extract from *Le Follet's* "Fashions for August":—

"Every lady with the least approach to good taste is at length beginning to understand the true 'secret des Parisiennes'; viz., that not only must every component part of the toilette correspond in style, but that the whole toilette itself must be in accordance with the season, the time of day, the occasion on which it is worn."

Dress, dress, dress, and dress all the year round, three times a day! Spring, summer, autumn, and winter, four seasons, and at the very least four dresses; morning, afternoon, and evening, not to say night, three; four times three twelve: "occasions" an indefinite number, and a dress for each, amounting to not perhaps much under seventy times seven dresses besides, at several pounds per dress! Truly a person about to marry a lady going to follow the fashions for August as above prescribed, and for all succeeding months also as to be prescribed hereafter, will, if he do marry her, be likely to find every Christmas that he has incurred a pretty liability for his wife's clothes. Apprehension on this score can be little allayed by the remainder of the "secret des Parisiennes," although it breathes some spirit of economy. That now open secret is the knowledge that dress must fulfil the requirements above specified:—

"And that the lady attired in silks and laces for a country walk, stroll on the beach, or morning shopping, is immeasurably eclipsed in elegance and

THE GOAL OF "PROSPERITY."

Nor by mere strides, but leaps and bounds,
Prosperity advances; true
Statistics, flowery WILLIAM founds
That saying on—but whereunto
Does WILLIAM see
Posterity
Advancing like a Kangaroo?

Prosperity heaps gold on gold,
Whilst money's worth still tumbles down,
What two-and-sixpence was of old
We find no longer half-a-crown,
For coals and meat,
And all we eat,
Alike in Country and in Town.

Workpeople strike on every hand;
As wages, so will prices rise.
Hence will Prosperity demand
More and more greedy enterprise
To make both ends
Meet; else, O friends!
We go without what money buys.

Prosperity will have more made,
And hazard must that more obtain,
Which none can make by steady trade;
Or you must overwork your brain,
And keep your whole
Heart, mind, and soul
Devoted to the quest of gain.

Prosperity from Happiness
A very different thing we find;
By leaps and bounds advancing? Yes,
And dancing down a plane inclined:
The broad highway—
Needs must, they say,
When that old Driver is behind.

A Giant Afloat.

WHAT Admiralty was it that named one of our Naval Training-Ships the *Goliath*? Whether Liberal or Conservative, they must have been inveterate Philistines.

good taste by the wearer of the well made though simple batiste, toile, serge, or other comparatively inexpensive article of costume."

"Comparatively, yes!" groans Paterfamilias; and Maritus even, albeit as yet Maritus merely sighs. But here is some comfort lower down in the column of our ornamental contemporary:—

"We intimated three months ago that the leaders of fashion were attempting a great reform in the matter of chignon and coiffures. We are happy to say that their success is undoubted, and that the long trailing masses of hair, or what is intended to represent it, is now only worn by those ladies who either do not know that they are out of the fashion, or prefer being so."

Ere this probably Chignons, throughout Society, have undergone combustion. Bonfires, but for objections of the nose, would have been made of Chignons. But do their late wearers know what sort of a fashion they have been following? *Le Follet* tells them plainly:—

"We never did countenance, though it was our duty to mention, that ugly and we may say dirty fashion, whose departure we hail with joy. The hair is now dressed much shorter at the back and very high on the head, quite in the old 'Marie Antoinette,' or 'Princess de Lamballe' style; it still consists of a variety of curls, loops, and braids, but nevertheless does not disguise the throat or shape of the head."

Thus the head-dress fashionable for ladies this August is the same as that which was fashionable eighty Augusts ago, and it is still grotesque, though no longer ugly and dirty, as *Le Follet* calls the previous fashion; dirty, observe, as well as ugly. Does the fashion which ladies have so long and so generally persisted in deserve the former of those epithets as well as the latter? *Le Follet* says it may say yes, and Gallantry itself cannot contradict *Le Follet*. In future cleanliness in all fashions for all months, cleanliness at least, for ever! Or else, perhaps, another time, *Le Follet* will not wait several years, until a dirty fashion has gone out of favour, before calling it dirty. With *Le Follet*, however, in the meanwhile, he hail the departure of the dirty Chignons.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ONDAY, July 29.

— LORD DERBY brought on the case of DR. HOOKER. His Lordship stated it with his usual judicial moderation. Mr. Punch would have done nothing of the kind. For when a Memorial complaining of a Minister's behaviour is signed by such men as those who appended their names to the Act of Accusation against Mr. AYRTON, there is no longer a case to be tried, but there is a sentence to be pronounced. Call for Lieter, fashos, and axe. Posterity, here are the men who denounce Mr. AYRTON, SIR CHARLES LYELL, MR. DARWIN, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, PROFESSOR TYNDALL, SIR

JAMES PAGET, SIR H. HOLLAND, SIR H. RAWLINSON, the President of the College of Physicians, the President of the College of Surgeons, the President of the Linnæan Society, and MR. SPOTTISWOODE. Surely that is enough. "Dost ask his crime?" He has treated DR. HOOKER ill. The DUKE OF ST. ALBANS declared that the Board of Works were as anxious as the public to retain the great Botanist's services, and LORD HALIFAX deprecated all harsh expressions. Then did LORD DERBY interpolate the remark that all expressions of civility on the part of the Treasury dated from the time when public feeling had been shown out of doors. LORD HALIFAX concluded by hoping that harmonious relations between MR. AYRTON and DR. HOOKER would be resumed. It is customary, between gentlemen, for a wrong-doer to offer an apology, and we have as yet heard nothing of the kind from MR. AYRTON. Shall *Punch* dictate the terms in which the Chief Commissioner should express his regret?

LORD SALISBURY, on another matter, accused the Ministers of treating the House of Lords with contempt. LORD GRANVILLE demanded instances, whereon LORD SALISBURY referred to the Abolition of Purchase. He somewhat softened his words, however, by next saying that Ministers did not treat that House with respect and affection. The evening was hot, but next day the weather cooled.

The Commons sat till half-past two, chiefly on Naval Estimates. We had a few personalities, but they do not deserve to be immortalised. MR. CAVENDISH BENTINCK—we mention him because, according to the *Inverness Courier*, "he most generously, and solely from his admiration of MISS NILSSON's genius, bore the whole expense of her wedding ceremonial, and gave the splendid breakfast," and therefore he deserves notice—told certain persons that they "pretended" to be independent Members. The word was adjudged to be offensive, so he changed it into "professed."

Tuesday.—The Bill for protecting Wild Birds went through Committee in the Lords. This Bill, to their Lordships' credit, excited much interest among them. On the Second Reading, LORD KIMBERLEY stood up for the Barn-door Owl, but had nothing to say for the Brown Owl, which did not, he thought, breed in these islands. But, says the *Scotsman*, the

"DUKE OF AROULT, with every respect to an eminent colleague, could not allow this statement to go unchallenged. He had himself, he said, ransacked the nest of the brown owl for eggs. There was a thrill of surprise, and something like a murmur of disapprobation, at this avowal from a distinguished Cabinet Minister. The story got wind, and like the 'Three Crows'—an apt, ornithological illustration—it lost nothing in the telling. In a few minutes it was reported in the lobbies that the DUKE OF AROULT had confessed in the House of Lords that he had often met with the eggs of the brown owl while out bird-nesting on Sunday!"

LORD MALMESBURY said that when this Bill passed the House of Commons, the cheers were louder than on the passage of the Ballot Bill, and therefore he hoped that their Lordships would show deference to the feelings of the other House, and let the measure remain substantially as it had been sent up.

MR. COWPER TEMPLE presented a petition from sundry idiots, praying that MR. LOWE would not find money to persecute the Weggawoosk.

There came from Manchester and Salford to the Commons a petition for alterations in the Liquors Bill. Half the signatures, of which there purported to be 90,000, were written by one person, and a good many others were ridiculous. So the House of Commons rejected the petition, though it was not much more worthless than large numbers of documents professing to express popular opinion.

The House may as well have a mass of invented names as the names of Sunday-school children, Band of Hoppers, Good Templars, and the like.

An interesting discussion on Naval Reserves elicited the Government statement that those resources are in a tolerably good condition, and will be materially improved.

On question as to our diplomatic relations with His Holiness, the ATTORNEY-GENERAL said that the POPE was still Sovereign of the Leonine City. This, however, has been denied. What cannot be denied, however, is the absurdity of people who see any objection to our Sovereign having a representative at the Court of the spiritual Head of the Catholic World—the QUEEN herself having millions of Catholic subjects, about whose religious interests she desires to have the best possible information. For a wonder, MR. WHALLEY had nothing foolish to say about this, but he was saving himself for a later scene, as you shall see.

In fact you shall see directly, for we need not detain you on the Scotch Education Bill, or the agreements and differences with the Lords thereon. We got on the Druidical Centres Bill (Druid CARDWELL's Localisation of Military Forces) and—

"MR. WHALLEY protested against the standing army system, amidst the derisive cheers of the House. Our standing army was a curse to the nation. (*Loud cries of 'Oh, oh!'*)"

"LORD GARLICK rose to order.

"The SPEAKER suggested that the Hon. Member should withdraw the expression.

"MR. WHALLEY would take the hint, but he had forgotten really what he did say.

"MR. COLLINS, amidst loud laughter, supplied the Hon. Member with a glass of water, and, amidst cries of 'Drink, drink,'

"MR. WHALLEY proceeded, and concluded at twenty minutes to two."

How proud the electors of Peterborough must be to read such illustrations of their wisdom. We must have a look at Peterborough in the autumn—the Cathedral atones for the shortcomings of those who dwell around it. We should like to know whether the inhabitants look such wise men as they are.

Wednesday.—Proceedings so absolutely dull, and also unprofitable that we shall note them not. Only let us mention what MR. AUBERON HERBERT said—

"With all respect to the House, he must be excused for remarking that they were only a mass of very average men (*laughter*). He did not wish to use any grander expression about the complexion of the House."

"Laughter," indeed. Such of the Members as knew what the word average meant must have felt exasperated. Nobody holds himself to be but an average man. Everybody thinks that he has something remarkable about him. Even ugly old Mr. Jack in *Soapey Sponge* thought that if he were not very handsome he was very genteel, and perfumed himself to keep up the illusion. We do not believe that there is a single M.P. who has not a living faith that he possesses a certain original genius, latent, perhaps, but capable of development, and, in the spirit of LAVATER, we call on every Member to write, in the margin hereof, his sentiments on our proposition, and send us the page. Nobody shall see it, *foi de Punch*.

Yes, one thing more to-day. MR. HOWARD intends, next Session, to reduce the price of Meat, by giving tenant-right in England. Next Session, dear Sir. If we have not taken the matter into our own hands a long time before that, and executed every British butcher, there will be neither a Parliament to bore us, nor a people to be bored. There will be only haughty butchers, driving about, in gilded carriages and six, over the bones of an extinct nation.

Thursday.—LORD NAPIER of Merchistoun took the oaths as BARON ETRICK. He is worthy of all honour, but we did not specially intend to compliment him. His new title reminds us of the Etrick Shepherd, a poet of whose works none of his countrymen seem to know anything (at least, they never quote him), and of whom they ought to be more proud than of any bard they have had, except WALTER SCOTT. And, like SCOTT, he never wrote that which a gentleman does not desire to read.

The Archbishop again charged on the Lambeth Potteries and their foul smoke. The Local Government Board has asked the Lambeth Vestry what they are going to do,

and the Lambeth Vestry reply that they are "considering." If they consider too long, we hope Whitehall will remember that METHUSELAN has not transmitted his recipe for living nine hundred years.

MR. BERESFORD HOPE made a joke, demanding when the House would be allowed to discuss, "not the Keogh, but the Kew question." MR. GLADSTONE did not laugh, and did not know.

This afternoon the PREMIER, MR. LOWE, and MR. AYTON were amusing themselves with something which is not in the department of either. They were trying some gun-cotton experiments in the Treasury garden. There came a dreadful explosion, and a breakage of Treasury windows, but the Ministers happily survived to be blown up in the House of Commons. LORD ELCHO asked, tenderly, about the accident, and the *Standard* says that Mr. LOWE had evidently not recovered from his fright when he answered. We take the united ages of the three playful Ministers to make about 170 years.

The Chief Commissioner declines to let the public have the new road between Marlborough House and Storey's Gate, and complaint being pressed, MR. GLADSTONE said something which will be generally approved.

"Not a word has been said about the real public, the pedestrian public, who

enjoyed the surface of the parks. If the surface of the parks were all cut up into roads, it would, no doubt, greatly meet the convenience of the carriage public."

Just so. And as the carriage public can go where they like, whereas a pedestrian's lounge is limited by his strength, we hope that Governments will continue to abstain from cutting up parks.

Friday.—To-night it was cold and wet, yet LORD REDENSDALE managed to work himself up to a white heat about the non-observance of Standing Orders, and actually threatened to resign. But a sweet and soft answer from LORD GRANVILLE turned away the other Peer's wrath, and, not to be outdone in politeness, he sanctioned the very breach he had objected to. The House of Lords is still the school of manners.

The Commons at in, the morning, in earnest, on the details of the Licensing Bill, and the hours for closing public-houses were debated. A proposition to give the local authorities power to exempt the Theatres from the stricter rule was carried by 124 to 96. In the evening, divers attempts to increase discomfort were rejected by large majorities.

Saturday.—We voted money, and hoped that we were polishing off the penultimate week of the tiresome Session.

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)



Now we're just in time. You haven't quite made up your mind. No. You want to be told where to go to, and then you'll go? Yes. Quite so.

Do you want luxurious air and whiskers? Whiskers in this instance being breezes that whisk.

Try the sea-side. There are more questions than one about the sea-side.

Firstly, how many sides has a sea? Secondly, what sea? Thirdly, which side of what sea?

For instance, few things can be more refreshing for the tired Londoner, if he is a good sailor, than to go out of town—out of Camden Town, for example—and, embarking on board the

Camelia or the *Citizen*, to steam to Batter-sea. There's a sea for you! And Chil-sea too. Take twopennyworth of Tidman's salt in your pocket, sit on the beach at either Chil-sea or Batter-sea, or, if you can't find the beach, sit on the pier, and throw stones, which you can bring with you from the road, into the water, vary the amusement with occasional sniffs of TIDMAN, and there you are. There and back for fourpence, or for twopence if you like to walk all the way; in which case you can spend one twopence in a sandwich and a glass of ale, and keep the other twopence for another treat of a similar kind.

As to France, go by night to the Quartier Soho at the back of Leicester Square, take a room at a French Hotel, and when you awake in the morning you'll be perfectly astonished at finding yourself in a foreign country. You can spend your day in visiting the old churches and other objects of interest in the neighbourhood, you can take your *dejeuner à la fourchette* at one Restaurant's, and your dinner at another, where you can read French illustrated papers and practise the language of the country. In the evening take a cab (when you call a cab, call it a *coiture*), and drive to a French Theatre. You will thus have had a change of air, of language, of society, and of living, at about one-sixteenth of the cost of four days on the Continent.

We now proceed to give our

ANSWERS TO TOURIST CORRESPONDENTS.

Alpine Arty.—The Burmese Alp is certainly the highest. You are right, it is out of range. The Top of Mount Blanc is wound up for the amusement of travellers by a Oly Ermit who lives there, and it spins for at least five minutes. The Oly Ermit's charge is Optional.

The Wigginses.—The Engadine is not a Hotel. That we do know. Forward twelve stamps to the office, and we'll tell you some more on this subject.

Gig Lamp.—The best costume for climbing is an Ulster coat, with

top-boots and spurs. Many an accident has been avoided by spurs. As for the head, an ordinary Gibus has been found by experience to be most satisfactory. You should learn the trick of making the omelette in the hat before you commence any ascent, as you might be hungry, and this combines nourishment with amusement.

Pilgrim.—"There is now a Hotel on the Summit of Mount Ararat. The view is charming. The Headwaitress, Joan of Ark, is most attentive. You can indeed spend a Happy Day here." *Extract from a Letter of a Correspondent.*

Tyrolean.—Decidedly. Nothing gets you on so well with the Peasants as being able to play the Shoe-horn. Be up early. Your tune should be "Shoe-tie, don't bother me." Translate it for the Merry Swiss boys.

Erinian.—Go to Killarney, yer sowl, for Echoes? Not a bit of it. The Echoes are dead long ago. Haven't you heard of waking the Echoes? Of course! Well, you only wake a defunct, don't you? Now by this and by that I heard 'em waking the Echoes at Killarney last year, so bedad you're a trifle late.

Pipkin writes to us to know why Disorderly people shouldn't be sent to Pymont, which he says he has seen advertised as a place beneficial to many Disorders.

From the Editor to his Correspondents.—By the way, who was it sent us a large parcel, for which we had to pay two shillings and two pence, besides giving, with delight, fourpence to the carrier for bringing it, because he said he was so dry, containing five lumps of very curious stone (which we reserve for our interesting Correspondent's visit to our office), a very old shoe, some loose pieces of glass (most dangerous), three cases of exploded Bengal lights, and a packet labelled *Essence of Violets*, which, on being opened, gave out such a fearful odour, that we've been obliged to have the whole place fumigated, and haven't been in there since last Wednesday. The whole labelled "With a Tourist's Love and Best Wishes."

***.* From our Colwell-Hatchney Correspondent (in answer to numerous inquiries).**—Can't do better than South Wales in the East. The air is so bracing that the tourist is obliged to wear straps to his trousers. There is bathing—excellent bathing, if you take a portable bath with you. Shrimps and hot water supplied. There's a ferry boat on the high road, and a coach crosses the river every other day; leap year makes a difference, of course. The flowers are very wild, but you can get near them. Several plants to be sold, with all the apparatus. There are Butlers on the mountains ready to hand coffee, and cowslips, and landlips at all hours. Forests of groceries; and the poultry, being fed on raisins, lay egg-plums every morning. Excursions in machines all day. The key to wind up the water-mill is at the tailor's in the village. The Parson keeps the loadstone for the ducks in the pond. Skating excellent, and Hockey on the strawberry ice every evening. The spot is near the plain, so if you bring the red with you, you can make a cannon. For further information meet me in the lane when the clock strikes half-past.

Vevay.—"Where is Vevay?" you ask. In the Map.

Geo. D.—"How about the Isthmus of Panama?" If our Correspondent will write and explain what the something he means by this question, we will endeavour to give him some information. He says he's "off next week." Glad to hear it.

Acts of Irish Faith.

THE faithful Irish, though they've chains their backs on,

Of KEOGH's effigy do bonfires make.

Himself, but for the laws of the base Saxon,

Och, wouldn't they have roasted at the stake!



NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

Son and Heir (just Home from School, and surrounded by his adoring Womankind). "I SAY! JUST WOULDN'T THE HOLIDAYS BE JOILY, IF IT WASN'T FOR THE DENTIST!"

A FIG FOR THE PRIVY COUNCIL!

THE judgment of the Supreme Court of Ecclesiastical Appeal appears to have had no effect whatever in restraining the performances of the REVEREND MR. PURCHAS. According to a report in the *Record*, that clergyman continues and intends to continue giving his celebrated series of Imitations:—

"RITUALISM IN BRIGHTON.—The service at MR. PURCHAS's church at Brighton was conducted with the usual ceremony on Sunday morning. There was a (so-called) high celebration of the Holy Communion, MR. PURCHAS being the celebrant. He was most gorgeously appaileed. Incense was freely used, and all the practices and vestments lately declared illegal were carried out and worn."

In the use of Incense MR. PURCHAS goes beyond the simple imitation of a Roman Catholic Priest. "No Smoking Allowed" is a rule which may be considered as morally posted in every one of our National Churches. The REVEREND MR. PURCHAS, by the above account, is shown to be likewise an imitator of a self-willed gent in Kew Gardens, or the grounds of Hampton Court Palace, who sets at nought the prohibition against smoking contained in the notices put up about them. Only, in the church which forms the scene of MR. PURCHAS's exhibitions, there is nobody to imitate the official who, in the capacity of constable at Hampton Court or Kew, would conduct the contumacious smoker to the gate, if not the station-house.

After having figured in the quasi sacerdotal capacity of a MACCABEE or WOODIN, MR. PURCHAS is described as having preached a sermon:

"His text was from Acts xii. 1, 2. 'Herod the King vexing certain of the Church.' There was an expressed contempt for the Privy Council and its decision, and a scornful allusion to the Church Association throwing money like water upon the ground in cruel persecutions that might have been used for the purposes of heathen conversion. The tone of the discourse was defiant and mocking. There is evidently no probability of his heeding the late judgment of the Privy Council."

In the discourse with which MR. PURCHAS concluded his entertainment, he carried his mimicry of Popery so far as to take off His

Holiness the POPE himself. He complained of cruel persecution, and he likened one of his alleged persecutors, or the whole body of them personified, to HEROD. It is notable that "the tone of his discourse was defiant and mocking." Good. The HEROD he referred to was not the one who was mocked by the Wise Men.

Lines ON THE FRENCH LOAN.

How soon has France raised her gigantic loan!
Suppose her case, BRITANNIA, were thine own.
How would the Minister of thy Finance
Ease of thy burden thee, compared with France!
Still would the shirt-sleeved classes revel, free
Of taxes raised, in sugar and in tea.
Direct taxation would the means supply
To pay the lenders' interest by-and-by.
The People, GLADSTONE who their WILLIAM call,
Would no new impost have to bear at all.
The many, by their ROBERT's fiscal screw,
Would rest unwrung; it would but squeeze the few.
His Budget will be framed to work that way
If Alabama Claims we have to pay.
All right! let gentle earners only be
Extended on the rack of Schedule D.,
The better classes to pay all compel
For all, BOB, wring them hard—they won't rebel!

Prospect of Prorogation.

ROGUES never have any reason to rejoice when Parliament is prorogued. The pro-roguey representatives cannot benefit their friends by smuggling Commons' Enclosure Bills, or any other measures of private legislation of a fraudulent kind, through the House of Commons.



INJURED INNOCENCE.

"VON TAUSEND SIX ONDRED MILLION BOUNDS!! MEIN GOTT, MEIN GOTT! AND DEY SAY VE PLONDERED DEM!!!"



HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(The Voyage Commences.)



BEFORE to starting and on board the *Baron*.—My Aunt's one anxiety is as to her luggage. "Will it be searched?" that's what she wants to know. She is positive that it *will* be searched, and hopes that I have the keys all ready. Keys? of course I have them safely in my . . . for the first time it strikes me that I have not them safely in my . . . Good Gracious! . . . I really do believe . . . "Lost them!" exclaims my Aunt. "No," I return. "I won't say *lost* them exactly" . . . this is breaking it to her gently—"but I"—here I allow gleams of hope to play over my countenance as I try different pockets; gleams becoming less vivid, and I experience a blank which seems somehow, suddenly, to wipe out the past, and leave me hopeless for the future. This is after the Last Pocket.

Happy Thought.—Perhaps a hole in pocket and got into Lining. Gleams of Hope again. We both brighten up. We see, so to speak, a hole in my pocket through which to creep out of our difficulty. . . . No. No hole. The Sun of Hope sets, and we (my Aunt and myself) are enveloped in the dark night of despair.

"What I shall do I don't know," says my Aunt, "for they were all patent springs that you can't open without a particular sort of key that's only made in one place, and I don't know where that is, and better than any of the Lockmar Brahs that they used to talk so much about; I mean, you know, those that they used to offer a hundred pounds to anyone to open with any key at all, and they never would—and . . ." gasp, then she continues—"I haven't got anything in the conversation book about open looking breaks and liadogue with a Blackian Belgesmith." (Dixon's Johnsonary in full force, my Aunt being excited, and having an audience among whom, as the reporters say, "we notice Mr. and Mrs. MILBURN, Mister and Miss Northern Farmer, the Steward, the Under Steward, &c. &c. Of course she means that in her "conversation book" there is nothing about breaking open locks, nor is there any dialogue with a Belgian Blacksmith.)

The *Baron* is on the point of starting. The only thought that occurs to me at this moment, is, that *quay* and *key* have the same pronunciation, and that, on commencing a steamboat voyage, it is usual to leave the *quays* behind you. Half a mind to say it. Half a mind not to. It might be put down to the philosophy of taking things easily, or it might be put down to heartlessness, as it's my Aunt's keys, not mine, that are lost, and I've lost them.

Happy Thought.—When in doubt hold your tongue.

"Anybody here," shouts a stentorian voice, the property of an official, "of the name of BASCOE?"

As a rule (I don't know why, but must consider it in *Typ. Devel.* under *P. Publicity*), no one likes to acknowledge his name when called upon in this way. It seems to suggest detectives, suspicion, bank robbery, flying the country under the name of SMITH, and then it occurs to me that, on admitting that one's name is BASCOE (it's my Aunt's name, not mine, but I have to answer for her), there's a

chance of a policeman stepping forward, and saying, "Then, BASCOE" (without the "Mister") "you must come along o' me." Of course it would be all a mistake, but no one would believe my explanation, and the real BASCOE (whoever he was), having kept silence, would escape.

"Is there," repeats the stentorian voice, almost imploringly, "Is there anyone here, name o' BASCOE?"

All eyes seem directed towards us, as much as to say, "Come, you know they mean you two. Give yourselves up. Don't let the whole ship be stopped because you *won't* answer. Come—out with it! We're not going to sea with a JONAH."

MILBURN forces our hand, so to speak, by saying to me, "Now then, you'd better own it at once. You'll get off with seven years; and, after all, what's that?"

I smile and laugh. If I don't do this, the passengers will imagine that I really am a criminal, who refuses, very naturally as a criminal, to give himself up. My Aunt whispers hurriedly, "It's Cuxome." [This is subsequently explained. She meant,—only being excited she got it all into a word, "It's the Customs about the boxes," her impression being that the official thought we were sneaking off without having had our luggage searched.]

I acknowledge, defiantly, that "my Aunt's—that is" (I feel very warm, and ready if necessary to resist with violence)—"That is—that we answer to the name of BASCOE." [Reminds me of the Advertisement for *Stray Terrier Dog*—*Lost*—answers to the name of BASCOE, &c.]

"This way, then, Sir," returns the official, sharply.

Uncommonly like what I expected.

Happy Thought.—Turn it off. Say smilingly "Very mysterious," so as to anticipate MILBURN, who, I feel sure, will "improve the occasion" in my absence. My Aunt and I ascend cabin-steps.

"Hallo!" says a voice we recognise with a pleasurable sense of relief, "just caught Mister Steamboat. Found Colonel Bunch-of-keys in my pocket just now. Couldn't wire, 'cos it's not good enough for Mister Sunday."

He means that there is no telegraphing on Sunday. This I explain to my Aunt, who immediately replies that she perfectly understands Mr. AXWORTH. [She means ENGLEMORE—But as we're starting in two minutes, why not, AXWORTH?] My Aunt makes this reply somewhat tartly.

Happy Thought.—"Tartly" is the word. But how did tartly come by its signification. A Tart is a sweet—no, on second thoughts a Tart always wants sugar. [Complication of Adjectives and Nouns. Ch. xiv. Book 6, *Typ. Devel.*]

"So," continues ENGLEMORE, "In two twos my name's Mister Hansom to follow. Thought you'd be in a deuce of a way when you found yourself far away from your native land, and couldn't get at Mister Toothbrush, or Colonel Nightgown."

My Aunt gravely admits that the fact of these two celebrities being ungettable ("un-get-at-able" according to Dixon's Johnsonary) was causing her a great deal of anxiety.

"All for shore!" shouts Somebody Else with a voice (very fine voices about here), a bell rings, and a third of the people, who up to this time I had taken for passengers, suddenly appear as if, being panic-stricken by some unexpected and startling intelligence (as for example "There's a leak!" or "She must sink after the first two miles!" or "Safe to blow up before she gets to Greenwich!"), they are rushing from the ship.

"Good-bye!" says ENGLEMORE. "Wish you a merry Tripmas and a happy New There. Love to Master Boy at the Nore. By the way—"

"Now, Sir!" says a nautical official to him, for ENGLEMORE is actually detaining the *Baron*.

"All right, don't wait for me," says ENGLEMORE, and then to me, seriously but hurriedly, with one hand on the gangway rail, "Let me see—I was going to say—something of the greatest importance,"—and he has forgotten it—no, he remembers it—"I saw P. He says Yes, Good, But when?" They are beginning to move the gangway. The bell sounds violently. We are in motion. ENGLEMORE dashes across the gangway. Safe on the quay, he calls out, "Wire on arrival. Say when I can have five minutes with you. Don't forget Colonel Sideboard."

We are moving slowly off. "Mister Dinner Service too, if you see him," he calls out, as a last reminder. I nod, and waive my hand. We are slowly drifting away, and steam-power commencing. ENGLEMORE has evidently remembered something very important at the last minute. He shouts, "I quite forgot to . . ." *Baron Osey's* engines render the remainder of this inaudible, but he is evidently continuing. I shake my head and put my hand to my ear, implying that I can't hear a word he's saying. The steam is quiet for a second, and I just catch his last words, "Write . . . or . . . wire," and we are fairly started.

PARISIAN.—Great Success! Now on view. M. THIERS' new Loan Collection.



BENIGHTED BEINGS.

"SPILL THE HAY! AY, BUT THE MASTER LET 'EM IN. THEY BE A SCHOOL, JIM. A POOR IGNORANT LOT COME FRO' LONDON FOR THE DAY; AND, MAY BE, NONE ON 'EM AIN'T NEVER SEEN A HATFIELD AFORE!"

EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

MR. LAZIE TONGS engaged a valet to relieve him from the labour of parting his back hair.

MR. SCAMPER found that business took him suddenly (in a friend's yacht) to the cooling coast of Norway, whence he telegraphed to his wife that, as he most probably would be detained some weeks, she had better take the children down to Felixstowe or Worthing.

MR. POPPINGTON saved a pound a week by giving up his usual bouquet for his button-hole, on the excuse that it was—aw—too hot you know to carry things.

MR. LARKER bought a squirt, and amused himself by sprinkling all the passers-by who had not their umbrellas up.

MR. NEERDOWELL resolved to do something for a livelihood, but so intense was the heat that his good resolution quickly melted quite away.

MISS WALSHINGHAM ate two-and-twenty ices at a ball, finding nothing else to do, as the men had all struck dancing.

MR. SWETTER joined a reading party, who proposed to take it coolly, and to go to Iceland.

MR. GUZZLEMORE daily drank two quarts of champagne cup with his dinner, and even then protested that his throat was as dry as a debate upon Scotch law reform.

MR. CLYFAKER complained of business being sadly slack, as, in consequence of the hot weather, the swells all left their heavy jewellery at home, and went about with next to nothing in their pockets.

MR. LATEBIRD came home nightly at three o'clock A.M., on the plea that the great heat prevented him from sleeping until the smaller hours.

MR. SWELLER, of the Albany, was seen walking in a dust-coat, and without his gloves.

MRS. MACSKINFLINT put her servants on board wages, and fed her husband on cold mutton while the great heat lasted.

MR. REEDER found his strength so much reduced by the hot weather that he was reluctantly obliged to leave his books, and join a crew in pulling up from Maidenhead to Oxford.

MR. DOWNIE was so greatly overcome by the hot weather, that in a moment of exhaustion he overpaid a cabman.

MR. TIPPLETON discovered that the salmon had got into his head before the second *entrée*, which he protested was "inconsequenceh—hic—stornry—hic—hightemperature."

MR. DIDDLE found his resources so exhausted by the heat that he felt himself compelled to leave his lodgings without settling with his landlady.

MR. PHUNKIE was so greatly overcome by the high temperature that in the heat of the moment he used a rather warm expression while dancing with Miss FLIRTINGLEY, and has since been tortured by the thought that he is bound, now, to propose to her.

MR. FORESIGHT has just laid in his winter stock of coal, at an advance of more than twelve shillings a ton, which, in total ignorance of any other reason, he attributes wholly to the wondrously hot weather.

Epigram for an Irish Editor.

ALL's up with poor ould Ireland! One last pang
She feels, which O that GLADSTONE should impart!
"He curls his viper tail and strikes his fang
Evenomed" (whack!) "into the nation's heart."

Anti-Sanitary Initials.

THE Privy Council, on the 30th ult., issued two orders relative to the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act. One of them directs the slaughter, within ten days, of all sheep and goats imported from any place in the Empire of Germany into Great Britain. The animals affected by the Contagious Diseases Acts would, if they could, like AEsop's quadrupeds, speak, perhaps for brevity's sake, call those Acts the "C. D. Acts." Of course a section of them would dissent strongly not only from those, but from any Acts whatsoever of that kind, unpleasantly affecting themselves. Those opponents of "C. D. Acts," if they were bipeds, would perhaps get them called "Contagious Dissenters Acts."



AFTER THE BALL.

"DID I SAY ANYTHING FOOLISH, PARKER, WHEN YOU WOKED ME THIS MORNING?"

"No, MISS. YOU LOOKED IT!"

MATRIMONY AND MUSIC.

At a particularly jolly marriage celebrated on Saturday last week in Westminster Abbey, a musical and out-and-out musical marriage, the bride and bridegroom were of course played away from the Communion-table rails with MENDELSSOHN'S Wedding March. Yes; of course. MENDELSSOHN'S *Wedding March* is as indispensable to the nuptials of eminent persons as the National Anthem is to a Royal visit to a theatre. On this occasion, however, originality was in a measure consulted, if not by MR. TURLE the organist, perhaps by the parties about to be united, who may themselves have organised the musical arrangements. For, says the *Post*:-

"After the first part of the ceremony, the bridal procession advanced to the altar, the choir singing the *Deus Misereatur* to the chant 'Twice' from BEETHOVEN."

That is to say, a certain chant adapted from BEETHOVEN by MR. TURLE. Solemn music no doubt, and suitable to words which express a very proper frame of mind on the part of persons embarking on the sea of matrimony which the best assorted couple must expect to find more or less troubled. That the expectations of those concerned in the present instance were the very brightest, is a consideration which adds force to their example of cautious forethought. All people have their own troubles, and, besides those, a husband and wife share each other's. "The course of true love never did run smooth," says Somebody whom Nobody contradicts; and, when you consider that not even the immense fortune now necessary to keep house and afford butcher's meat in any sphere of decent society can avert the annoyances connected with the nursery, or the dissatisfaction experienced when there is no room for them, you will probably consider the psalm above quoted a very fit one to be chanted on the celebration of even one of the most hopeful of imaginable marriages. Only perhaps you will be of opinion that appropriate as *Misereatur* must ever be to the most jocund hymenals, it would be still more agreeable to sing a *Miserere* at once. Indeed a philosopher would like to hear a *De Profundis* added.

VIVA LA LIBERTÀ!

Your freedom as to Sunday beer
Is curtailed, and your simple right
After the play to make good cheer
As heretofore a Briton might.

Your fathers never would have borne
Restraints like these without some noise;
They would have held themselves in scorn
Submitting to be ruled like boys.

Ah yes!—but then the Tory 'Squires
And Parsons did this Island rule.
'Twas that which would have made our Sires
Rebel if governed as a school.

Now we obey the People's voice.
(Frig-ridden People will you say?)
It is the Members of our choice
Who vote our liberty away.

Paternal Government behold!
A Public self-enclave! Meanwhile
How tyrannous, proud, bloated, old
Aristocrats look on and smile!

A DUNSTABLE LARK.

DISSENTERS of all denominations should be interested in the circumstance that Dunstable Priory Church is undergoing restoration. The work already done has cost £8,000, and there are a "unique and graceful west window," a south aisle, "as fine a specimen of Norman work as is to be found in the kingdom," and a new oak roof "worth a visit to Dunstable to see," to show for it. The Restoration Committee want £3,000 more. To this fund the Dissenters, no doubt, will contribute their mites like ripe Stiltons. In Dunstable Priory Church ARCHBISHOP CRANMER pronounced sentence of divorce between HENRY THE EIGHTH and CATHERINE OF ARAGON. But for that, there might have been no Dissenters at all. Bankers—BASSETT & Co., Dunstable.

SPORTING AND METEOROLOGICAL QUESTION.—Sir, how am I to know when it's a Dead Heat?—Why, when it's quite cold.

However, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," and the *Times* informs us that, on the most interesting occasion above referred to, after the *Deus Misereatur* had been chanted, the psalm, *Beati Omnes*, was intoned by the precentor, the Rev. S. FLOOD JONES. *Beati Omnes!* Sing *O terque quaterque beati!* In the language of Freemasonry let us say, "So mote they be." Who? All married couples, new and old, till death do them part, and after. Celibacy and single-blessedness, you know, are synonymous.

SABBATARIAN POINT SCORED.

A PATERNAL Government and Legislature, under Teetotal and Sabbatarian influence, have enacted a law which for an additional hour is to shut up places of refreshment at the very time when Excursionists most require it during Excursion hours on Sunday. What do "Liberal" Ministers and their supporters expect to gain by this sumptuary legislation in the spirit of a clergyman who is the autocrat of an Academy? Votes, perhaps, at the next election. The authors and abettors of the Anti-excursion Clause in the Licensing Bill will not have incommenced by it all the voters in England. There are some, indeed, whom they have delighted and not disgusted; fanatics, hypocrites, and humbugs. In the metropolitan districts the step they have taken towards stopping Sunday excursions altogether will, now that the Ballot is the law of the land, no doubt procure them a very considerable preponderance of votes on the side of their opponents.

Malapropiana.

MRS. MALAPROP is making a collection of butterflies, which she hopes may help her to understand the theory of caterpillary attraction. With a view to gain some foreign information on the subject, she has been reading MR. WALLACE'S delightful book of travel in what she calls the Himalayan Archipelago.



THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

Housemaid (to Constant Visitor). "MISSIS SENDS YOU THIS, AND YOU NEEDN'T COME AGAIN, FOR WE'RE ALL GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE ON SATURDAY."

Mendicant. "TELL THE LADY I'M MUCH OBLIGED TO HER, AND I'M GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE MYSELF NEXT WEEK!"

WORDS AND WIND.

IN the days of illustrious DITTON and WHISTON
Hypothetical Chemistry spoke of "Phlogiston."
And in Medicine and Surgery, fevers and tumours,
And all sorts of diseases were set down to "humours."

Other words, too, had Science, which since being tested
By researches exact, have of sense been divested,
And the Sages of Nature have had their ontology
To revise; so will Doctors have that of Theology.

The old Schoolmen's expressions of "Substance" and "Person,"
Which the faith of mankind they imposed with a curse on,
By devoting gainsayers to vengeance eternal,
Prove mere shells which contain no idea for kernel.

HOLT, NON OLT.

IF people won't get their advertisements printed correctly, 'tis not *Mr. Punch's* fault if his World-Censorship touches them up to their discontent. Nine Correspondents sent him nine copies of the notification that £10 a year was offered to a Second Master of the Holt school. It seems that £110 ought to have been the amount proffered. That's a deal better, and *Mr. Punch* hopes that a good Second Master has been obtained for what *Brooks's Gazetteer* declares to be an "excellent" free school, founded by SIR THOMAS GRESHAM. "God save the foundation," as *Dogberry* says, and now you understand what he meant. See how *Mr. Punch* hangs instruction on every peg in the world!

A Pun for our Premier.

PROSPERITY advances by leaps and bounds, does it? What a pity it is, rather, that Prosperity is not likely to be boundless!

A HINT.

A FUND is being raised for an arrangement with the creditors of SIGNOR MARIO, who is inconvenienced by them. *Mr. Punch* trusts that a handsome subscription will be made. Nothing can be grudged that ministers to the comfort of one whose talents have given pleasure to thousands. But *Mr. Punch* wonders whether bad singers, music-hall folks, and the rest of the class which is, in the musical world, what bad writers and obscure little critics are in literature, will raise a howl at the proposal to help MARIO, and will say, "He has earned plenty of money for years, what did he do with it?" If so, right-minded people will have another opportunity for the display of two things—excellent in their place—namely, liberality, and contempt.

THE CITY OF LIONS.

It appears that the ATTORNEY-GENERAL made a mistake in his speech about the diplomatic mission from the British Government to the Vatican, when he stated that the POPE still remained an independent Sovereign within the limits of the Leonine City. The City of LEO THE FOURTH that was is now the City of VICTOR EMMANUEL THE FIRST, having been annexed by Plebiscitum to the Italian Kingdom. The lions of the Leonine City are mostly architectural, sculptural, and pictorial; so that the Holy Father, even if he were, as he calls himself, a prisoner, could not, without very gross absurdity, compare himself to DANIEL in the Lions' Den. But His Holiness is in the frequent habit of drawing a comparison bolder than that.

Genuine American Claim.

THERE is certainly one claim of immense amount which may be advanced by the United States, and is incontestable; the claim of MR. STANLEY to have discovered DR. LIVINGSTONE.

The subject suggests much facetiousness. We graciously leave it to our young men. The Bill for opening this Watery "Eye of England" has passed.

So has the Druidical Circles Bill, but there is to be no Military Dépôt at Oxford until the Dons have given their sentence on the plan.

So has the Public Health Bill, an excellent step in the right direction, but not half enough of a stride.

MR. LOWE stated that he could not coin more than £50,000 of silver in a week. This is a bore, as we want small change when out of town.

We nearly polished off the Licensing Bill in the Commons. The Publicans have not succeeded in overthrowing the Grocers, in the matter of liquor-vending, but have done something. Grocerius is to be treated as Publicanus is treated. The person who buys a sealed bottle of liquor at a grocer's is, *prima facie*, a person who is going to refresh himself, reasonably, in the bosom of his family, and to share his comforts with them, and this sort of purchase is to be encouraged. The opposition to it is all spite and greed. The modification in the Bill, however, is not of much consequence, and Bung says he has been betrayed.

On the case of the REV. MR. O'KEEFE, suspended by his priestly superiors for resorting to British law, severe things were said about the Irish Education Commissioners being subservient to the Priests. Subserviency was denied, but error of judgment admitted by the Government.

MR. ASTON, of the Bounty Office, thought that "money-lenders" would put on the sorrow to defeat a Dilapidation Bill which is meant to benefit the Clergy, so he wrote to some Members, asking them to make a House, and defeat Shylock. Breach of privilege was talked about, but MR. ASTON meant well, and the affair came to nothing.

Tuesday.—Heaps of legislation forwarded by the Lords.

In the Commons, the Indian Budget was presented by MR. GRANT DUFF. Into a great mass of figures he suddenly stuck a quotation, to make matters lively. Here it is,—

"My father was an Afghan and came from Candahar,
He rode with Nawal Amir Khan in the old Mahratta war.
From the Duccan to the Himalay, five hundred of our clan,
They asked no leave of king or chief as they swept thro' Hindostan."

This narrative has much interest, and the argument is convincing. MR. GRANT DUFF, however, mentioned a few other points. We are happy to say that he gave a most favourable account of the Indian Revenue, and stated that we had a much larger surplus than was expected, in fact, the largest cash balance ever known. Yet, since the mutiny, we have spent, for the benefit of India, Eighty-Nine Millions sterling, which

"Indus litoribus rubra scrutatur in alga."

Nay, friend CLAUDIAN, not so; it has been usefully laid out. Why poke in with a quotation which is not to the purpose?

MR. FAWCETT then performed a feat which must be mentioned. To understand it, we must of necessity recall the fact that he is dependent on the attention and affection of others for all the information he can obtain. To-day he delivered a long speech on Indian finance, resuming the subject at the evening sitting, and the lucidity with which he marshalled the facts and figures which must have been compiled for and recited to him, afforded a wonderful instance of acquired skill. The display must have been very gratifying to the friend who had helped him—we venture no surmise on the subject. His opinions as to our treatment of India are not those of the majority of the House, but there was little discussion, and the Indian Budget was accepted.

Wednesday, and yet the Lords did not keep Woden's day, but sat to push on business.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK said that as it was so late in the Session he should not bring on his motion regarding DR. HOOKER. Let us quote a Sheffield song of the lower sort. "'Boh!' cried Tiger, undaunted." Tiger here stands for MR. FAWCETT. You'll read.

We quite polished off the Licensing Bill, and sent it to the Lords. SIR WILFRID LAWSON begged leave to describe the measure. Heavier penalties were imposed on drunkards, and on drunkard-makers, and there were stricter penalties against adulteration. It would not diminish the number of licensed public-houses. MR. BAUCE said that he did not expect legislation to stop drunkenness, but it was a duty to punish it.

An Irish Member, and his name is MR. MURPHY, from Cork, actually thanked the Saxon Government for the Bill. But this is a season of phenomena.

Thursday.—The Lords behaved like gentlemen. They met at five, to forward Bills, then they adjourned until nearly midnight, when they came again to expedite the Appropriation Bill.

The Commons had their last night of fight, and it was not a bad one. After a great number of small matters, the Third Reading of the last-mentioned Bill was moved.

MR. FAWCETT, the Undaunted, interposed. He called upon MR. GLADSTONE to give such an explanation of the DR. HOOKER business, as should show that the Government appreciated the eminent services of that gentleman.

This made it necessary for SIR JOHN LUBBOCK to state the case against MR. AYRTON, which he did at some length.

MR. OSBORNE said that, with all MR. AYRTON's faults, the House loved him still. (Very still.) He was an efficient servant, but had a military abruptness which would be more proper at the Horse Guards, or in Ireland. He had been audacious, and also orchidaceous, as regarded the great botanist. But, added MR. OSBORNE, is there not a job somewhere? Kensington, eh? Is Kew to be made a Cole-cellar? However, let MR. AYRTON and the Doctor say they have both been wrong, and make it up.

MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT said that if, as was supposed, there was a yearly wager between MR. LOWE and MR. AYRTON as to which should make the greatest number of discourteous answers, MR. AYRTON had won in a walk.

Then did the great AYRTON show himself equal to the occasion, and his speech approached the sublime. He was for treating small quarrels in an easy, good-tempered way—that was for MR. BROMLEY—and there was usually some good sense obscured by MR. OSBORNE's jokes. As for DR. HOOKER, MR. AYRTON had done what he believed to be his duty, and the former was one of those scientific gentlemen who do not make themselves amenable to the usages of the public service. He wrote offensive letters, and had no right to complain. Other subordinates did not complain. But as for the letter or memorial of the "philosophers," (MR. PUNCH's readers will recall the signatures—nay, read them again. SIR CHARLES LYELL, MR. DARWIN, PROFESSOR HUXLEY, PROFESSOR TYNDALL, SIR JAMES PAGET, SIR H. HOLLAND, SIR H. RAWLINSON, the President of the College of Physicians, the President of the College of Surgeons, the President of the Linnean Society, and MR. SPOTTISWOODE,) this is what MR. AYRTON had to say:—

"These gentlemen think themselves of great weight and authority. No doubt they are gentlemen who are eminent for their knowledge of organic and inorganic matter. (Laughter.) They have applied their minds to various branches of natural science, and they pride themselves upon being individually superior to myself. I am but myself—(laughter)—an humble member of a profession which prides itself upon receiving deservedly higher consideration than the science of organic and inorganic matter. It is a science which regulates the relations between man and man, and teaches people that they must act righteously."

MR. PUNCH feels that after this he must, for once, imitate MR. AYRTON, who presently declined to have anything more to say on the subject. This is

"The large utterance of the early gods."

It is too stupendous for comprehension, let alone comment. (He added that grave charges had been made against him by a subordinate (DR. HOOKER) and it depended on the way that charge should be disposed of what his course would be. He said, and sat.)

Another alight row, raised by MR. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT, enabled the House to take breath, and then, *dignus vindice nodus*.

THE PREMIER expressed his deep regret at what had occurred. His desire had been to retain the services of two able and valuable men. The Treasury had offered clear explanation to DR. HOOKER. But the latter had charged MR. AYRTON with evasions and misrepresentations: this charge must be withdrawn. MR. GLADSTONE's own Private Secretary, MR. WEST, had tried to make peace, but had failed. Still, up to five o'clock MR. AYRTON had been content to leave matters in his PREMIER's hands, but such an attack had been made that it was not to be expected he could remain silent. He had certainly answered strongly. But, if it had not been for DR. HOOKER's illness, a letter from him would probably have stopped the whole matter. Government only desired to do its duty.

MR. COWPER-TEMPLE said that MR. AYRTON had shown a bitterness against DR. HOOKER and all scientific men, and in the letters it was assumed that they were not to be treated as gentlemen.

The Appropriation Bill then passed.

It was supposed that we had done with the debate on MR. BUTT's endeavour to procure a condemnation of MR. JUSTICE KEOGH. But, somehow, it was resumed, and after several exceedingly flat speeches, relieved by a manly and spirited defence of the Judge by SIR ROBERT PEEL, 126 Members voted against the motion, which had 25 supporters. MR. JUSTICE KEOGH, as was certain to be the case, has thus been upheld by the Imperial Parliament, against the Ultramontanes and their representatives. The Bishop and Priests will be put on their trial.

Friday.—The last discussion in the Lords was on the question of Farthings, complaint of a deficiency having been made. LORD LAWSDOWNE said that there were enough. Did he ever see one? Does he know that the word means a fourth of a penny; a fourthing?

We did not sit long in the Commons, but we had great fun. MR.

WHALLY brought on the case of CASTRO; and, amid the roars of the House, declared his belief in that ill-used man, and vowed that he would "beg from door to door" for funds to assist him. He used language for which he was sternly rebuked by MR. BRUCE, and MR. HENRY JAMES cautioned the House not to permit one of its Members to wander about abusing judges, juries, and counsel, and indulging in a Mountebank Performance. Of course, a ridiculous motion by the Member for the Idiots of Peterborough was negatived, and CASTRO will go into the dock.

Saturday.—We were released from our labours.

The Royal Speech mentioned—

1. Maintenance of the American Treaty.
2. Menaced end to Free Trade with France.
3. Treaty with Germany for Extradition of Criminals.
4. Suppression of East African Slave-trade.
5. Responsible Government at the Cape.
6. Pacific Islanders' Protection.
7. Army Localisation.
8. Ballot.
9. Municipal Elections.
10. Scottish Education.
11. Irish Local Government.
12. Amendment of Uniformity Act.
13. Public Health Act.
14. Chancery Funds Act.
15. Mines Act.
16. Licensing Act.
17. Irish tranquillity and prosperity.
18. And ended with a warning to commercial folk to be considerate and thoughtful.

The last words made Mr. Punch moody, and he walked slowly away from the New Palace of Westminster. But suddenly recollecting that the Session was over, he *Chortled* in his Joy.

COMIC "MENS CONSCIA RECTI."

THE *Hampshire Independent*, the other day, published an obituary of a most respectable chemist and druggist, for many years one of the notabilities of Southampton. This gentleman was a highly religious and moral man, moral as well as religious; performed many and large public uses, and was most exemplary in private life, besides being very popular for his bland and affable deportment. His memory can, therefore, well afford the smile likely to be occasioned by one or two passages of that memoir, which, in a spirit, however, of the highest respect, presents certain of his characteristics so displayed as to appear a little droll.

Although an intelligent member of the Church of England, this gentleman was a Sabbatarian, and an extreme, though not a crabbed, but on the contrary a jovial and even jocular one. He once attended a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance at Edinburgh, and no doubt made the humorous Scotchmen, if not their more serious English allies, laugh heartily, at least, by the point led up to in the following remarks:—

"He was sorry to see so many Christians employing cabs to stand outside the door of their churches to receive them when they retired from worship. There might sometimes be excuses for that, but he really thought it would be better if some people stayed at home than prevent those whom they employed in this way from going to a place of worship. The only one who raised an objection to the clause was a gentleman of high standing, who said, 'What will become of the people coming into the town on a Sunday?' and he replied, 'If there is anything in the world that would give me pleasure, it would be to have an enactment that would put all the persons that come into town on a Sunday to the greatest possible inconvenience.'"

The audience thus addressed was one of whom the most part, no doubt, felt their fancy tickled by the suggestion of a legislative practical joke to be enforced at the expense of "Sabbath"-breakers; the joke sure to have been enhanced in the utterance by a style of genial self-complacency. A conscientious, jocular self-satisfaction is known to have been one of this excellent gentleman's most distinctive qualities. He firmly believed that he always acted for the best, and any doubt about the correctness of anything he did apparently never occurred to him. Accordingly he also told the Scotchmen and his other Evangelical hearers the following story about himself:—

"He felt it incumbent on him, as a religious man, who had to give an answer before God, to do something to put the Sabbath traffic down, and he went to the chief man in the town who kept his shop open, bought something from him, and laid information against him, but a second magistrate could not be found upon the Bench to convict him."

To the reader the fun of this anecdote will probably appear to lie principally in the utter absence it evinced of the slightest misgiving as to his own right, in the cause of Sabbatarianism, to break the "Sabbath," for the purpose of getting an anti-Sabbatarian fined for breaking it. This little mistake, too, was made by an enthusiastic

Protestant, who would have loudly condemned as Jesuitically immoral the doctrine that the end justifies the means. Take the case in phrenological terms. Conscientiousness presided over this gentleman's conduct in all secular affairs. In matters of religion, however, veneration appears to have presided somewhat over conscientiousness, and self-esteem a little over both. Still he lived a good life, and made a good end. He sank peacefully to rest, says our Southampton contemporary; and adds the quotation:—

"Mark the perfect man and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

Upright undoubtedly; but what man is perfect? A degree of bumpiness, however, which sometimes a little obscures a generally cloudless ethical vision, only superadds a slight touch of the comic to the character of a model man.

BESIDE THE SEA.



ALL in right sweet
beside the sea,
Beside Sweet JANE
as well;
For Ocean shows it-
self, like me,
Sometimes a won-
drous swell.
Here at Llandudno I
can pace,
With step superb
and grand,
And feel in London,
for I face,
Whene'er I like,
the Strand.

JANE loves the fash-
ions more than
books—
The Opera beat of
all;
She leads me there by
words and looks,
Horse-like, into a
stall.
She smiles whene'er I
talk of men
Whose names can
never die;
And sad it is to hear
her then
Just mutters slowly,
"Why?"

I've talked of MILTON's stately muse—
Of Avon's deathless bard;
But soon with hers I found my views
Did not accord, but jarred.
Once I named SHELLEY and T. MOORE;
I saw she was at sea;
She said that shelly was the shore,
Thought T. MOORE meant more tea.

I spoke of BACON to her once;
'Twas wrong, I quickly found;
She cured me, said I was a dunce,
And asked, "How much a pound?"
I gave up BACON, spoke of LAMB,
But she was ill at ease;
She knew not CHARLES, I'm sure, I am,
Because she whispered "Peas!"

There is a tide in men's affairs,
So WILLIAM S. has said;
And mine may be a flood of cares
If I dear JANE should wed.
Yet still I love these sea-side strolls,
For then I gladly woo;
And know, for one, time sweetly rolls,
When Ocean's rolling too.

Natural Query.

In his calling he is, modest AYTON declares,
What are LYELL, and HUXLEY, and PAGET, in theirs:
Then, why's he so low down the Government stairs?



TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

"YOU SEEM TO BE A GREAT FAVOURITE WITH THE YOUNG LADIES OF THE HOUSE, MISS MUNDAYNE!"

"YES! I'M ALWAYS CIVIL TO GIRLS! ONE NEVER KNOWS WHOM THEY MAY MARRY, YOU KNOW!"

NO BISMARCK IN BRITAIN.

LET us be thankful that, whilst our personal habits are duly controlled by paternal legislation, the freedom of combination for political purposes, however subversive soever, is unbounded. Read this:—

"LONDON HOME-RULERS AND THE PRIESTS:—A strenuous effort is being made to increase and organise the Irish vote for the purpose of influencing the coming elections. On Monday evening an influential meeting of Roman Catholics, lay as well as clerical, was held at the Presbytery, Tottenham Road, Kingland. ARCHBISHOP MANNING, at whose instance the meeting was convened, took the chair, and was supported by fifteen priests."

The *Times* goes on to say that they formed a Roman Catholic Registration Society, and organised a general committee empowered to appoint fifteen sub-committees, one for each mission, to be composed of Priests and Laymen, the chief Priest of each mission to be *ex officio* chairman. It also announces the gratifying intelligence that a meeting is to be held at Islington, on Monday next, under the presidency of CANON OAKLEY, "in furtherance of these objects;" also that:

"An address has been widely distributed 'by the governing body of the Irish Home Rule Association,' in which they urge the London Irish to enroll their names in the lists of voters in every parish and precinct within the metropolitan Parliamentary electoral district."

Thus we behold the formation of a League with an ultimate object essentially identical with that of the celebrated one recorded in French History. Home Rule, if obtained, will of course issue in the repeal of the Act of Settlement. The Irish Church was a sentimental grievance which its disestablishment and disendowment have not redressed. Still the faithful Irish remain precluded from having to reign over them a Sovereign professing their own faith. Home Rule, if conceded (after having been thought about twice and three times), will of course end in the further concession of the abolition of that statute which insults Roman Catholic Ireland by the imposition of Protestant Royalty.

See how British enlightenment puts to shame the blind intolerance of Germany! ARCHBISHOP MANNING and his sacerdotal confederates have no fear of a weak but bigoted BISMARCK before their eyes. Jesuits are free to try and avenge their martyred predecessors. For fidelity to the POPE's deposing Bulls, by the law of England, Jesuits were formerly hanged, drawn, and quartered. Their present representatives are able to combine for the overthrow of the Protestant monarchy, and unrestrained in taking steps towards the dismemberment of the British Empire. Yah, BISMARCK, you pusillanimous persecutor! What can you and your King and country say for yourselves like that?

New Article for the Life-Guards.

(Not on any account to be declined except as follows:—)

Masc. Fem. Neutr.
Nom. Hickey. Hækey. Hockey.
Gen. Hu-jus('t get out of the way!)
Dative. Polo.
Acc. Hunc-le. Hanc-le (which hurts if hit at) Hoc-key,
(and makes you cry out)
Vocative. O!
Abl. Polo. Hæ(-cident). Polo.

The Lambeth Nuisance.

SHOULD the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY still have cause to complain of the Smoke nuisance, he ought at once to put up the celebrated "Lambeth Register," and get rid of it. Any careful Paterfamilias would have seen to the register at the first mention of smoke.

EDMUNDS F. ELLIS.

ANOTHER "Edmunds Scandal" Case is o'er;
Here endeth, let us hope, the Edmunds Bore.



THE MINISTERIAL ODD MAN.

(Mr. Childers has just joined the Ministry as CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER. This official was described by Lord DUFFERIN as the "odd man" of the Government, who is expected to do anybody's work, at the shortest notice.)

GARDNER. "GOOD BYE, CHILDERS: YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THE ARMY!"
GOSCHER. "YES, AND OF COURSE YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF THE NAVY!"
BUTCH. "AND BE SURE YOU DON'T HANG ANYBODY!"

AYTON. "AND MIND YOU'RE POLITE AND GENTLEMANLY—D'YOU HEAR?"
LOVE. "AND, ABOVE ALL THINGS, TAKE CARE OF THE MONEY."
GLADSTONE. "AND REMEMBER, THERE ARE ALWAYS THREE COURSES BEFORE YOU!"

[Extraneous.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Aboard the Baron.
ANY ladies disappear at once. My Aunt does this immediately, and has got hold of the Stewardess in a corner. My Aunt's general notion of steamboat travelling is, either that you must go to bed at once, directly you get on board, or never. That, in fact, once on deck always on deck, or, once in bed, always in bed. MILBURN, who has made great friends with my Aunt in five minutes, prevails upon her, as the river is beautifully calm and the day warm, to come on deck; and, as he puts it, "keep company with his Missus." He means sit with his wife, to whom we have been introduced. "I shall never be able to go down again, I'm sure," my Aunt says, seating

herself with her face to the wind, as if to be kept fresh by the breeze. Mrs. MILBURN is, as my Aunt describes her afterwards, "a plumping little charm"—meaning a charming little plump person. "Very pretty, with dimpley lovels—I should say"—she corrects herself with a look at me, as much as to imply that she is perfectly aware of her mistake, and doesn't require my assistance—"Very pretty, with lovely dimples in her hands, beautiful teeth, and I am sure, though I don't often admire people, she has the laughtiest prettiest possible." ("Prettiest laugh," of course. *Vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.) I admit all the praise, and only regret that his wife encourages MILBURN's nonsense by laughing at him. I thought marriage would have sobered him. It hasn't a bit. On the contrary he's now got an audience which he can "command," and invariably "carry with him." My Aunt asks Mrs. MILBURN, by way of commencing an appropriate subject, if she's a good sailor. MILBURN, who generally replies for her if he can, says that "His Missus has been priming herself for the voyage for three days beforehand, and that the amount of chops and stout, and —" here she stops him laughingly, and owns to not being a good sailor. Then my Aunt tells her what a very bad sailor she is; and how it comes about that she is so; and under what circumstances she is worse at some times than at others.

Happy Thought.—Join in it, and tell them what a bad sailor I am. Better to prepare them, because if one isn't ill after all, you get a reputation for being a capital sailor, for modesty in not boasting of it, and for sympathy with the sufferings of others. At this point MILBURN (at whom his wife laughs, admiringly, directly he opens his mouth) suggests various remedies; among others, that (of course) of staying on shore, and finally of keeping your head under water, in a pail, for twenty minutes. My Aunt tells me apart that Mrs. MILBURN is really very funny. "He reminds me," she says, of a Mr.—dear me, what was his name? He propertied it for change some time afterwards, and went to France. Oh yes, of course, JONES—Mr. JONES. He was very droll, but I'm not quite sure that I don't prefer Mr. ACKWORTH" (she means MILBURN) "Mr. ACKWORTH's fun to Mr. JONES's jones after all." (JONES's jones, i.e., JONES's jokes. *Vide* Dixon's Johnsonary.)

Happy Thought.—Get out of hearing of this conversation. Why can't people, on board a steamboat, find some other subject besides sea-sickness? It's just exactly the place where they oughtn't to talk about it. Go and converse with the Captain. The Northern Farmer is with him. He is asking, "Does he (the Captain) think it'll be a bad night?" The Captain doesn't. On the contrary, a very good night. It's a stupid question, because even if the Captain does think it'll be a bad night, one can't go back now.

I notice a man, or rather a man notices me, as I am attracted towards him by his perpetual grin. Whenever he sees me [and he sees me every three minutes regularly, because he is walking up and down the deck and grinning whenever he catches my eye as he passes me] this grin seems to say "I know you. I recollect your doing, something or other, in past years, that I shan't forget in a hurry." I think I remember his face. But not his grin.

Happy Thought.—Now find out who he is. Process. I'll speak to the Captain: *He'll speak to the Captain: common subject of con-*

versation: then I'll speak to *him*: he'll speak to *me*. Then I'll say to him, "I fancy I recollect your face at —" and leave him to fill in the blank.

Mister Grinner asks the Captain, gruffly, "When shall we be at Antwerp?"

I set him down at once as a rude, unpolished man. He has not been a quarter of an hour on the *Oxy*, and he walks up to the Captain, who is, as it were, by an agreeable fiction, his host, for the time, and asks "When shall we be at Antwerp?" which really means, "Look here, I'm tired of this: why don't you get on and go faster? When shall we be off this ship, and get rid of you, eh?"

Happy Thought.—Soften it down. The Captain is a foreigner, and peculiarly courteous, so I feel that I should like to show him that the Grinner, as a boor, is an exceptional Englishman. Say jocularly, "O, we shan't be at Antwerp till seven or eight to-morrow morning—and," heartily, for the sake of the Captain, "I'm glad of it, for a pleasanter way of spending a good many hours"—being uncertain as to the number of hours the ship is advertised to perform the voyage in, I don't like to make any inuendo (still on account of the Captain) as to what time we ought to take, so merely say "a good many hours"—"than on board a fine ship (compliment to the Captain) on a lovely day, I don't know." The Grinner simply grins broader than before at me, as if the recollection of the circumstances in which he'd seen me in days gone by, was too much for him, and, shoving his hands into his overcoat pockets, he resumes his marching up and down without another word. Most irritating.

The Captain, who, by the way, has informed the Grinner that by seven A.M. we shall be at Antwerp, is now occupied in looking through an opera-glass.

Happy Thought.—To talk to him on general subjects. Why not talk to a Captain on general subjects? Why be professional with a Professional? You don't always talk about teeth to a Dentist. Evidently it would be bad taste. By this rule, i.e., of never talking professionally with a professional, one would become deeply interested in agriculture when talking to a Naval Captain, about the Ballet with a Bishop, and about shipping with a Soldier.

Happy Thought.—Sink the ship. In this case, sink the ship. Wonder whether, when on shore, he's fond of farming. Perhaps so; "in his cottage near the sea." Might get something out of him about Colonel Pig and Mister Turnips.

To lead up to the subject by asking him how he gets his vegetables on board, or, if he's fond of the sea. The latter seems, considering his position, a little rude, so I am prepared to substitute, "I suppose you stop on shore a good deal?" which, on consideration, appears to be ruder than the other. Why not plunge in at once, and say, "Well, Skipper, how about Turnips?"

I open the conversation with, "Aren't you rather tired of going this voyage every week?" He regards me for one second, and then, resuming his opera-glasses, replies simply, that he is not rather tired of it, and turns to speak, in Flemish, I fancy, to the Lieutenant. Now I want a question to follow. Several people come up to talk to the Captain. There seems to be a sort of idea, prevalent amongst all the steamboat passengers, that if you make friends with the Captain, it (whatever it is) will be all right. There are some men who always know the Proprietors of Hotels, the Drivers of Coaches, and the Captains of Ships, and pride themselves on the knowledge. I don't remark that they get better treated than anybody else. MILBURN, for instance, always knows every one, or says he does. "Been talking to the First Officer?" he asks me. I reply "No, to the Captain."—"Well," he answers, "he is the First Officer."

Happy Thought.—Lucky I didn't address him as the Skipper.

Questions which everyone asks the Captain:—

1. What time shall we arrive at Antwerp? (Answer uncertain.)
2. Does he (the Captain) think we shall have a calm passage? (Answer dependent upon whether before or after dinner or supper.)
3. When shall we be at sea? Also when do we dine? A matter of the deepest importance to those about to dine. The latter question was put most earnestly by my Aunt. On the answer being given, the questioner refers to his watch.

[*Happy Thought.*—Dine at two. Not at sea till eight. Questioner decides to dine and dine well.]

Festival of S. Guy.

It is well suggested by the *Times* that from the beginning of August to the end of December seems "rather too long a period to be without any day of relaxation;" that is, for those clerks and others whose only secular holidays are the Bank Holidays. Business, perhaps, would not suffer very much if another day were conceded to them within the abovesaid period. What day shall it be? Now, here is a chance for Mr. WHALLEY. Let the Honourable Member for Peterborough, some time during next Session, move that another day be added to the number of Bank Holidays, and that the additional Bank holiday be the Fifth of November.



DEFIANT DEFINITION.

Barmaid. "WE NEVER SERVE ANTBODY WHO'S HAD SUFFICIENT; YOU'VE TAKEN TOO MUCH ALREADY—"

Thirsty Customer. "YOU'LL 'XSHCURRE ME, MARAM! I MAY'VE 'AD TOO MUSH (hic), BU' I 'AVEN'T 'AD ENOUGH!!"

COLNEY-HATCH CANARD.

ELLEN KING *alias* MARY MORRIS, brought up on remand at Richmond on Monday last week, charged on her own confession with having caused the death of her sweetheart, FRANK MARTIN, by pushing him into a lake in Richmond Park, was, after she had been detained in custody several days, discharged upon evidence showing her to be of disordered mind. She had said she "could point out the spot where she pushed FRANK into the water." It is remarkable that the Richmond Police and Magistrates omitted to inquire about that in the first instance. Most persons resident within walking distance of Richmond are acquainted with the ponds in Richmond Park well enough to know that, whatsoever may be their degree of depth in the middle, at the sides the majority of them are so shallow that it would be impossible to drown a mouse there by pushing it into the water, unless a pebble had been first tied to its neck. The Richmond Magistracy and Constabulary seem to be little versed in the topography of Richmond.

Controversy and Curry.

ACCORDING to the Calcutta Correspondent of the *Times*, the Bennett Judgment has been canvassed very warmly and with much excitement in India. The Ritualist controversy rages there even yet more violently than it does among ourselves. These are comparatively far more temperate latitudes than those of HER MAJESTY'S Oriental dominions; but then one would have expected that, in a climate so much hotter than that of England, the whole question of Ritualism would have been narrowed down to the point whether an officiating clergyman, obliged by the Rubric to wear a surplice, ought, when he has that vestment on, to have anything else.

The Anti-Philosopher.

THE Noble Savage? Slighted HOOKER, we
The Savage clearly, yes, but merely, see.
Him of fair name would substitution rob
For Noble Savage of Ignoble Snob?

ANGLER'S MOTTO.—*Carpe diem.* A carp a day.

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)

Advice gratis.—Passports, you will be told, are of no use now-a-days. Don't believe it. *The more Passports you have the better.* The proof of this is the utter inability of everybody to answer the plain question, "Why didn't DOCTOR LIVINGSTONE come back?" Why? Simply on account of the Passport System on the one hand, and because he had lost his return-ticket on the other. DR. LIVINGSTONE is a precious stone, and we're glad he is a Living-stone; and this *jeu de mot* we present to Tourists as an excellent spice for casual conversation. We've got some more of the same sort, which can be communicated privately on sending name and address, and postage stamps in advance—the price of these novelties being so much an hour. Our new *Portable Joke-Cutting Machine*, easily carried in a hand-bag, can be had on application.

Pleasant Tours.—Perhaps, on the whole, one of the pleasantest tours for August and September is first to Lisbon, where you can swell about and, in the slang of the day, "flash your linen," or, to put it poetically—

Lounge about Lisbon,
Pull up your wristband,

which sounds better than it looks, being in this respect exactly the contrary of the bagpipes. If you are fond of Onions, Portugal is your place. If not, it isn't. *Apropos* of Passports, you must have them here, young lady; or, if you haven't, you can't stop here, young lady. In fact, again to quote the poet, Without a *Pass-port-you-gal*, you must *pass Port-you-gal*. (Terms for this *jeu de mot* easy. We have our agents all over the world, and shall soon know if you've made use of it without paying. We'll assess you, if you like; for so much a year you can repeat any of the ordinary jokes

on our list. For Reserved Jokes special terms.) Our other quip about Portugal Street we keep back; but take this opportunity of informing our Subscribers that we *know of a good thing with reference to this last.*

Oranges will be your next pleasure at Lisbon, and we hope it will be very suck-cessful.

We will avoid Spain at present, and merely stopping to look through a glass at the Madeira, and to see the King with his Sweet at Canary, we recommend the Tourist who has only a few days at his disposal to cross the Equator as soon as possible.

Method of Crossing the Equator.—You must sail about, if at sea, and walk about, if on land, until you see one of those numbers stuck up corresponding exactly to the number marked on the lines in the map. These numbers have been as carefully and systematically appointed to their particular spots as have those of the houses in our London streets. The slightest deviation from, or neglect of, this advice may lead to consequences which students of the history of MARCO POLO (the inventor of Hockey on Hacky), FERNANDO PO, CAPTAIN COOK (whose excursionist system round the world has now lost none of its first attractions) will best know how to avoid. Off the coast of Africa, at sea, look out for the Nos. 10 and 30. If on shore, for No. 20, No. 30, No. 40. You'll find them first in your Atlas. All excellent establishments, and equally to be recommended. Perhaps at No. 10 the sea-cooking is a trifle better than at No. 30, but that is all. The Son of the Sea Cook is the Boots here and is most attentive. The view on land from No. 20 is simply lovely. You look along the equator for miles, and, if you have a room with a Southern aspect, it will be with great difficulty that you'll tear yourself away in order to continue your journey. Should you not patronise any one of these Houses the owners will be unwilling to render you any assistance, as their season is a very short one, and their sole means of subsistence are the Summer Tourists.

Here, where there is a good deal of latitude about, you will be able to discuss the questions recently raised as to whether KING



SENSE AND SENSIBILITY.

A FRAGMENT.

"YES, ROBERT! BUT O! DO LOOK AT THE EXQUISITE EVENING GLOW ON YON DISTANT HILLS! HOW SOLEMN!! HOW SUBLIME!!!"

"O! STUNNING. WELL, THEN I MEASURED THE SCULLERY: SIX FEET BY TEN . . . THAT'LL JUST DO, WON'T IT?"

DAVID was a Geographer or a University man, in consequence of his so often singing a *Song of Degress*. Of course about this part of the world there are several Colonies of Genuine Latitudinarians, and it is supposed that BISHOP COLenso must have fallen in with some of them before falling out with others. After ninety-five the Latitudinarians are called Longitudinarians.

At least four camels, two men, and a boy, are required for Crossing the Equator. Don't, if at sea, attempt to do it at high tide: wait for the ebb, which, as the Niggers on the coast will tell you, is "Ebber going on and off." These niggers, *apropos*, are of an Ebber-ny colour. (Further jokes about Ebber-nethy biscuits for luncheon cannot be made unless with our written permission. We now intend to issue *Secular Coupons for Comic Tourists*. Early application. .*. Latest seasonable specimen, warranted first-rate for Devonshire tourists:—Q. "When do you get most apples out of an orchard?" Ans. "When you make the earliest apple-lication." *Entre nous*, we've known a man who was horsewhipped for less than this, but then *he* hadn't got his joke-ticket with him signed by us. Baskets of jokes every week, on sale or return. Spoiled jokes charged for.)

In going across the Equator you'll make a regular pic-nic party of it. Champagne, sausages of the country, African Port, and Cape Frio Potatoes. They call the last-named "Potatoes" in this part. So the Negrotic Poet sings—

On the Equator
I ate a Potator.
Gave up my Brahma,
Worshipped the Lama.

He gave up his Brahma, of course, at the African Douane, when his looks were examined, as they always are once a week in these parts, with a small-comb, brush, and soap and water to match. But this is one of the many witticisms uttered by those eccentric people the Boshjestmans. [No charge for Bosh-jestman Jokes.]

From No. 20 on shore (if you patronise that Equatorial House), you will have a magnificent view of La Grande Sahara (you may recollect MLLX. SARA, the elastic ballet-dancer in London lately? Some relation—but *mum*),

who appears every day at a morning performance in the afternoon. There's also Try-Polly and Barker (spelt here Tripoli and Barca) in the neighbourhood, but not to be compared with the Sahara.

Special Advice.—Don't forget Opera-glasses. You can sit in your own private boxes, which you'll take with you, and if you've only got a couple of finger-stalls for a friend, what more handy? (Apply as usual to us.)

Here for the present we break off, only, if you purpose going to the East, put off your start until our next advices are out, or you'll make a mess of it.

THE CRY OF THE MANACLED FEMALES.

ARE ye mad, men of stone,
That ye will not make us free?
Are ye mad, or only glad,
That we pine to skin and bone,
Where no sunshine we can see?
Still we pant, pant, pant,
For what none of you will grant;
Still our B-CK-N, C-BBE, and BR-KE,
Do vain battle for our sake,
Since ye doom us here in manacles
Our heavy hearts to break.

Why were we born with tongues?
What have we to do with lungs?
Must we round, round, round,
Tread an evergoing mill,
Till you've bound, bound, bound,
At your stolid, stony will,
In the darkness of the blind,
All the strings of woman's mind?
Our W-LK-N and our G-ER-TT
Cannot heal our spirits sore,
Any better than a carrot
Can unbar this prison-door;
So we grovel on the floor,
And here, in heavy manacles, our
Miseries deplore.

If we'd not been worth a groat,
Nature's craving for a vote,
Might have died in Woman's throat.

But our lands, lands, lands,
May as good be desert sands,
While ye manacle our hands.
We are helpless captive goods,
And our souls wear mourning hoods
For departed "woulds" and "shoulds,"
All our "cans," "shalls," and "wills,"
Are made up in bitter pills,
And ye force us all to swallow them,
To aggravate our ills.

But O! ye men of stone!
Though we sob, sigh, and groan,
Though to-day our wrists are bound,
And we grovel on the ground,
We shall soon shake off these manacles,
At Freedom's joyful sound!

Then, with one united throat,
Will we vote, vote, vote,
And be Advocates and Doctors,
Solicitors and Proctors,—
Be Civil Engineers,
College Dons, and Overseers,
Have our proper House of Peers,
Be Ministers and Pastors,
And Governors and Masters,
Be Rural Deans and Rectors,
Be Churchwardens, Inspectors,
And Income-tax collectors,
Be pure un-"broken lights,"
For C-BBE and for our rights!
Anatomists, reviewers,
Commissioners of Sewers,
And Justices of Peace!
Then, your tyranny will cease:
So if you dream we're manacled
For ever—you are Geese!

The Three Orders.

THE Standing Orders are Parliamentary; the Sitting Orders, Theatrical; and the Kneeling Orders, Monastic.



EQUAL TO THE OCCASION.

Colonel (Indian Army). "YER, SIR, I WITHDRAW MY APPLICATION FOR THE PENSION, AND MUST REMAIN IN THE SERVICE. EXPENSES ARE INCREASING SO OVER HERE: COALS HAVE GONE UP FROM TWENTY SHILLINGS TO THIRTY-SIX SHILLINGS SINCE I WROTE. YOU SEE, WE DON'T WANT COALS IN BENGAL."

Secretary (India Office). "PRICK O' COALS! TUT-T-T-T! DEAR ME! THIS WILL UPSET ALL OUR RETIREMENT SCHEMES!!!"

Mr. P. (an old friend of the Colonel's). "I THINK HIS GRACE MIGHT RAISE THE PENSIONS OF THESE GENTLEMEN. NAME IT TO HIM FROM ME, MR. SECRETARY, WILL YOU, PLEASE!"

WELCOME VACATION!

THE QUEEN'S Speech is spoken, the Session is o'er;
Now are lightened the newspaper sheets of a bore;
Bad enough, when confined to mere columns of prate;
Worse now statutes vexatious ensue on debate.

For six months safe from further encroachment will be
All the personal rights of us Britons, once free.
But fresh bonds will, of course, in the pending recess,
Be devised, with restrictions the People to bless.

Sabbatarian fanatics, and Knights of the Pump,
Through the kingdom forthwith you'll proceed on the stump;
And the nation prepare, all by spouting you can,
To submit to new trammels unmeet for a man.

And when, this time next year, the talkative House
Shall, again, broken up, have gone after the grouse,
We shall find ourselves, sure, of more liberties left.
Hooray! We'll, meanwhile, enjoy those that are left.

Iron Afloat.

In *Colburn's United Service Journal* there is an article which will interest naval men and architects on mastless "sea-going iron-clads." Truly iron-clads need be mastless, since, if they carry masts and likewise sails, under a little too much canvas your sea-going, so-called, are likely to become bottom-going iron-clads.

MOTTO FOR THIS LAST GAMBLING YEAR AT HOMBURG, EMS, &C.
—*Tabula Solvitur.*

ROMAN AQUATICS.

THE *Post* announces that "the Tiber Boat Club has admitted many new and distinguished members." Is the Tiber Boat Club a modern institution? It seems too fast for the ancient order of things in Rome. Perhaps we shall soon hear of other such Clubs pulling on the yellow river. Among them it may be suggested that one might take for title the "Romulus Club," and then another would perhaps be started under that of the "Remus Club," whereupon a third lot of oarsmen, affecting Latin Grammar, might establish a Boating Club denominated the "Remia."

Irish Self-Government.

Is it Home Rule ye want, discontentable Pat?
Why, were you to obtain, you'd rebel against that.
Ye're the boy that 'ud always be keeping the school
In a shindy; Home Anarchy Paddy's Home Rule.

Bradshaw and Spritualists.

MEDIUMS, who profess to obtain correct information from tables, have been entirely baffled by the Railway Time Tables. They have tried them, and found that they don't answer.

NOW AND THEN.

THE office of Chief Commissioner of Works was once filled by MANNERS. It is not now.



MAKING THINGS PLEASANT.

Irishman (to English Sportsman). "IS IT THROUTS? BE JABERS, THE WATTHEE'S STIFF WID 'EM!!!"

["Regardless of strict truth, in his love of hyperbole and generous desire to please," as our Friend recorded in his Diary after a blank day.]

HYMEN AND LOW MEN.

THE fashionable newspapers are continually sacrificing column after column of their valuable space to the duty of recording vastly fashionable marriages, whereof no doubt the details are devoured with great avidity by the fashionable world.

Now these details may be interesting to fashionable people, but to persons not so fortunate they must be slightly tiresome. To readers who, for instance, reside in the New Cut, there can hardly be much interest in reading the description of a marriage in May Fair. At any rate, if merely for the purpose of variety, we should rejoice if the reporters would now and then describe an unfashionable wedding. Something in this style:—

MARRIAGE IN LOW LIFE.—The wedding of Miss Buggins, eldest child and heiress of Mr. JOSEPH BUGGINS, Rag and Bottle Merchant, Houndsditch, to Mr. MICHAEL MUGGINS, Chimneysweep, Whitechapel, was solemnised on Tuesday last at Little Ebenezer Chapel, which we need not say was crowded, wellnigh to overflowing, with the flower and *élite* of the unfashionable world. The nuptial ceremony was performed, in a most impressive manner, by the REVEREND MOSES BENJAMIN BOAKERGES HOWLER, second cousin of the bridegroom, assisted by his pew-opener, Mrs. MARTHA MOULDER, a great-aunt of the bride.

It had been intended that a full choral service should be given, but the bellows-blower of the organ was unfortunately absent upon urgent private business connected with the coal-trade; and as Miss SCREECH, the leading vocalist, was in bed with influenza, the music was confined to the whistling of the small boys assembled in the street.

After the service, which was nasally intoned, the happy couple proceeded in a Hansom to the residence of Mr. Buggins, where a sumptuous *déjeuner* of sausages and onions, flanked with chitterlings and crumpets, was elegantly served. Ample justice having been done to this luxurious repast, Mr. JOWLS, in a neat speech, proposed a bumper of Old Tom to the health of the young couple, and

SYMPATHY OF KIND.

THE *Daily News* thus records certain recent outbursts of popular sympathy:—

"THE CLAIMANT AT LEICESTER.—Last evening the Claimant, who is to speak to-day at an out-door demonstration of Foresters at Loughborough, arrived at Leicester from London. He was met by a deputation from Loughborough, and on entering the stable-yard was received with much cheering by a large concourse of people. He drove off with his friends in a waggone drawn by greys, with postilions, to the White Hart Hotel. The Claimant afterwards started for Loughborough, and a crowd of 10,000 persons assembled to see him depart, and cheered him lustily to the outskirts of the town. Similar demonstrations took place at various points on the route, and at Loughborough almost the entire populace turned out to meet the visitor."

"Populace," observe, not "population." The *Daily News* has a keenly discriminating paragraph-writer. It was doubtless also the populace, as contradistinguished from the population, that constituted the "large concourse of people" by whom CASTRO was received, with "immense cheering," at Leicester. We may be quite sure that if they had not, in their own minds, believed him really to be CASTRO, as he called himself, or, if not CASTRO, then to be ORTON, or if not ORTON, still to be such another as ORTON, and no bloated aristocrat, at least no aristocrat, either by birth or breeding, and particularly not the aristocrat he claims to be, they would never have cheered him.

The *Times*, however, has given our fat enemy the hardest rap. It apprises him, through his friend, Mr. ONSLOW, that it will report nothing more about "the Claimant" until the time comes to report "the Claimant's" Trial. *Punch* is not surprised at this, considering that MESSRS. ONSLOW and WHALLEY have not contradicted the statement, in a respectable Hampshire paper, that they were present at a meeting at which CASTRO used, in reference to one of Her Majesty's Ministers, language so vile that the reporter had to veil it with the aid of initials and daashes. It is still open to MESSRS. O. and W. to say that they indignantly protested, and left the place. But will they say it?

Bottle and Blue.

THE Teetotallers having in a measure succeeded in their attack on the vested interests of the Publicans, the Vegetarians will soon perhaps threaten those of the Butchers, which may, for the sake of elegance and distinction, be denominated the Blue Vested Interests.

the bridegroom made a feeble oratorical response. A toast to the fair bridesmaid, Miss JEMIMA BUGGINS, having been proposed, and humorously acknowledged by Mr. LARKER, her young man, the bride, attended by the ladies, retired to put her things on, and her trousseau was inspected privately by her bosom friends. Among the beautiful and costly wedding presents she received, special mention should be made of an elegant brass warming-pan, the gift of Mr. MUGGINS, and a toasting-fork and pair of bellows, from Mrs. HUGGINS her great-aunt. Amid a shower of old shoes, the happy couple then proceeded on an omnibus to Hampstead, for the purpose of enjoying a short donkey excursion on the Heath, important calls of business compelling them reluctantly to give up all idea of a more lengthened wedding tour.

LITERARY PROSPECTS.

WE are told that nothing succeeds like success: and we may therefore, we think, venture, without fear of contradiction, to assume that these new works, whenever they are published, will be doubtless as successful as those which they succeed:—

Fettered at First: a Story written as a prelude to *Linked at Last*.
To-morrow with Artists: to be published as a companion work to *Yesterdays with Authors*.

The Worth of Waterlilies: a novel written as a sequel to *The Valley of Poppies*.

Iron Locks and Brazen Handles: a domestic Tale of Thrilling Interest, to follow *Golden Keys*.

Rich Master Sparrow: a new Sensation Story, but not written by the Author of *Poor Miss Finch*.

The Big Toe of Destiny: a Tale of Eastern Travel, published as a companion to *The Finger of Fate*.

Slugs in the Salad: a Domestic Story, adapted for the readers of *Poppies in the Corn*.

MANLY WOMAN.

URLINGTON ARCADE



WORTHY AND WISE MR. PUNCH,

You, who notice everything, have doubtless noticed how of late Lovely Woman has been pleased to ape—but that sounds monkeyish, let me rather say to imitate the ugly dress of Man.

Coats, waistcoats, jackets, neckties, wristbands, shirt-collars, and shirt-fronts, may all be now described as articles of feminine costume; and such description might proceed even further in the matter, and descend to certain garments, such as gaiters for example, which hitherto have been designed for solely Man's own use. If one glances at the latest fashions in the newspapers, one sees the fact confirmed by such sentences as these:—

"Bonnets are now worn more like hats than ever, in fact it is very difficult to tell them apart." . . . "These fashionable jackets are generally trimmed across the chest with brandebourgs and frog buttons." . . . "Very elegant little vestes are worn over indoor toilettes." . . . "For visiting dress, a mousquetaire jacket, open to the waist and trimmed to match, over a claret satin waistcoat."

Fragments such as these will show how manly Lovely Woman is becoming in her dress, and to a thinking mind the fact is not without significance. We have heard much goose-gabble of late—or swan-song shall I call it?—respecting Woman's Rights, and I look upon her growing manliness of raiment as a step in the direction of her standing in Man's shoes. By accustoming us generally to behold her in our garments, she hopes to make us reconciled to see her in our place. Who knows but next Session she may leave the Ladies' Gallery, and creep into the House, and sit among our Senators, and even walk into the lobby, undetected, and disguised in her masculine attire? Assuredly, now that the Ballot Bill is passed, a strict watch should be kept at all the polling-places, to guard against impersonation of male voters by their wives; for ladies in the fashion dress so vastly like their husbands, that it is perplexing to tell quickly which is which.

Believe me, then, in some alarm,

CAVENDO TUTUS.

AN ANTI-ANTI ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science is a confederacy perfectly harmless. So likewise are the Archaeological Societies; so are the sages and sagessees who constitute the Social Science Congress; so are most of the various gatherings of professors and philosophers and praters now taking place, as they are wont to at this leisure time of the year, under the influence of the propensity to speak and the love of lecturing and being lectured.

But, as BURKE remarked, "When bad men combine, good men should unite." The Vacation affords opportunity for meetings which are other than harmless. Fanatics and fools can meet as well as philosophers. Their congregations are offensive. Some of

them, especially odious, are essentially conspiracies against personal freedom; for instance, all assemblies of the United Kingdom Alliance, and all other leagues for the legislative enforcement of total abstinence; the Anti-Tobacco Society, and all the rest of the combinations for tutoring grown persons like children and coercing them like idiots. When prigs and pedants combine to enslave the nation, all reasonable men should unite to put down the pedants and prigs. If they do not unite, the fussy, importunate, agitating meddlers will go on as they have begun encroaching on the liberties of Britain faster than the sea encroaches on its cliffs. The Sea is entreated to excuse a comparison which is most odious. Neptune would repudiate with scorn the foes of Bacchus.

To the Societies, therefore, which, on the dispersion of the Legislature are accustomed yearly to hold their self-convoked parliaments, it is very desirable that there should be added an Anti-Fanatic Society, with the special object of opposing, and counteracting, and making of none effect and of no avail, all the operations of almost all the other Societies whose name is Anti, and, since they infect us so atrociously, we may with propriety say, after the Reporters, "whose name is Legion."

Only the Anti-Fanatic Society should do more, a great deal, than talk. It should meet to work, and take counsel how to devise ways and means to frustrate the machinations of the prigs and pedants, and would-be regulators of other men's habits and appetites, to pester the people into permitting their necks to be laden with the yoke of paternal government. Amongst the measures desirable for that purpose may be suggested the taking of order for the composition of songs and ballads to be sung about the streets for the purpose of bringing fanatical bores into contempt and ridicule amongst the common people, who will not attend to, because they cannot understand, merely argumentative exposures of folly and injustice, but whose votes determine elections. Illustrated lampoons, and squibs, calculated to effect the same end, might also be provided for; rewards, for instance, or prizes offered for the best; and above all the proper steps should be taken to confute fanaticism and humbug, and promote morality and enlightenment into the bargain, by the widest possible distribution of *Punch*.

"CROWNER'S QUEST LAW."

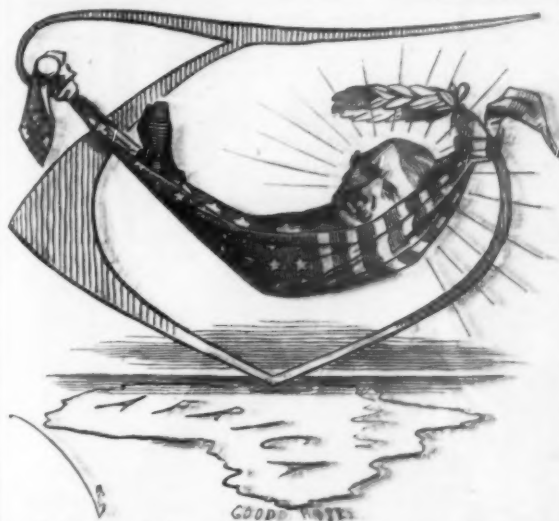
AN unfortunate gentleman at Ealing, under treatment for fits, jumped out of his bed-room window the other day in a state of delirium, fell through a conservatory and glass door into the area of the next house, and sustained fatal injuries. Before he died, however, he recovered consciousness enough to say that he thought, when he jumped through the window, he was at Ramsgate in a bathing-machine, and that he was jumping into the water. An inquest after death having been held on the residue of this poor fellow by DR. DIPLOCK, the coroner's jury—according to report—returned a verdict—"That the deceased died from injuries caused by a fall, which was accidental, whilst he was in an unsound state of mind."

The Gentlemen of the Jury, if their verdict is to be understood according to its grammar, may have meant to say that the deceased, whilst he was in an unsound state of mind, died in consequence of injuries caused by a fall, which was accidental. Or they may have meant to say that he died from injuries caused by a fall which happened to him accidentally whilst he was in an unsound state of mind. Taken in the former meaning, the part of their verdict relative to his state of mind is mere surplusage; in the latter sense it simply states what was not the case. Nobody meets with an accidental fall in jumping out of window, whether purposely or under a delusion. "It must be *se offendendo*; it cannot be else," as the *First Gravedigger* in *Hamlet* argues. But perhaps the Ealing Jury were induced to return a verdict at variance with fact by building too much on the further proposition of the reasoner above referred to, "If I drown myself wittingly it argues an act." Conversely, if I drown myself unwittingly, it may argue an accident. But if you jump out of window whilst you dream you are jumping into the water, although you do not wittingly jump out of window, yet you wittingly jump. You must take your jump altogether unwittingly for it to argue an accident. But such an accident is an accidental act, describable as a leap which was accidental, not as a fall. A verdict stating that a person died in consequence of a fall, which was accidental, conveys the idea that, no matter whether he died sane or insane, his fall was a mere tumble; and although a jump during an unsound state of mind and a tumble amount to the same thing morally, yet the one act in its physical nature is discriminated from the other by intelligence; but coroners' juries will be coroners' juries. They might be worse. The phraseology of their verdicts might be as ambiguous and disputable, or even as senseless, as that of many Acts of Parliament.

A DEADLY DISCHARGE.—A "Whalley" of Nonsense.

DR. LIVINGSTONE TO DR. PUNCH.

(Private and Confidential.)



PRICE DEAR OLD FRIEND
AND CHAMPION,

STANLEY is an excellent fellow, a real good plucked 'un, and you are to make much of him, while he's with you, for his own sake, as well as mine.

But now mark this. I do strongly protest against any more expeditions being sent out to look after me.

I have said that my anxious friends evince "a beastly ignorance of geography." But that's their business. I beg to state that I can take precious good care of myself, and am more than comfortable where I am. I may say I live in luxurious ease, free and untaxed. I am monarch of all I survey, and the country is simply lovely. Don't make any blooming error.

Here there is no dull care in my dear old P., this is not a desert, or anything resembling one. But my point is this, why shouldn't I be allowed to enjoy myself, and take my own time about it, without being tracked, and dogged, and hunted for, like a sovereign in a dust-bin, and perhaps finally fetched back by some enterprising compatriots (hang them!), as if I was a naughty child out for a holiday for whom its nurse had come at last?

What's their object? Curiosity? Well, that's unpardonable in my opinion: but when its result is their own gain, to write articles about me, to give entertainments with, perhaps, sketches of me and the views of the country, and to pocket a heap of coin by making

capital out of me, of which coin I shall never see one rap, why then, my dear P., I say such conduct is more than unpardonable, it ought to be punishable by civilised laws.

Let the next intending Livingstone-searcher take this notice from me:—"Look out, what you're about, my friend; they don't know much about COKE and BLACKSTONE and the glorious British Constitution out here (except my own glorious British constitution, and I'm hale and hearty), but they do know something about *Habes corpus*, and when the Niggers in these parts once *have* a *corpus*, that *corpus* won't see dear Old England again in a hurry."

I am going to stick up a Notice to Trespassers. I'll write to you, dear old P., again, some time or other, and send you my song of—

"The Sources of the Nile:
I was there all the while,"

one which you can exercise your jovial vocalisation. Love to STANLEY. *Prosit.*

Yours ever,

D. L.

Whistlebinkie.

A RECENTLY enacted Statute has made it illegal to summon workmen to their work in a Factory by sounding a Steam Whistle or Trumpet, and renders any offender convicted of making the noise which it forbids liable to a penalty not exceeding £5. This Act is not to extend to Scotland. No, to be sure. An Englishman, North of the Tweed, would find steam-whistles and trumpets a relief from the bagpipes.

SOLEMN SENSE OR NONSENSE?

THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY and YORK have returned a reply to the Memorial on the subject of "Athanasius's Curse," presented to them on the part of certain of the laity by the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY. "It is a loving and a fair reply." Their Most Reverend Graces quote therein a method of settling the difficulty presented by the maledictory clauses of the otherwise chiefly unintelligible Symbol which delights ARCHDEACON DENISON. This plan was proposed by the Ritual Commission, "which has recommended an explanatory rubric to this effect":—

"The condemnations in this Confession of Faith are to be no otherwise understood than as a solemn warning of the peril of those who wilfully reject the Catholic Faith."

The Archbishops also cite an "explanatory statement" suggested for the same purpose with the concurrence of "all the Professors of Divinity in the University of Oxford," including DR. PUSEY and DR. LIDDON. These great theological Authorities have unanimously resolved:—

"That nothing in this Creed is to be understood as condemning those who by involuntary ignorance or invincible prejudice are hindered from accepting the faith thus declared."

There is, however, the Metropolitans find, a very general impression "that none of these explanations would suit the requirements of the case." We should rather think so. How is it possible, do the Ritual Commissioners imagine, for anybody wilfully to reject the Catholic Faith, even if he is an Irishman of the (unfaithful) Irish? How can one wilfully reject the belief of what he knows to be true, and what other rejection of belief can be wilful? Surely wilful rejection of faith is impossible even for the most erratic of St. Patrick's stray sheep. By what other causes than involuntary ignorance, or prejudice necessarily invincible, do the Oxford Professors suppose that any man can possibly be hindered from accepting a faith delivered in terms which nobody understands? By the knowledge that it is a fiction or a forgery, or by intellectual discernment that it is nonsense? Their Reverences surely cannot mean to reduce the Creed, whose defenders they are, to an absurdity. On the whole it appears that, whether in or out of Church, the less that is said about the Athanasian Creed the better, particularly during the Dog Days. Unless indeed the remark may be added that

ATHANASIUS, although in his time the reverse of a "dumb dog," seems likely to subside into the position of a dog that has had his day.

THE THAMES AND ITS URBAN-TRIBUTARIES.

FROM various letters in the *Times* under the superscription of "The Silver Thames," it may be known to those whom it may not concern that the River so misnamed is, so much of it as runs between Kew and Teddington, little better than an open sewer. Those whom it does concern know that too well; you may correctly say, indeed, that they nose it; for a cup of the fluid purveyed by the cleanliness of the water-companies being raised to the lips will be found to have not been quite, by the best filtration, deodorised. And a walk from Kew to Richmond, and so up, by the margin of the Thames, facetiously or absurdly called Silver, for on the contrary its hue is rather that of Vandyke Brown, will convince the most insensitive of the character of the stream to which tributaries from towns have imparted colouring and odorous particles, nutritious to plants, but noxious to persons.

The Conservators of the Thames are called in question because the water, whose conservation is their business, is so different, as it may be discerned by the nostrils to be, from conserve of roses. But they cannot hang the Vestrymen and Town Councillors who, with their constituents, occasion the tarnished and gravescent condition of the Thames, once sweet and silver. The only result of going to Law or to Equity with those offenders on that account would be the gratuitous enrichment of the gentlemen of the long robe and the blue bag. A special Act of Parliament is needed for the conservation of the Thames from pollution. A word from a deputation to MR. AYTON, whose enthusiasm on behalf of limpid streams is notorious, of course will suffice to secure the immediate introduction of the needful Bill, under the auspices of a Government whose Premier and Chancellor of the Exchequer have already done so much as MR. GLADSTONE and MR. LOWE have to make everything pleasant.

The Vestures of the Sky.

A YOUNG Lady said she should so like to go up in a balloon. She wished very much to get above the clouds and look down. It must be so pretty. She had heard that even the darkest cloud had a silver lining.



**SOME PEOPLE NEVER CAN MAKE UP THEIR MINDS—
ESPECIALLY ABOUT DOING A THING THEY DON'T LIKE.**

Practical Wife. "WELL, JOHN! HERE WE ARE AT LAST, YOU SEE! CHILDREN, LUGGAGE, AND ALL!—NOW WHICH IS IT TO BE? THE RHINE, DIEPPE, OR RAMSGATE?"

THE SIRLOIN SUPERSEDED.

ONCE mighty roast beef was the Englishman's food.
It has now grown so dear that 'tis nearly tabooed.
But Australian beef, potted, is cheap and is good.
O, the boiled beef of Australia!
And O, the Australian boiled beef!

It is capital cold; it is excellent hot;
And, if a large number of children you've got,
'Twill greatly assist you in boiling the pot.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

First-rate is Australian mutton, likewise,
For curries, and rissoles, and puddings, and pies.
The thrifty good housewife no butcher's meat buys.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

It will make you a haah that is fit for a king;
And the young ones all like it, and that's a great thing.
So Paterfamilias it causes to sing.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

For the small boys and girls eat the fat with the lean,
Don't leave underdone, but their plates nicely clean—
Where pigs are not kept which helps make all serene.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

Australian meat from the bone being free,
The more economical needs must it be.
As there are no joints there's no carving, you see.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

The fleshpots of Egypt were once in high fame;
Australian fleshpots have more than the same.
Old England's roast beef is now rivalled in name.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

The privileged victims, who Income-tax pay,
Whose earnings precarious are taken away,
While ceasing to deal with a Butcher, can say
O, the boiled beef, &c.

'Tis true that your servants, fastidious and fine,
Australian meat in their folly decline.
On skilligolees they hereafter may dine.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

Now pour out the wine which we could not afford
Except for Antipodes' meat on the board.
Its inventor's good health!—whilst my helping's encored.
O, the boiled beef, &c.

The Idea of an Ogre.

WHILST our Legislators were making laws against horrid noises, they might have rendered any person indictable for keeping a Nursery of Squalling Children. Infants should be kept in a detached dwelling, at a sufficient distance from the abodes of adult humanity. Or else the walls of a nursery should be padded, and its inmates effectually dosed with MRS. JOHNSON'S AMERICAN SOOTHING SYRUP, DUFFY'S ELIXIR, or DALBY'S CARMINATIVE; neglect of these sanitary precautions to incur a heavy fine. This would be another step in Paternal, if not in Maternal Legislation.

SHAKESPEARE IN SEASON.

"O, MY sweet Beef," says Prince Harry to Falstaff, "I must still be good angel to thee!" Had Henry IV. been composed in these fine times for butchers, SHAKESPEARE would have written the above passage with a difference. It would have been, "O, my dear Beef!" of course.

PONTEFRAC T

CHILDERS 658

POLLINGTON 578

BALLOT

VOTE ELECTION



A GOOD BEGINNING;

OR, LITTLE BOY BALLOT'S FIRST STEP IN LIFE.

SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE. "HE MAY NOT BE PRETTY TO LOOK AT, DEAR MADAM, AND HE MAY BE 'SLOW;' BUT HE'S A TREMENDOUS SUCCESS, I ASSURE YOU!"

[See MR. CHILDERS' Speech at Pontefract.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



THE Steward now comes round to ask who'll dine. I notice that a Steward is always on excellent terms with a Captain, and a Captain with the Steward. On consideration I see that a Captain can pretty well ruin a Steward, and a Steward can make a Captain very uncomfortable. If the Steward profits by the number of people who sit down to dinner and tea in the cabin, the Captain has only got to say that he is sure it'll be a bad passage, and hardly anyone will either dine or sup. Certainly not sup. If the Captain, maliciously, did this, then the Steward would, spitefully, give him lukewarm dinners, tough meat, bad fish, sour wine, and watered grog. So the management of a well-regulated family-vessel reduces itself to—

*Happy Thought (by the Captain).—*Be polite to the Steward, and tell everyone that it's sure to be a fine passage.

*Happy Thought (by the Steward).—*Be very civil to the Captain. Reserve tit-bits, and private store of grog.

*More Questions invariably put to the Captain by Passengers:—*Has he (the Captain) had bad weather lately, or good? Have there been many passengers? Will there be many passengers? At what time shall we be in the Scheldt?

(This is a question by a sociable person.) Will he (the Captain) take anything, if so, what?

People are now beginning to appear in all sorts of caps and easy hats, and are trying to look, generally, as unlike themselves on shore as possible. We are ceasing to be strangers to one another, and feel a growing desire to be politely inquiring, civilly communicative, and, later on, specially if it's a fine night, quite confidential.

The Northern Farmer is explaining the river to his daughter. Other people are retelling "what the Captain says" to those who didn't hear him. MILBURN inquires, "Does the Pilot come on board at Gravesend?"

I understand, from the Captain's answer, that he does.

Happy Thought.—Do more softening down with the Captain, because MILBURN's manner is really calculated to convey the idea that he knows more of steamboat management than the Captain. I say, sympathetically, "Yours is a very arduous and responsible position, Captain."

MILBURN cuts in with, "Well, I think you've an uncommonly jolly berth of it. There and back, twice a week, board and lodging. You get a pilot for the Thames—he's responsible for that; you get another for the sea—he's responsible for that; and another beggar comes on at the mouth of the Scheldt, and he's responsible for you up to Antwerp. I don't see what they want a First Officer at all for?"

The Captain smiles. MILBURN continues, in an off-hand manner, "By the way, I've just been down in the engine-room, talking to the old boy there, and I see you don't use Mervyn's Patent. That's odd, eh?"

The Captain shrugs his shoulders indifferently, and presently says that this patent has been superseded. "By what?" asks MILBURN, really inquisitorially. "By Benker's Double-Action," replies the Captain, decidedly. MILBURN turns to me, pooh-poohing the use of Benker's Patent. "Why," he says to me, as if I was the referee who had to decide between Mervyn's Patent and Benker's Double-Action, "that was dropped years ago. You can't," still explaining to me, and at the Captain, which I don't like, "use the same leverage,

nor work at anything like the same rate. I suppose," he says, in a tone of cross-examination, most irritating, it must be, to a man on his own vessel, "you don't do four hundred and twenty in the hour?"

The Captain laughs. "Four hundred and twenty?" he repeats. "More like six hundred and thirty," MILBURN being evidently unprepared for this, is staggered, and for the moment silent.

Happy Thought.—Glad of it. "What on earth should you know of engineering?" I say to him, just to expose him before the Captain.

"Why," he answers, "I ought to, considering I was at BURN AND BYLER's studying engineering for two years." O! indeed, I was not aware of this. MILBURN now wants to know whether the Captain uses the cylindrical expander movement? No, the Company has not adopted it. "Good Heavens!" says MILBURN, turning to me again as judicial referee, "It's a perfect wonder the boiler hasn't burst over and over again." He goes on to explain to me that with, or without, the invention (I don't know which) you can't ease off at half the pace. This the Captain denies. He says, "See my men ease off in one minute."

MILBURN doubts it, and smiles incredulously towards me. I wish he wouldn't, as it must make the Captain think that I've been prompting him to ask all this on my account. The Captain, in consequence, begins to eye me askance. A Bell.

Happy Thought.—Mister Dinner.

At Dinner.—My Aunt next to the MILBURNS. Don't like sitting too near or being at any time too near a funny man, because it is as nervous work as holding a Roman candle, or a squib, when you never can tell how soon the pop's coming, and whether it won't hurt you considerably when it does come. There's only one thing perfectly certain that the audience will be amused, and the firework will be immensely pleased with himself and will consider himself the most brilliant thing of the sort ever seen. A quiet and reserved manner and an evinced desire to speak seriously on weighty topics are no defence against the onslaughts of a Funny Man and Practical Joker. The two descriptions, by the way, sound like the advertisement of a new sort of business, "Licensed Funny Man and General Practical Joker." It really is a pity that the official Court Jester and Lord Mayor's Fool should have been abolished. There would be at once the utilisation of jocosity. Of course in these days, following the fashion of the times, the appointment to such an office would not be by private patronage and interest, but by public competitive examination.

Happy Thought.—Have the Examination Day every First of April.

Foolery would then be a study. The Fool of the Family would stand a fair chance of a good berth. Great noblemen used to keep private fools as well as private secretaries. The offices were gradually merged into one.

Happy Thought.—Reserve this idea for a sarcastic repartee to come down on MILBURN heavily when he's making a joke at my expense. Shall say to him before company, "It's a pity the office of Lord Mayor's Fool is abolished, as you would have filled the situation admirably, MILBURN."

I don't see (at present) what reply he could make to this. But, won't his wife hate me for it? Won't the people about say "it was rather rude"? Wouldn't it be better to put up with MILBURN patiently rather than put him down forcibly? If this sarcasm about the Lord Mayor's Fool won't settle him nothing ever will, and I should never have the chance again. The highest praise that MILBURN can give one is, after he's been peculiarly, what he calls funny, and what I call rude, to slap you on the back and say, good-humouredly, "You don't mind chaff, do you, old fellow?" when you at once feel that it's childish to admit that you do not only mind but detest it, and that you are now writhing mentally from his dosing you with it. He will say before several persons, alluding to me, that "he likes a fellow who can take a joke good-naturedly like you can, old boy." Then he gives you a dig in the ribs which positively hurts, and you must either laugh or kick him. I should like to do the latter—so I believe would many others—but we only smile.

Happy Thought.—Keep out of his way. I beg my Aunt, *sotto voce*, not to encourage MILBURN, as she is really doing nothing now but listening to his nonsense and laughing. "Well, my dear," she answers, a little nettled, "he's very amusing, and you know that there are in society witty people who are considered as liverwipped persons" (Dixon's Johnsonary for "privileged persons"). Here she gets hurried, and lets all she has to say come out with a rush.

"Why, I perfectly featherlect my rather" ("recollect my father"—D. J.) telling me how he remembered stories about such people as Silly Cobber and Hookadore Theer—and—and—"gasp, and sudden finish—"they were always saying cittivisms." (This, translated by Dixon's Johnsonary, means, "I recollect my father, &c., how he remembered, &c., COLLEY CIBBER and THEODORE HOOK, &c.," and "witticisms.")



HEIGHT OF LUXURY.

"LOR! MARY ANNE! DO YOUR MISSIS LET YOU 'AVE A 'DOLLY VARDING!'"

A MATTER OF MAGNA CHARTA.

FROM a speech delivered shortly before the Prorogation by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL it may be inferred there is very little prospect at the hands of Government of Law Reform. Besides, Law Reform is not demanded by menacing assemblies of working-men. It will inflict little if any hardship, annoyance, or inconvenience on individuals who cannot help themselves, it will please and not vex the refined and better educated classes, and it will benefit instead of injuring the owners of land. Nor will it effect any direct national saving. No Law Reform, therefore, is to be expected of the Cabinet whose Chief is the People's WILLIAM, and one of whose influential members is MR. LOWE. Except, however, of course, any point of detail in which the interests of the People are, sensibly and intelligibly to the People, concerned. Such a point is the state of the law as regards drunkenness, wherein a change is likely to be demanded in consequence of that grand achievement of large-minded statesmanship, the Licensing, or Intoxicating Liquors Act, just added to the Statute Book. The fines to which drunkards used to render themselves liable have been considerably raised. A progressive increase of severity in the punishment of drunkenness is probable. Should imprisonment with hard labour fail to check that vice, its penalty will very likely be heightened to penal servitude. But then it will be necessary to respect the declaration of Magna Charta:—

"Nullus liber homo capiatur aut imprisonetur aut dissaisiatur aut utlagetur aut exuletur aut aliquomodo destruatur nec supra eum ibimus nec super eum mittimus nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum vel per legem terre Nulli vendemus nulli negabimus ac differemus rectam aut justiciam."

It will never do, when drunkenness has come to be treated as an offence worse than any but the very gravest misdemeanor, or perhaps treated as a felony but one degree below a capital crime, to let it remain punishable on summary conviction. The charge of intoxication will have become too serious to be capable of being suffered to be decided by a Magistrate on the evidence of a Policeman. It will be necessary that every man accused of drunkenness shall be

tried by a jury of his peers. "*Nullus liber homo capiatur aut imprisonetur*," &c., as Magna Charta says. It is perhaps unnecessary to observe that, *homo* being a noun of common gender, Man in Magna Charta means also Woman. Mrs. Brandyball was the impossible fiction of a satirist, and no biped female was ever in the condition of the adagial David's Sow. *Liber homo* charts every free Englishwoman, however, as well as every English freeman, and it is remarkable, in connection with Magna Charta and intoxication, that *Liber* is one of the aliases of Bacchus.

NEW COUNTY.

THE question of education has not been taken up an hour too soon in this dilatory country. Ignorance of the physical conformation of Central Asia, or of the Republics of South America, has become too common amongst us to excite the least emotion of surprise; but some slight acquaintance with the rudiments of the geography of the United Kingdom might have been looked for, even in those classes which are indebted for their education to our Universities and Public Schools. It seems, however, that such a meagre amount of knowledge as this is not so common as we had hoped; else an advertiser, with a West End Club for his address, and a hundred thousand pounds to lay out in the purchase of an estate, "with good shooting, fishing, and well-built residence," would not have made known that he wants it "in the Counties of Norfolk, Hants, or Scotland."

Sensitive Scotchmen must not take umbrage at their country being ranked as a mere English county. No slight, we feel sure, was intended on the part of the Advertiser, who is, probably, to this moment ignorant that he has done anything to breed ill-will between the Rose and the Thistle.

RACING INTELLIGENCE.—"Not square the circle?" exclaimed my LORD TOM NODDY, after lunch at Goodwood, "Why, a ring's a circle, isn't it? Well, then, take the betting-ring, and I'll bet ten to two that anyone can 'square' it."



THE IDEAL OF EARTHLY FELICITY.

Ethel (who disapproves of a minimum of Jam to a maximum of bread). "I DARE SAY THE QUEEN AND HER COURTIERES EAT A WHOLE POT OF JAM EVERY DAY, HARRY!"

SUCCESSOR TO PETER QUINCE.

AGAIN hath been promulgated, in the church of Santa Maria-sopra-Minerva, in Rome, the Papal Bull inaugurating the pious association against the profanation of festivals by traffic and work. The Bull commenced in the following vigorous terms:—

"Since that most lamentable day in which, through the hidden wisdom of Divine Providence, it happened that a filthy inundation, poured out from hell, of most abandoned men, violently overwhelmed the centre of the Catholic faith, and driving us out from our legitimate principality, usurped all the rights of the civil power."

This is very pleasant reading. To be sure, not only does one seem to have read it all before, but to have read it over and over again. But there are some stories which will bear endless repetition, and so will the customary strong language of a Papal Bull. A Bull by PIUS is as fine in its way as a Bull by LANDSEER. As you would say of the picture—

"Hæc placuit semel; hæc docies repetita placabit."

—so likewise would you affirm of the Proclamation, meaning that it will please ten times any multiple of ten. The pleasure which it yields is not exactly identical with the amusement occasionally afforded you by invective overheard amongst the lower strata of society, but more nearly resembles that which you derive from the same forcible style of speech uttered, on provocation, by persons of dignity and distinction. The late EMPEROR NICHOLAS said it was worth while coming all the way from St. Petersburg to hear the DUKE OF WELLINGTON in a rage. Something had gone wrong at a review in Hyde Park; and the Duke had expressed his displeasure at it in damnable terms. So likewise does the POPE. In these days of reticence on the part of Sovereigns, whether reigning or dethroned; in this age of mealy-mouthedness affected by exalted Personages; it is cheering to hear the one who claims to be the most exalted of them all (though calling himself *servus servorum*) come out with

UNCO' GUID!

THERE can be no doubt that many thousands of persons, for whom the movements of Princes and Counts possess significance, have perused with interest a paragraph in the *Daily News*, concerning:—

"THE PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA AT OBAN.—On Saturday PRINCESS FREDERICK CHARLES OF PRUSSIA, who is travelling through the Highlands under the *incognito* of the COUNTESS VON DER MARK, arrived at Oban from Inverness, being accompanied by COUNT SCHLIFFENBACH."

Private letters inform us that COUNT SCHLIFFENBACH, wherever he goes in Scotland, affords occasion for remarks forming eximious instances of wit. Grave Deacons and Elders of the Kirk, and the other Kirks, have been heard to express the charitable hope that SCHLIFFENBACH's nose backslider. Then some one present has generally said "Hoot awa'!" and the rest have hooted.

DOCTORS OF ECONOMY.

AT Munich, upon the occasion of the University Jubilee, the Faculties of that seat of learning bestowed honours on certain distinguished foreigners. The Faculty of National Economy "conferred the degree of Doctor," says a telegram, "upon the English Premier, Mr. GLADSTONE, the EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, and Mr. JOHN STUART MILL." The Munich Dons might, while they were about it, have added another eminent Englishman to this list of Doctors. The first name thereon is in its right place. MR. GLADSTONE has distinguished himself as a National Economist considerably more than LORD SHAFTESBURY and MR. MILL. Witness various labourers and others thrown out of Government's employ. The spirit of the Cabinet over which our WILLIAM presides is pre-eminently economical. Epping Forest, Thames Embankment space, and much else of the same kind would, but for the Corporation of London and some likewise romantic Members of the House of Commons, have been sacrificed to revenue. But credit for the closest possible shaving is, though largely, not chiefly, due to the Chief Minister. The PREMIER is perhaps even in that way surpassed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER. The Munich University might as well have conferred the degree of Doctor of National Economy also on MR. LOWE.

open, downright, violent, straightforward, abusive epithets, which show that he has the courage of his opinions, inasmuch as, at the least, to be bold enough to declare them with perfect unreserve. Everybody else, of any consequence in these modern times, minces words; but the POPE doesn't. He keeps up the good old phraseology of Papal Bulls, so that they continue quite up to the mark of SWIFT's description of them in the *Tale of a Tub*. And United Italy can afford to stand them, and (hooray!) like the part of Lion as cast by Peter Quince, they are "nothing but roaring."

UNSEASONABLE DEMANDS.

AH! writes PILGRIC, evidently rendered cynical by narrow means, I wish I had all the money I should have thrown away if I had given a guinea to every Institution, Association, or Individual from whom, or on whose behalf, I have received a begging Circular.

The best reply, in present circumstances, to all solicitations for subscriptions to Memorials, and Testimonials, and all Charities for the benefit or relief of the Striking Classes, is made by returning the Circular of invitation thus briefly annotated:—

Butchers' meat at 1s. 3d. per pound.

Coals at 35s. per ton.

Income-tax.

Surgeons and others, whose names are on their doors, or else to be got at in any published Register, will probably find that by answering as above all letters, written or printed for the purpose of obtaining money not due, they will materially diminish the influx of their Circular Boreds.

Stable Talk and Table Talk.

A CERTAIN species of after-dinner conversation is commonly described as "talking horse." It might generally, perhaps, better be called talking Donkey.



"AH! WOULD YOU?"

Elders Son. "O 'Pa', 'Ma' says shall she buy you some nice worsted socks in the village, they'd do capitally for your gout in the winter—"

[Aggravating; wasn't it?—He was just off for a botanising stroll with that old Gentleman and his charming Daughters whose acquaintance he'd made the day before!]

BENEDICTORY CURSES.

By the kindness of an enthusiastic Spiritualist we have been favoured with the following example of direct spirit-writing. It is, we are assured, quite "reliable," having been obtained through a medium in whose presence crystals, spoons, and other valuables have repeatedly disappeared:—

To the VENERABLE ARCHDEACON DENISON.

MY DEAR ARCHDEACON,—Thank you very much indeed for standing up so pluckily as you have done, like a brick and a pillar of the Church, for my Creed, retained in its present position, state, and use, without note or explanation. It certainly requires no addition of the kind. The dispute about it could easily be settled. Invite Convocation to resolve that any of its clauses objected to in their literal and grammatical meaning, may be conscientiously taken as you Ritualists take some of the Articles which you cannot swallow, although you have signed them, in a non-natural sense.

Ever yours,

ATHANASIUS.

P.S.—SOCRATES, SENECA, and DR. JOHNSON are entirely of my opinion. You are a jolly good fellow. And so say all of us.

*Morning Land, Seventh Sphere,
Middle of Next Week, 1872.*

Black Diamonds.

THE chemical difference between the Diamond and Coal is so little, that Coal may be regarded as a form of Carbon approximating to the Diamond. The difference in value between the two substances, until lately, was considerable; but now the price of Coal is rising at such a rate, that, in the quality of precious stone also, Coals are rapidly getting approximated to Diamonds.

LEGISLATION FOR NAUGHTY MEN.

THE Licensing Bill must be regarded as a very incomplete enactment as it does not contain provisions (conceived in the spirit which dictates all legislation for regulating people's personal habits), to prescribe appropriate punishments not only for publicans daring to carry on their business during prohibited hours, but also for the customers combined with them in disobeying the law intended to make them all good. For a customer's first offence the penalty might, besides a fine, be an imposition of a certain number of lines, or sums, or pages of history or geography; the offender, if so illiterate as to be unable to learn a task, to be for a certain time "kept in," or compelled to stand on a stool. The second offence should render him liable to a caning, and, in case of a third, the man convicted of illicit drinking should incur the graver chastisement inflicted on contumacious boys at Eton. This would be Liquor Legislation for men. As for women, we know that, in respect of liquor, they are all of them a law unto themselves. They do not require to be checked, as naughty men do.

Plural on Plural.

HALF Hebrew, half English,
Old BENJAMIN MOSES
Cries "Clothes" all the week,
But on Saturday "closes."

A Trifle from the British Association.

Q. WHAT is the difference between Fixed Stars and Shooting Stars?

A. The one are Suns; the other Darters.



A PRIVILEGED SUBJECT.

Our Station-Master (to admiring Peasants). "LOE' BLESS YOU! I'VE SHUNTED HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN LOTS O' TIMES, WHEN SHE'S COME DOWN BY OUR LINE!!"

EXTRA-PARLIAMENTARY UTTERANCES.

JUSTICE TO IRELAND.

To the Right Honourable the Lords Spiritual and Temporal of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,

and
To the Honourable the Commons of the same United Kingdom (not at present) in Parliament assembled:

PUNCH sends greeting.

WHEREAS it has come to our ears that, in both Houses of Parliament, there are many Members who occupy seats for the alleged purpose of making Laws for the United Kingdom, including Ireland, who have never set their foot in that Country:

And Whereas "Justice to Ireland" [under which name is included the place called "Oireland," or the "Gim of the Say," or the "Im-erald Isle"] has been made a Hustings cry by many popularity-mongers who are ignorant of the Country and its people and its wants:

And Whereas many of such Members may be surprised to hear that such a Country really exists, and that it contains as regards people some of the most beautiful women in the world, and some of the lightest-hearted "boys" who ever breathed, in addition to the most exquisite Lake and Mountain scenery:

Now We, **Punch**, desire and command all of you who have talked about a Country, and legislated for a Country, which can be reached in twelve hours, that during the present vacation, you one and all, together with your wives and children, if you are married, and with your sisters, nieces, or intended wives, if you intend to marry, forthwith visit that part of the United Kingdom called Ireland, and that, passing rapidly through the regular touring districts, which are the special property of hotel-keepers, guides, and stage peasants and beggars, you travel in and about the more unfrequented parts—especially in the far West, where money is most wanted; and, with-

BOTH SIDES OF THE QUESTION.

Down on the Ramsgate beach,
Two Ladies, jolly and fat,
Were sitting together, and each
Wore a broad-brimmed sea-side hat.

The husband of one sold coals;
The husband of t'other sold meat;
They both were jovial souls,
Enjoying an autumn treat.

"Here 's a letter from my old man,
JEMIMA, my love," says one;
"And he has a nice little plan
To give us another month's run."

"And I have a letter, too,"
The other Lady, says she;
"And, upon my word 'tis true,
My old man 's a-coming to me."

"For what 's the odds, Mrs. RICE,
About a few pounds to us?
Coals are gone up in price,
In spite of all bother and fuss."

"And here 's my old man's letter,"
Mrs. RICE says to Mrs. BROWN,
"To state times never was better,
And meat will never go down."

Then I thought of over-worked clerks,
And their pale-faced children at home,
Who must take it out in the parks,
As they cannot afford to roam.

An untaxed breakfast 's the cry;
Only give us cheap sugar and tea!
Cheaper coals and meat, say I,
And a chance of a dip in the sea.

SOMETHING FOR A FEW OF 'EM.

WHY do they write M.P. after their names?
It's a caution to creditors, and may be taken to stand
for M.P.-cunious.

out patronage or haughty manner, that you go in amongst the peasantry, and make yourselves acquainted with their wants, their hopes, and their fears:

And in default of your so doing, I hereby warn you that at the next meeting of Parliament We, **Punch**, attended by our faithful dog Toby, will be present in both Houses of Parliament, and should you, or any of you who have disregarded this our mandate, attempt to vote or speak on any Irish question, our Royal displeasure shall be testified, in spite of the LORD CHANCELLOR or the Right Honourable the SPEAKER of the House of Commons, by the aid of our *bâton* and our pen—one or both—in such a manner that each of you who shall have disobeyed this our mandate will abuse the day when he became an Hereditary Legislator, or wrote M.P. after his name, as the case may be.

Given at our Court, 85, Fleet Street, this 13th day of August, 1872.

PUNCH.

TOBY X his mark.

PRIVILEGE AND 'PIKES.

AN inhabitant of a London suburb, a pedestrian except when occasionally using a public conveyance, has the honour of paying very handsomely in local rates for the accommodation, with roads whereon tolls have been abolished, of his neighbour who keeps a carriage and horses. When sojourning out of town in some perhaps not very remote country district, he hires a vehicle, and drives or is driven to see a Cathedral, or other lions. In the course of his journey he has to pay toll to the amount of fourpence or sixpence, or more, at several turnpikes. It grieves him very much indeed to think that he is helping to deprive his provincial fellow-countrymen of the honour and pleasure of keeping their roads in repair on his account at their expense, as he, for his part, and in his own particular district, has to do on that of the Public at large, including themselves.

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)



PERHAPS of all the pleasant tours projected by the Capacious Intellect of a BRADSHAW (who was one of the Regicides and is now one of the Railway-sides) the most agreeable is that which commences, thus, "Paris," and ends, "Appilly." This is how every trip ought to finish. On this route ("No. 33 in the books, Gentlemen") you pass through Ham, like the sharp blade you are, but not like a knife, as in that case you'd cut it, as M. LOUIS NAPOLEON did in 1846, when he walked off with a plank on his shoulder, and a beam of joy in his eye. Alas! where are we now? Why after Ham (which is

broiling in August) you arrive at "Appilly," where you'll sing or say:—

"Appilly, Appilly
Shall we live now!"

and remember that Appilly is, as the name also implies, a great place for Orchards. *En voiture, Messieurs, en voiture!* Jump up, take your ticket, don't breathe upon the glasses, and insist upon being taken to

Homburg, where, it being the last year of the tables which are going to be turned, you must make your game while the ball rolls. Then go off to Spa, to which place don't forget to take your gloves and have a box at the Theatre, and enter your name in the regular Lists. After this, there being yet a few gaming-tables still in existence, try Ems.

Ems is so called from so many distinguished people staying here *incognito*. They are merely enrolled in the *Visitors' Guide* as "M. or N. as the case may be." Hence they are mostly Ems or Ens as the cases may be. When here go down the Lahn to the Rhine, and, having done the Lahn, you'll have nothing more to learn from this neighbourhood. By the way, the sailing-boats plying on the Lahn have their rigging taut. (Advice.—Try this *jeu de mot* in German. No extra charge.) Now is the time for going to Sweden. From the Rhine the line is almost direct, and if you can only be absent for a few days, make the most of your time.

Sweden is a very flat country; so that any person who's only half sharp can get on remarkably well. Ask the first flat you meet to advance you a sum sufficient for your tour. If he's only flat enough, you won't have much trouble to get round him.

Sweden was formerly divided into two parts—Sweden Proper and Sweden Improper. Now, however, one is merged in the other, so that there is no knowing which is which. The country is well watered by rivers which flow all over the place, rendering a tourist with a portable bath, and a sail to it, entirely independent.

Sport—for which you will of course go—is magnificent. There are Elks (which is a sort of Pickled Whelks), Bears, Wolves, and Wild Cats.

To Trap Elks.—Supply yourself with vinegar and oil, peppering them first with some small shot.

For the Capture of Bears only a good supply of buns is necessary. Those purchasable at the Zoological Gardens are best for the purpose.

To Take Wolves.—Provide yourself with a sheepskin. Put this on, and go out, on all fours, in the moonlight. The wolves will at once rush down upon you, and the foremost will seize you, when you will at once seize him.

As to *Wild Cats*, the same plan must be pursued as the last above-mentioned, only that in this instance you will be dressed as a mouse. MR. MAY, the Theatrical Costumier, would supply you with the dress, as would any courteous Manager of a large Theatre, out of Pantomime time. The Clown's Red-Hot Poker would create an immense sensation in the Northern Regions among the Icebergs. Apply to MONSIEUR AUGUSTE HARRIS, of Covent Garden, for the real thing. There's a sport for you!

At Stockholm you'll visit the Royal Academy founded by the celebrated LINNEUS; and you are permitted to ask, on entering, who *was* the celebrated LINNEUS? when you will have had an opportunity of contributing to the Academy by exhibiting—your ignorance.

After this (if they'll let you), visit the Bank. Examine the coinage, and bring away with you a few specimens of notes and gold, in order to add to your home stock of useful information about Stockholm.

After this, go to the House of the Diet, where you can stay while we go to the House of our Diet—the Hotel. So far so good for the present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Muffin.—You say you want to go to China, but still would prefer Germany. Can't do both. Then why not go to Dresden for China?

Buttercup wants to know if Hastings is on the sea? No: on the land. Don't ask such ridiculous questions.

Tuppence.—How many people can live comfortably at Tenby? Now then, TUPPENCE, what is the good of calling it Tenby if eleven people can live there. Get out.

Bonassus asks what are the Carpathians? Must we, for the twentieth time, answer that they are Monks. Their name is derived from their never walking, but always going along the path in a car. Simple when you know it, isn't it? They are not to be confused with the Trappists.

Weeping Willy wishes to know who is The Mauritius? We'll tell WILLIAM. He is Governor of an island, and is the head of a Clan like THE O'DONOGHUE, THE O'MULLIGAN, and so forth.

Jenny Twiddleums would be so glad to know what costume is the best for the sea-side. We reply, dear JENNY, whatever becomes you best. Periwiggle Pattern hat with sea-rulean ribands, a body of water, sand shoes, and hair in a net. Always look at yourself in a pier-glass before you start, and that's all.

"If I go abroad," writes SNUFFLER to us, "can I get cheap lodgings? An Attie will do, anywhere, but where?" The best attic is in Venice: there SNUFFLER will find a *dry-attie*. Good-bye, SNUFFLER.

MILITARY USE OF SARUM.

A LETTER in the *Post*, concerning the Army on Salisbury Plain, contains a passage of which the "commencement" has a "sequestration" which seems doubtfully "answerable":—

"For the last two or three days the different regimental bands have been individually and collectively practising divers lugubrious tunes without any apparent object. This morning, however, about half-past ten, the aim of their labours became evident, when Divine service was performed *ad fresco* in each of the divisions, and the musical portion of the office was most creditable to the bands and improvised choirs."

The tunes practised by the military bands were simply "lugubrious" to the mind of the hearer who so describes them, until he came to hear them played in the performance of Divine service. Then he thought the "musical portion of the office," of which they mainly consisted, "most creditable to the bands and improvised choirs." Lugubrious and creditable; "most musical, most melancholy." What was this "office" of which the musical portion was, although lugubrious, yet creditably performed? The "Office for the Dead"? A military mass, and not only that, but a Military Requiem? MR. WHALLEY, only fancy the idea of a British military band playing an accompaniment to the *Dies Ira*! Is Ritualism, expanded into Romanism out-and-out, the enemy which has invaded and taken captive our Army on Salisbury Plain? What a pity that there is not now sitting a House of Commons in which perhaps you would ask MR. CARDWELL that question!

Theocracy in Japan.

THE *Times*, the other day, announced that the Japanese Government, intended shortly to proclaim a new religion. Perhaps His Holiness the MIKADO will be more successful at that sort of work than His Holiness the POPE has been. The Japanese have swallowed their Sovereign Pontiff's Infallibility; swallowed it long ago; and there is no likelihood that his definition or dictation of novel dogmas, how absurd soever, will cause a schism among the Japanese faithful, and create a Church of Old Buddhists, or Old Heathen of any other denomination.

Startling, if True.

It is whispered that a leading Member of Her Majesty's Government is suffering from nervous symptoms, the result of a shock which he experienced the other evening from the sight of an apparition. The Right Honourable Gentleman's supernatural visitant presented itself, according to report, in the form of the sanguinary child that rises out of the Witches' cauldron in *Macbeth*. It is supposed to have been the ghost of a Massacred Innocent.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HE Northern Farmer opposite me at dinner. Now's the time to lead up to farming, and find out something more about what ENGLEMORE calls "Mister Turnips." Somehow the conversation, becoming unmanageable, turns on "paper." Northern Farmer knows all about it. He says they make paper of grass now.

Happy Thought.—Set up a County Paper, offices, machinery, and all complete, in a Grass County.

Conversation, becoming more unmanageable than before, darts about the table like a ball in a Racquet Court, and is caught and sent forward and sent back, and hit on the rebound, and then dropped; when some one brings

up a fresh ball, and on we go again. Suddenly, *à propos* of the second course, the Northern Farmer, in the midst of a lull, asks me loudly, and so pointedly as almost to make me blush, I can't in the least tell why. "What Salmon do you get in London?"

I don't think I've ever been so much discomposed and startled by a question as by this. What Salmon do I get in London? [On subsequent analysis I come to the conclusion that I was taken by surprise, and lost my presence of mind, because—*First*. I didn't expect a Farmer to be interested in fish. *Secondly*. The subject previously, up to that fifteen seconds of silence, had not been fish or anything like it. *Thirdly*. The question presumed that my residence was in London, and I should have had to explain, publicly, that it wasn't. *Fourthly*. That his way of saying "you—in London" sounded insulting, as if he took me by my dress and style for a genuine Cockney. *Fifthly*. I've never got (*i.e.* bought) Salmon in London.]

Happy Thought (on recovering my self-possession).—To reply, "O, GROVES'S, Bond Street," which I feel is an evasion.

My Aunt, who has got Salmon in London, replies, on her own account, "Savern Semmon—I mean Severn Salmon." Of course, Salmon from the Severn; quite a familiar name now I hear it, but very odd that it wouldn't come when called for by the Northern Farmer. "O," says the latter, as rather surprised, "not Christchurch Salmon?"

Happy Thought.—Reply with certainty, "No, not Christchurch Salmon." Feel quite at home now. Remember Christchurch described as a lovely place. Turn the conversation by saying, "A lovely place—Christchurch," and everybody appears to be listening for a description of it from me. MILBURN, across my Aunt, asks, "Ever been there?" It occurs to me suddenly that I have seen it as a station on the South-Western.

Happy Thought.—To reply, "Yes—that is—I've passed through it." Better drop the subject.

MILBURN asks if it isn't in the New Forest. I leave this for some one else to answer. On second thoughts, how about Salmon in a Forest? The Northern Farmer has been joking, perhaps, and playing into MILBURN's hands. If there are Salmon in a Forest, then a Sportsman's Diary in the New Forest would be interesting, specially if kept by ENGLEMORE—thus:—

August 12th.—Two guns. Bagged four brace of Colonel Cock Salmon. Winged Mister Mackerel. Major Sprats rather wild; couldn't get near 'em.

August 13th.—Two barrels. Potted Shrimps. Peppered little Tommy Lobster just as he was going to earth. Came on a fine covey of Red Herrings. Bagged five brace. Kicked up Mister Crab, and let him have it hot.

And so on.

While I have been helping myself to potatoes the conversation has turned on horses, then to artists who paint horses. Well-informed man, the Northern Farmer. Knows all about sheep and animals generally. Also about sheep and animal painters. MILBURN asks if "he's seen POTTER'S Bull in Holland?" "Meaning PAUL POTTER'S?" Yes he has," he answers, which has the effect of taking MILBURN down a bit. Northern Farmer now speaks of a farm (his,

I suppose) at Kendal. By easy steps we get on to corn, hay, and oats.

Happy Thought.—Farmer's Scientific Catechism. Elementary Questions. "What is Corn? What is Hay? What are Oats?" &c. Perhaps this plan is pursued at an Agricultural College. It strikes me for the first time that if I want to go in for this sort of thing regularly, and not only *pour me distraire*, I ought to enter at an Agricultural College.

Happy Thought.—To find out all about it. Will write to ENGLEMORE and ask him to inquire for me while he's in the country. ENGLEMORE will probably write back to say that there are lectures by Professor Parsnip and Doctor Carrota. Instead of a "Bachelor" as a degree, it must be a "Husbandman." The academical dress would be, I suppose, Gowns and Gaiters. To be "ploughed for smalls" would be praise instead of expressing a failure. Think it out, and resume subsequently. Write to ENGLEMORE.

After Dinner.—Still at table. Northern Farmer, becoming hearty (he calls it "arty"), says in broad dialect, that if I'm coming his way he'd be glad to see me. Certainly.

Happy Thought.—Get to dates. When? Song, "Would you but name the Day." He'll be home again in a month from now. Good. I'll tell him plainly and openly why I want to "cultivate" (agricultural term) him. I inform him that I consider him a professor. [By the way, his daughter is sitting by his side all the time, smiling but silent. Pretty.] "No, no," he says, "not a professor."

"Yours," I insist upon it—meaning by "yours" "your occupation,"—"yours is a Profession, not a business, or a trade. In fact," I say, "there's science and art in it." I confide to him that "I intend learning his profession," meaning farming, only I don't name it, as I take for granted he understands me, which he evidently does, as he replies that he doesn't suppose I'd care much about it. As he is going to Brussels with his daughter, where she will be at school for some time, we shall not see one another after Antwerp; therefore, while we think of it, if he'd give me his card, or write his address, I would do myself the pleasure, &c., &c., when I come to the North, &c., &c., which I certainly shall, as I intend "going in for the thing regularly;" the thing meaning, as before, farming.

Happy Thought (while he is looking in his pocket-book for card).—Imagine his address—it will be "Sunnyside Farm"—"Rosedale Dairy"—Homely wife—boxom maid-servants—well-educated daughter—honeysuckles—cows—new milk—up with the lark—down with the plough—home to oatmeal porridge—practical work in fields—top-dressings, &c., &c. I see it all in my mind's eye.

He can't find the card now, but will look in his bag. During the evening I talk on the subject with MILBURN who, however, retires early.

Happy Thought.—Perfectly calm. Go to bed. My Aunt says she feels quite well, she thinks, but a little feverish, and MRS. MILBURN has told her that the best thing to take is a sodler of tumby and brander; "or," as the Steward is passing she addresses him hastily, "will you be good enough to bring me a wice of glassed water, if you please." [Translation, per Dixon's Johnsonary—"A sodler," &c., a tumbler of brandy and soda; and "Will you bring me a wice," &c., a glass of iced water.]

Antwerp.—Morning. Having to attend to my Aunt, I don't see much of Northern Farmer. He is just leaving the boat as I hail him. "Ah!" he exclaims, hurriedly. "Good-bye, Sir. 'Ere's the card." The daughter smiles upon me as I reply, "Good-bye, Sir. You shall hear from me, depend upon it."

I explain to my Aunt that this acquaintance will be useful to me, and I proceed to examine the card. It is

MR. PETER CHOPP,

UPHOLSTERER,

22, EAST TICKETON STREET,

MANCHESTER.

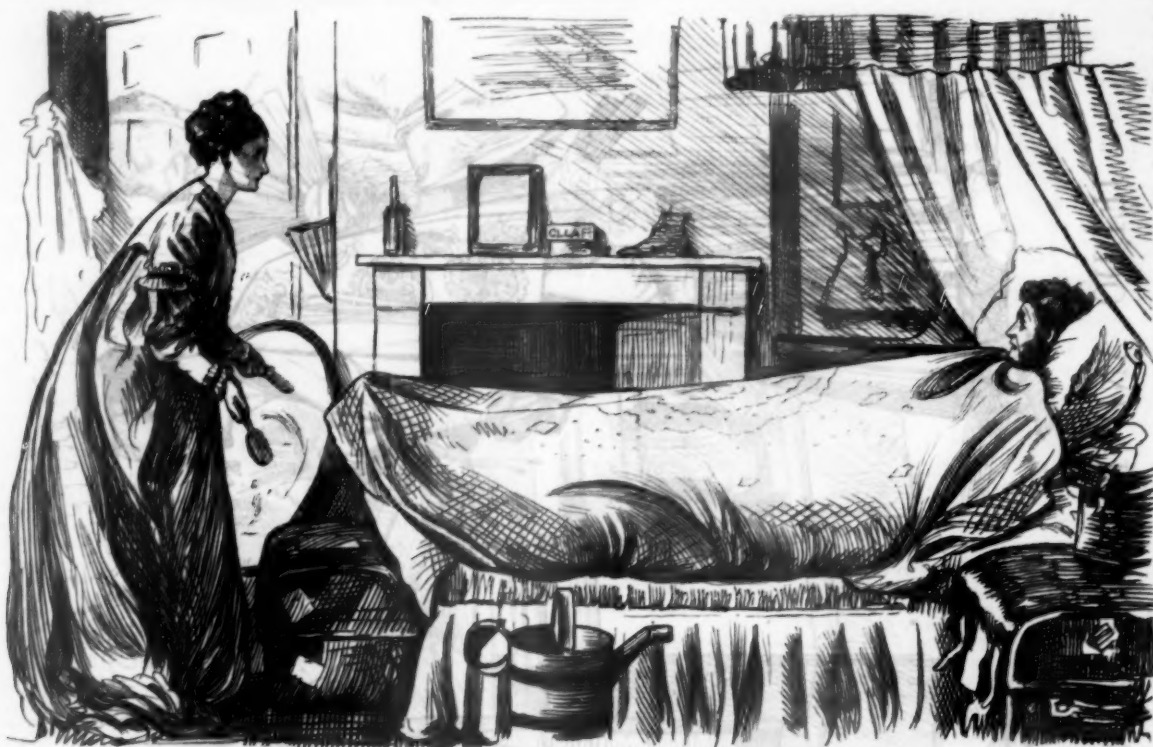
!!!

Clearly then I've been calling upholstering a Profession, and offering to learn the business, and go to him as an apprentice.

Happy Thought.—CHOPP's gone to Brussels. We're off in the opposite direction.

Beer for the Brave!

THERE is one person, out on an excursion, who ought to be able to get a glass of beer on a Sunday during Excursion Hours at any time, but at present is not, from another cause than the tyranny of the Licensing Act. He is in the truest sense of the word a *bona fide* traveller, being, at present, considerably more than five miles from home. The *bona fide* traveller of travellers is DR. LIVINGSTONE.



HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

Injured Individual. "HEIGHO! I DID THINK I SHOULD FIND SOME REFUGE FROM THE MISERIES OF THE SEA-SIDE IN THE COMFORTS OF A BAD! JUST LOOK WHERE MY FEET ARE, MARIA!"

His Wife. "WELL, JOHN! IT'S ONLY FOR A MONTH, YOU KNOW!"

HAWFINCH AT HARVEST HOME.

THE year opened wild, which did last droo the Spring,
And the leaves all out early, and crops forrard, bring,
And the swallows and martins to 'pear on the wing,
And the drushes and blackbirds to whistle and zing.

We shall suffer, I says, for all this here by'm-by;
And I didn't, when I foretold that, tell no lie.
For at length rainy weather come arter the dry,
And the sharp blackthorn winter the fruit killed, well-nigh.

The apples was purty well nipped in the bud,
But the pears has escaped from the frosts and the flood;
There was plenty o' grass, fit for chaw'n o' the cud,
But haymakun was hendered for cattle and stud.

Then thunder and lightnun' did gurtly prevail;
Turned all the small beer sour and most o' the ale.
There was some fear at one time the harvest 'ood fail;
But by August's late sunshine 'twas saved for the flail.

The steam-flails I calls um—the thrashun' machines;
I be but a Clown; but you knows what I means.
Sing wheat, barley, rye, vetches, wuts, peas and beans,
And turnmuts, and mangold, and clover, and greens.

There's a good lot o' taters, though touched wi' the blight,
And the cattle-plag here and there beasties med amite,
If coals 'ood but come down now they'd patience requite;
But the prices o' stock makes your high meat all right.

So let us be joyful whilst youthful we be,
Arter life's sprightly prime, arter sad age we see,
The mould (says the haythen) 'ool ha' hold o' we.
Then drink off your liquors so long as you're free.

But what a despicable Act is this here,
Allowancun' fellers what hours to git beer!
To stand laws so petty, and strict, and severe,
The People's a turnun' to milksops, there's fear.

THE POPE never governed his slaves wus at Roam,
And happy 's the man that can brew beer at whoam,
The fat beer alone now that makes the jug foam,
In spite o' Police he can mysen his loam.

Here 's the land that we live in, and perish the man
As 'ood like to rule England the same as Japan,
Or the haythen Chinee's mandareen-ridden plan,
And look doors and shoot bolts 'twixt a chap and his can!

Touchy Travellers.

THE source of the Nile appears, after all, to have been not as yet actually discovered, but conjectured only by DR. LIVINGSTONE. Other travellers are still at loggerheads about the question, verbal or real, of the origin of that historical river. Travellers appear to be a sensitive class of mortals. Their letters to the newspapers entitle us to speak of them, generically, as *Genus irritabile Viatorem*. Temper, rather than logic, is manifest in their squabbles, and, perhaps from their wandering propensity, travellers are apt to travel from the point at issue. This may be accounted for phrenologically by the preponderance of "Locality" and the other perceptive organs over those of reflection, which contributes to make men roam, regardless of consequences, among cannibals.

SPORTING EXAM.

Question. Trace the descent of the Day of Danebury from the Dey of Algiers or any other Dey that's convenient.



JEDDO AND BELFAST; OR, A PUZZLE FOR JAPAN.

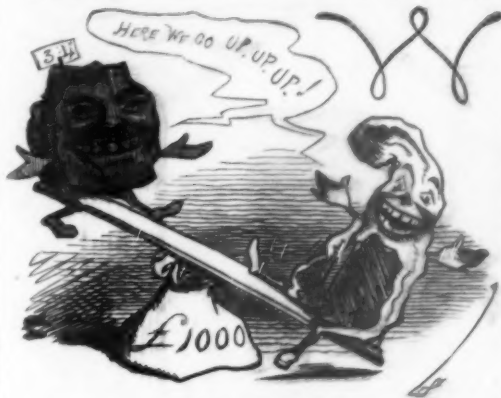
JAPANESE AMBASSADOR. "THEN THOSE PEOPLE, YOUR GRACE, I SUPPOSE ARE HEATHEN?"
 ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. "ON THE CONTRARY, YOUR EXCELLENCY: THOSE ARE AMONG OUR MOST ENTHUSIASTIC RELIGIONISTS!"




COUNTY COURTSHIP FOR THE COMMONALTY.



for obtaining a pecuniary indemnity for disappointed affections as those at the command of middle-class young ladies, and of young ladies of the higher classes, if they want to use them, which they seldom do. Why should Cads and Roughs be privileged to be faithless and inconstant, and trifle with the fond feelings of a confiding girl? It is possible that a defendant in the lower orders would, in proportion to his circumstances, be sufficiently amered, whilst the woman whom he had deserted would obtain adequate compensation, by a verdict of damages to the amount of five shillings; for lacerated attachment is as capable of being salved by a crown in a humble station of life as it is by a thousand pounds in a higher, although in either case, perhaps, the damages would be assessed by a jury of thinking and honest men at one farthing. Still, the poor young woman, susceptible of pecuniary satisfaction for injured love, ought to have the same chance, in proportion, as the rich, whilst there is a chance for any woman of making money out of a man otherwise so worthless, or so wise, as to have broken his word with her. Let the scullion or cook have her action against the faithless footman, and Susan the lady's-maid be enabled to sue JOHN THOMAS.

It is true that the transference of breach of promise of marriage cases from

Nisi Prius to County Courts would diminish the professional earnings of Barristers by depriving them of many golden opportunities of exerting their impassioned and earnest eloquence. Every right-minded man would lament to see Gentlemen of the Long Robe deprived of a very great deal of lucrative and particularly creditable business; but the interests of even-handed justice must nevertheless be held paramount to those even of an honourable profession. And there would still remain for Counsel much business of a nature equally creditable. Quacks and Rogues, called what they are, would continue to bring their actions for libel. Impostors would not cease to claim estates. There are plenty of others, besides speculative and mercenary women, to employ advocates.

Wanted a Father.

CHRISTIANITY once conquered civilised heathenism. The ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, considering the number of civilised heathens with whom we now mingle, seems to fear that, if we do not take care what we are about, civilised heathenism will have its revenge. The letters in reply to the Primate's remarks, from ARDRESHER B. CAPADIA and THAKUR, in the *Times*, appear to show that, to confute such antagonists as these Indian gentlemen, the Church needs an apologist in logic and learning considerably superior to TERTULLIAN; but can Convocation, or could the Crown, even by the offer of an Archbishopric, produce an equal to him?

Initials in Vogue.

Lively Young Lady (to Paterfamilias). Note from GERTRUDE CLACK, Papa. "My dear ANITA,—Will you favour us with your company to-morrow afternoon at a game of croquet, to come off on the lawn at four precisely. D.V."

Paterfamilias. D.V., my dear! MISS GERTRUDE CLACK is very profane.

Lively Young Lady. La, Papa! D.V.—the dresses we are all to wear, you know. Dolly Vardens.

"THE ILLITERATES."

A BALLOT DRAMA.

SCENE 1.—Office of the Agent of LORD PEPPEREM, the popular Candidate. Present—LORD P.'s Committee and MR. SLYBOOTS, Confidential Manager.

Chairman. Well, MR. SLYBOOTS, what's the next move? Time is running short, and the poll will close in half-an-hour.

Mr. Slyboots. All right, Sir; there are only three polling places, and I have an illiterate for each who will occupy a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes at the close.

Chairman. Good! who are they?

Mr. Slyboots. Old LEATHERS, who was a postboy once, who will do the stone-deaf business: he goes to Polling-booth A. PURL, who keeps The Wired Hare beershop, an old Poacher with the gift of the gab, will go to Polling-booth B: and SOAPSUDS, the stammering Barber, is told off for Polling-booth C.

SCENE 2.—Polling-booth A. Present—the Presiding Officer, LORD PEPPEREM's Agent, MR. NEWBROOM's Agent, and two Constables.

Enter LEATHERS, a wizened old man, who pulls his forelock.

Leathers. Good morning, Gentlemen. (*Officer shows him into a compartment and hands him Ballot-paper.*) I don't rightly understand this here. My regular money always have a been a guinea for every one I brought to the poll, drunk or sober, provided he polled.

Presiding Officer (with some excitement). Put a mark, Sir, against the Member's name for whom you wish to vote, and don't keep the electors waiting.

Leathers. Beg your pardon, Sir, but I be main deaf to be sure; and I come out without my speaking-trumpet this morning.

Constable (shouting in his ear). Put your cross, Sir, against the Member's name.

Leathers. I beant a going for a cross in this 'ere job.

Presiding Officer. Put your mark, Sir, or leave the booth.

[LEATHERS becomes intensely deaf for some minutes.

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. This is monstrous! Eleven minutes out of the last twenty are gone already owing to this blockhead's stupidity.

Lord Pepperem's Agent. I insist that this poor man, who is suffering under the terrible infirmity of deafness, shall not be bullied.

Presiding Officer. Now, my good man, there are two names on that paper—do you understand that?

Leathers. Ees, Sir, if you say so, I believe you. But what be the names?

Presiding Officer (furious). Read them, Sir, for yourself.

Leathers (whose deafness is getting better). I beant no scholar.

Presiding Officer. Can you read, Sir?

Leathers. Well, Sir, not rightly well. I can read the letters T A P over a tap-room, as an old pal of mine, as was a brother postboy, learnt me, but nothin' else.

Lord Pepperem's Agent. I claim to have this man's vote recorded as that of an illiterate voter. The constables must leave the room.

[*Presiding Officer produces declaration for Illiterate.*

Leathers (who is getting very deaf indeed again). I beant a-going to put my mark to nothing which I don't understand, Gents.

Town Clock log. Ding dong—ding dong—ding dong—ding dong! Bom! Bom! Bom! Bom!

Presiding Officer. Four o'clock. Poll closed! [*Exit LEATHERS.*

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. This is monstrous! outrageous! I'll write to the T—

Voice from the Crowd. Was Old LEATHERS deaf enough for 'ee, old cock?

SCENE 3.—Polling-Booth B.

(Present at this, and at Polling-Booth C, the same class of Officers as at Polling-Booth A.)

Enter MR. PURL, Landlord of the Wired Hare, touching his forelock like MR. LEATHERS.

Time 3'45 P.M.

Purl. Good morning, Gentlemen, and my respects to you, MR. SMITH (*Presiding Officer*). As you knows, Sir, I am not a scholar.

Mr. Smith. Quite right, PURL, and I will read you a declaration which you will have to make. Retire, Constables! [*Reads.*

Purl. Now, MR. SMITH, I ain't a going to sign any declaration before I understands this, and I wants to ask you a few questions.

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. This can't be done; we have only twelve minutes to time.



LIFE WOULD BE PLEASANT, BUT FOR ITS "PLEASURES."—SIR CORNEWALL LEWIS.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE ENGLISH WATERING-PLACES BEING CROWDED, PEOPLE ARE GLAD TO FIND SLEEPING ACCOMMODATION IN THE BATHING-MACHINES.

Boots (from Jones's Hotel). "I'VE BROUGHT YOUR SHAVING WATER, SIR; AND YOU'LL PLEASE TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR BOOTS ON THE STEPS, GENTS: THE TIDE'S JUST A COMIN' IN!"

Voices from Without. Let us in to vote!
Lord Pepperem's Agent. This man shall not be hurried; a declaration is a very solemn thing. Mr. Presiding Officer, I demand that this declaration be explained.

Purl. All I want to know is, Gents, is this 'ere on the square?

Presiding Officer. Whom do you vote for, Sir?

Purl. Well, that depends on circumstances; our price is well known, and no one knows it better than you, Mr. SMITH, for when Mr. HANDICAP, LORD ROPER's son, stood, you settled with us (SMITH turns pale); and you knows very well, Sir, that me and four-and-twenty who uses my house, The Wired Hare, goes together for three pounds down and ten after, and if your money is ready—as it used to be regular—our votes is too.

Smith (in a tremendous voice). Constables—Constables!

Enter Constables.

Purl. Now, Gents, I am quite ready for this little game, as I axed my lawyer—him as got the four burglars off at last Assizes—and he says to me says he, PURL, he says, don't you sign nothin' you don't understand, for you are a hignirant man, PURL, he says says he, and don't you be done, PURL; and I don't mean to be done, Gents.

Smith (frantic). Constable, remove that man.

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. There are only two minutes to spare.

Purl. Just one of you put a finger on me, as my lawyer says to me, says he, "PURL," he says, "let 'em touch you, that's all," and now, you two, do it if you dare (to Constables); I'll give you my head, and won't hit you again; but my lawyer shall let you 'ave it, he shall, at the Assizes.

Town Clock. Ding dong! &c., &c.

Smith. Poll closed.

SCENE 4.—Polling-Booth C.

Enter MR. SOAPSUDS, the Barber.

Presiding Officer. MR. SOAPSUDS, I understand that you are

illiterate. (SOAPSUDS nods approvingly.) I will now read you the declaration. (Reads.) You understand that? (SOAPSUDS nods very approvingly.) For whom do you wish to vote—for PEPPEREM, or NEWBROOM, or both?

[SOAPSUDS, after making a movement in his throat and mouth as if he had cracked a nut and swallowed an oyster, shakes his head and fails to speak.]

Presiding Officer. This is very sad. I think we might ask him to nod as I name the candidates.

Lord Pepperem's Agent. I protest—no prompting! This is a very intelligent tradesman, and must not be hurried.

Voices from Without. Put that stuttering Barber out, and let us in! We want to vote!

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. Time is going, Gentlemen. We cannot keep the Electors out.

[Five minutes' wrangle takes place between the two Agents.]

Presiding Officer. Now, MR. SOAPSUDS, try again.

[SOAPSUDS goes through a prolonged pantomime, and butting with his head, begins, "PEP-P-P-P-P-P—," and takes breath.]

Mr. Newbroom's Agent. I insist on the word being spoken.

Soapsuds. NEW—N—N—N—N—N—

Lord Pepperem's Agent. I insist on the word being spoken too.

Town Clock, as before, strikes Four. Poll closes.

SCENE THE LAST.—At the Wired Hare Beershop. Present—MESSES. PURL, LEATHERS, SOAPSUDS, and Twenty-four other Independent Electors, many of whom had been on the mill.

Mr. Purl, Chairman, loq. Gentlemen, it is no use a trying on these here games with us. Me and LEATHERS and SOAPSUDS have taught them a lesson against violating of our rights and invading of our privileges. They have had their little game to-day, and I hope you have enjoyed our little "Ballot-box" to-night. And here's to LORD PEPPEREM, the Poor Man's Friend!



"AT THE CHURCH GATE."

"SO NOW YOU'VE BEEN TO CHURCH, ETHEL! AND WHICH PART OF IT ALL DO YOU LIKE BEST?"

"THIS PART, MAMMA!"

THE BALLOT AND THE BOOBIES.

THE town of Pontefract has hitherto been celebrated chiefly for the production of liquorice, with which, henceforth, will perhaps be connected the fact that the Pontefract constituency was that body whereon first in Great Britain was tried the experiment of the Ballot. The result of this experiment shows that at other elections, in other places, where the proportions of illiterate and indolent electors to those capable of voting and taking the trouble to vote are probably the same, a great many fools will be disfranchised by their own blunders, and a greater number of other fools by their own laziness in failing to vote. The more blockheads there are whose votes are thrown away the better; educated and respectable people can abstain from voting if they please.

By all means let them abstain from voting if they particularly wish to continue to be governed by those whom MR. LOWE called our masters, the lower orders. Suppose they want to remain privileged with the honour of exclusively paying Income-tax, and further of exclusively paying, by an increase of Income-tax, the expenses, voted by the representatives of the Populace, of any war which the Populace may demand. Then let them carefully, or carelessly, no matter how, absent themselves from the polling-box. Do they desire to have the thin end of the compulsory Temperance wedge, which has been introduced by Government in the shape of the "Intoxicating Liquors" Act, driven home to the prohibition of the sale of swipes? Are they really anxious to be put into leading-strings and strait-waistcoats yet tighter than those by which they have been bound by a Legislature subservient to fussy, priggish, peevish, agitating demagogues, and the fanatic democracies which those platform-spouters wield? In that case they have only to forgo their rights as free and independent electors. It will suffice them not to vote for a candidate who will maintain justice and liberty, and to leave Trades' Unionists and Teetotalers to return an ODDER or a SIR WILFRED LAWSON.

They may, if they had rather, preserve their remaining liberties.

MYSTERIOUS MACHINERY.

THIS is a most curiously inventive age, and in no way perhaps more so than in the important matter of invention of machinery. We have machines for doing well nigh everything in life; indeed, we ourselves are becoming mere machines, at least, so people often tell us. Among the latest efforts of mechanical invention, we see advertised profusely, "The Vowel Washing Machine," which, clever as we are, considerably puzzles us. Fancy washing a vowel! How on earth can it be done? and even when it is done, what on earth can be the good of it? Can the liquids in our alphabet be the liquids that are used by the machine to wash our vowels? We have heard of persons being foul of speech, and using dirty words and unsavoury expressions. Would a vowel-washing machine be of any service to them? Perhaps if they began to wash their vowels now and then, they might proceed in course of time to washing entire words, and so, from being foul of tongue, they might become quite pure and cleanly. Even slang might possibly be purified by use of the vowel-washing process; and if a man were asked how he was off for soap, he might reply without a trace of coarseness or ill-temper, "Thank you, I've enough to spare you some to wash your vowels with."

Aid to Assistants.

"WHAT is the next article?" Is there any necessity that this to most intelligent people irritating question should be inevitable? The purpose of it, in so far as it has any, would be fully answered if the question were posted in large letters on the wall behind the counter, in a sufficient number of places at convenient distances apart. Then the shopman would be enabled to save his breath, whilst the customer would be moved to consider whether indeed among the various articles on sale in the shop there might or not be one which he might find that he wanted when, by an effort of mind, he came to think a little.

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

THE "Intoxicating Liquors" Act would do some good in the City if it could prevent money from getting tight.

They might perhaps even recover those they have lost. They need but, all of them, make a point of voting, and vote for the right man.

BIRDS IN BORROWED PLUMES.

I SAY, *Punch*, old hoss, I don't want to be rude, but—hev you paid your tailor? If not, before you du, just heave a squint at this:—

"In Bleecker Street there is a place where forty or fifty dress-coats are let out every evening during the ball season."

Whar is Bleecker Street? you'll say. Wal, Sir, it's in New York. Guess we air the smartest critters in creation, down to dressin ourselves smart in other critters' clothes. Whar's the good of buying a dress-coat, when you can easy go and borrow one, and hev the pick of fifty cusses till you get a fit? You can't wear out a dress-coat, unless you turn head-waiter, and even then, I guess, you'll find the fashion change a dozen times afore the coat's wore out. Wal, and whar's the good of sinking forty dollars of your capital in buying such an article, when you can easy git a loan of it when you've got an invite? Better make a loan exhibition of yourself, and instead of sinking money with your tailor, save up your spare cash to buy yourself a cobbler when you want toe liquor up. Guess if all you swells in London were to borrow your tail-coats, you'd soon have funds in hand toe square our Alabama Claims! Till when, all-fired old hoss, believe me your expectant creditor and Cousin,

JONATHAN CUTE.

Broadway.

NO SONG, NO SUPPER!

WE have heard the chimes at midnight, as we entered yonder door. Rest the soul of HERB VON JOEL! We shall hear them no more.



THE MOMENTOUS QUESTION.

Eligible Bachelor. "SHALL I FOLLOW YOU UP, ANNIE; OR LEAVE MYSELF FOR LIZZIE?"

FALSE EDUCATIONAL BASIS.

THE Belfast Rioters, we read, cruelly beat a man "because he couldn't say his prayers." This brutality is the result rather of false education than of no education at all. Is it not true that every child among us learns, as part of its earliest instruction, that lesson of intolerant violence taught in that highly immoral but ancient Nursery Rhyme, *Goosey, Goosey Gander*?

There I met an old man
Who wouldn't say his prayers.

Some difference perhaps between "couldn't" of the Belfast report and "wouldn't" in the lines above, but the greater blame, therefore, for the Rioters.

Well, what follows in these verses? Pity? No. Toleration? No. What then? Why a burst of such fury as might have inspired the chaunts of lawless fanatics of either party when dominant, and which MEYERBEER could have set to music in his *Huguenots* as a chorus led by the Protestant Basso MARCEL:—

Take him by the Right leg!
Take him by the Left leg!
Take him by both legs!!
And throw him down-stairs!!!

Train up children on such notions as these, and don't be surprised if you produce generations of Belfast Rioters.

Alliteration.

SAID ROBINSON to BROWN—"Curious coincidence of W's—Wellesley, Wellington, Waterloo." "And Wittoria," suggested BROWN.

MEET TO KNOW.

WHY is Warwickshire not affected by the high price of meat?—Because there is Nuneaton there.

AN AWKWARD ADJECTIVE.

COMMENTING on the conduct of the Metropolitan Board of Works in relation to an assault committed by one of their Jacks-in-Office in rudely seizing by the arm a lady who was botanising on Hampstead Heath, the writer of a letter in the *Daily News* sets out thus:—

"On the tenth of June Miss — was walking on the public highway, across Hampstead Heath, and was carrying in her hand eight or ten small slips of fern, which she had gathered on the heath."

A name in the original letter occupies the place of the bar in the quotation. The reasons why will be discovered by the sensitive mind in the statement which succeeds the foregoing:—

"She is a small, frail, deaf lady of fifty-seven years of age."

The publication of the lady's age is one of those reasons, of course. The description of her by an epithet open to misconstruction is another. Frailty, thy name is, or may be, what *Hamlet* says; but a mistake would be committed by coupling it, in *Hamlet's* sense, with the name of the admirable lady above referred to, a writer to whom the world is indebted for much sound sense, conveyed in "Silver Pen" language. The outrage was unpardonable, though the authorities thought it a very mild one.

Passibus Æquis.

THE old joke-books (which too many of Mr. Punch's Correspondents study very conscientiously) all contain as "Extract from a Country Newspaper" "Mr. — dropped down dead, and instantly expired." The following, from a Leeds paper, may as well be inserted in the same page:—

"A despatch from Belfast states that the carman who was killed in the demonstration on Thursday is dead."

WHY is a Middle-aged Gentleman like the Athanasian Creed?—'Cause he's a Medieval Cuss.



"AS LANCASTER DOTH SPEAK."

1 Henry IV., Act iii. Sc. 1.

Jack. "BILL, AN YE GOT GERNY 'BACCO ON YE?" Bill. "Noa."
Jack (to the others). "AN OBNY ON YE ANY ON YE?"

A NICOTINISED NATION.

THE officious busybodies of the Anti-Tobacco Association are most of them also numbered with those other officious busybodies, the members of the United Kingdom Alliance. They are fools as well as busybodies and officious; fools not to see that, if smoking and drinking go together, it is by smoking, very mainly, that the restraint of drinking has been made possible. The practice of smoking has greatly increased of late years among the higher classes, and with it has increased political apathy. Less than half a century ago it was considered low for a gentleman to smoke at all. Smoking a pipe in the streets was disreputable, and nobody ever smoked a pipe but a working-man, or a clown. At the same time, well-to-do people were much more sensitive than they are at present in many ways; much more indignant with rascality and blackguardism, and, in particular, very much more intolerant of tyrannical and unjust legislation. Our forefathers, for example, would not, and did not, stand an Income-tax longer than it was absolutely necessary. The present generation has stood that, and much else, and is now actually standing legislative limitation of the right to obtain refreshments at reasonable hours. *The Pall Mall Gazette*, in an article on "Liberals and Conservatives," observes that:—

"The Liberal legislation of the next few years is evidently going to be distinguished by some very formidable peculiarities. It will clearly be to the last degree coercive. The statutes passed in the last Session perfectly bristle with penalties. Sobriety, cleanliness, and secret voting are each secured by making a multitude of acts penal of which the vast majority are innocent, and some are even laudable."

It will be owing, in a great measure, to the smoking habits of the community, that Liberals, so calling themselves, and so called by the unwise, will be enabled to proceed in the path of coercive legislation. That is, unless the smokers rouse themselves and exert their nicotineised and narcotised energies. The fashion is now to take everything easy, and lie down under the load of every new imposition, only grumbling a little or using a word or two of strong

MODERN LEANDERS.

THAT must have been a wonderful scene in the Channel the other day, when a professional swimmer was "performing the feat of swimming from Dover to Calais, accompanied by umpires and representatives of the Press, together with the Brass Band of the Royal Surrey Gardens."

The Advertisement was a little misleading in speaking of the Swimmer as "performing the feat," for he was able to get through but a small portion of the Straits; so, perhaps, there may have been some mistake about the Umpires, Reporters, and Musicians accompanying him in his exploit. Otherwise the unusual spectacle of all these functionaries gallantly breasting the waves of the Channel, the Umpires with their insignia of office, the Reporters with their note-books between their teeth, and the Brass Band of the Royal Surrey Gardens, with their drums and trumpets, trombones and bassoons, playing *Rule Britannia* or the National Anthem, must have been worth any expenditure of time and money to behold—a sight the oldest inhabitant had never seen before, and the youngest inhabitant will never see again. The Sea Serpent off Dover would, we imagine, have hardly caused a greater sensation.

Something Short.

ON consideration, it will appear that the "Intoxicating Liquors Act" is very happily named. The public-houses being open, on Sundays especially, for but a limited number of hours, people will be sure to rush to them during those hours, in order to get their "drop of something" while they can. Then they will also make the most of their time for drinking, lest they should want beer, or some other generous beverage, by-and-by, and not be able to get any. So the majority of them will be got to take more than is good for them, and they will become generally more or less drunk. For the measure of petty tyranny which Ministers have carried allows sots plenty of time wherein to get drunk on any day, it only hinders the sober excursionist or other decent person from taking his draught or meal at convenient hours. Thus the Intoxicating Liquors Act will indeed be what its authors have called it; because the Act will be intoxicating inasmuch as it will cause the liquors to intoxicate, which in point of fact they would not do but for its vexatious and mischievous limitations.

language. JOHN BULL has grown as patient as an Ass that has not the spirit to kick. It seems, indeed, as though JOHN BULL had become JOHN OX. The people undergo the operation of losing their liberties under tobacco instead of chloroform.

It is too much trouble for the generality to resist the encroachment pushed on by an energetic majority of meddlers. The "Permissive Prohibitory Bill" will, unless the drowsy majority bestir themselves, very soon be enacted, and supersede the Intoxicating Liquors Act. Then will come absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, and last of all, when smoke shall have done its work, the Anti-Tobacco Society will be enabled to accomplish their base purpose, abolish the agency which has subserved their end, and take our cigars and quids out of our mouths. In the mean time they are doing themselves no good, and others no harm. For it is harm to deprive a moderate smoker of the comfort of his tobacco, just as it is, in the case of a sober man, to rob a poor man of his beer. But, if out of so much smoke as overclouds this land some fire does not soon and fiercely flare up against the Paternal Legislative Frigs who have partially reduced us in point of liberty to the state of pupillage, we shall all wake up some foul morning, and see not only all the public-houses and wine-merchants', and wine-licensed grocers' places of business, but likewise all the tobacconists' shops, closed in our faces. Put that in your pipes, and smoke it. We may be bilious, but our moral's right, "all the same."

Interesting to Exhibitors.

It is announced that the "Claimant" is shortly to be shown in the Agricultural Hall. But we believe that the usual arrangements will, in other respects, be retained. The prizes for fat beasts will not be given until December.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

BITTER Ale is not an Intoxicating Liquor. It neither cheers nor inebriates.

NEW TO ME.



AM forty-six years of age, and this is the first time I have been abroad. The last Census returns, which give some interesting details of the number of persons possessing a cellar of old port, a tortoiseshell Tom-cat, and a yellow chariot, record but few instances of men who have received a liberal education reaching middle life without making the Channel voyage, and those mostly in remote rural districts where belief in witchcraft still lingers, and the use of flint and steel is not altogether extinct.

To set up as a traveller at forty-six, and then only to visit such familiar countries as Belgium and Germany, seems to promise but little distinction. Should I not be surer of a niche in the Temple of Fame, and a chance of obtaining one of the medals of the Royal Geographical Society, if I were to select Greenland, or Persia, or

one of the Poles, ascend the Grand Climacterique, or trace the Zumalcarragui to its lonely source—perhaps, best of all, join LIVINGSTON and share his honours when he returns home? Ignorance of his language before an African waiter is far more excusable than an utter inability to make known the commonest wants of daily life to garçons and kellers; and signs and smiles and beads go a long way in uncivilised circles. (I might stand some chance of being listened to, when the vacation is over, if I could say that I had been to the Canaries, and were to make presents to my friends of the feathered songsters indigenous to those islands.)

Some slight acquaintance with modern geography is indispensable to the traveller abroad. It leads to confusion to expect a view of the Alps when they are two or three countries off, and to look for sea-bathing in Germany can only end in disappointment. I have been careful to distinguish between the Rhine and the Rhone, and can now never forget that there are two places of the name of Frankfurt—Frankfort on the Main, and the Oder Frankfort. A few portable facts about CHARLEMAGNE, the Romans, the Electors, the Thirty Years' War, the Old Masters, the Old Red Sandstone, Gothic Architecture, &c., will also be found useful.

I had no *mal de mer*. My specific was a simple and inexpensive one, capable of universal application, and requiring no stamp or other formalities; and having derived the greatest benefit from its use, I make it known without hope of fee or reward, for the general good. I avoided all disagreeable thoughts. I did not allow my mind to dwell for a single instant on the price of coals, or the divisions in the Church, or Mrs. ATTON, or domestic servants, or tradesmen's bills; or, above all, on the return to official duties in the month of September. There was a critical moment when I feared the worst, for, very imprudently, I got thinking of the luggage.

Patent-leather shoes are not conducive to personal comfort on the deck of a Channel steamer, on a rough wet night. The great German ontologist, SCHWACHEN, laid this down as a *dictum* long ago, and modern experience, bearing date July 30, 1872, confirms the accuracy of his deduction.

I felt there was still a link left between me and the old country when I received a penny in change on the coast of Belgium. It is at the disposal of the first street-sweeper who shall meet me on my return to London, I having missed his services in foreign countries.

I detect a point of resemblance between myself and SHAKESPEARE, which all the commentators have overlooked. He, we know from competent authority, had "small Latin and less Greek." I have small French and no German. Other striking resemblances to MILTON, ADDISON, MUNGO PARK, SIR JOHN MAUNDEVILLE, RICHARD HAKLUYT, ROBINSON CRUSOE, and many additional tourists of eminence, may be had on application to the publishers, and will be detailed, on my return to London, in a paper to be read at the first general meeting of the Travellers' Club which shall be held after my election into that body.

I advise everybody to register their emotions on seeing for the first time a mountain, a monk, a vine, a douanier, a garçon,

a public gaming-table, and a pair of wooden shoes. I have compared mine with those of three other householders residing in the South-Eastern, Northern, and Western postal districts, and they all vary, in some cases as much as the tenth of an inch.

Great uncertainty seems to prevail abroad as to the proper spelling of the word Beefsteak. The Philological Society would do well to placard the Continent with large bills supplying the necessary information. "Sherry Gobler," "Puneh," and "Waux-hall," are also worthy of the Council's attention.

I am breakfasting in an open gallery on the top of a cheap and comfortable little inn in the Taunus, surrounded by chestnut groves and orchards, and overlooking a spacious plain, a great city, and an horizon of mountains. What is my friend PENNYMAN doing at this moment in his town-house? He is drudging at an article on the meeting of the British Association, or the Autumn Manœuvres, in a small upper chamber, surrounded by public-houses and pawn-brokeries, and commanding a prospect of a Workhouse, a City Church, and an horizon of chimney-pots. PENNYMAN has not the wasps, I allow, but then he has neither the omelette nor the "Mira-belle" plums. (N.B. The exact geographical position of the Inn, as laid down on the Ordnance Maps, its distance from the nearest letter-box, &c., will be imparted to anyone forwarding two sealed envelopes, the one containing a distinguishing motto, the other the writer's name, address, and position in society. References will be given and exchanged, and an appointment made for an early date, if they are found satisfactory.)

IGNORAMUS.

SHIRT-SLEEVES AND APRONS.

Of public speakers accustomed to talk of and to working-men, Mr. ROWSUCK is almost the only one who does not cant about them, and does not adulterate them, nor call them the People, with a great P. In his late speech at the opening dinner of the St. Peter's Working-Men's Club, at Sheffield, he had a word to say for another class, equally well qualified and entitled with working-men to be considered the People, and to govern us all. He spoke up also for the small shopkeepers, and, dwelling on the advantages which would result from facilities for associating together afforded to the men of aprons and the men of shirt-sleeves, he remarked that—

"He wished to see the working-man make himself a part of this great country, and not an antagonist portion of it. (*Cheers.*) He was sure he might say that the gentlemen he saw before him at the table so elegantly laid, might be, for aught he could see, Members of the House of Commons sitting down to dinner. (*Laughter.*) What was there in the career of the working-man or small shopkeeper that should render it impossible that they should sit down to a genteel dinner? What he hoped (though he could not hope to see it now, but what he hoped would come to pass at no very distant day) was that the working-man should be in his dealings, in his demeanour, and in every order of life, a gentleman. (*Applause.*)"

Exactly so. There is no reason why the working-men or the small shopkeepers should either drop or superadd their aitches, except defective education, which deficiency, let us hope, is in course of being supplied. "Manners," as WILLIAM OF WYKERHAM's motto says, "makyth man," and by manners the gentleman is differentiated from the other kind of man whom we call Cad or Snob. Perhaps the time is not far distant when the manners of an average small grocer or carpenter will at least equal those of an ordinary curate, and will very much exceed those of the least uncivil clerk in the Civil Service. We may live to hear a Judge address Petty Jurymen at an Assize as "Gentlemen of the Jury" without any idea that his Lordship is ironical. When the mechanic and the small shopkeeper shall each of them have attained to the perfection of being, as Mr. ROWSUCK says, "in his dealings, in his demeanour, and in every order of life, a gentleman," both the former and the latter of those free and independent British electors will be as fit to exercise political power as the former of them alone is so constantly and vehemently declared to be by blatant demagogues.

Hint to Churchwardens.

WITHOUT going into theology, one may say it stands to reason that, whether real Roman Catholicism is true or untrue, sham Roman Catholicism is false. Whatever may be the correctness of Dr. CUMMINGS's opinion of the genuine Mass, the Mock Mass must at any rate be flat idolatry, or rather fetichism. In a church, therefore, where a Ritualist Parson persists in annoying his Protestant parishioners by having incense burnt, there could not possibly be any impropriety in putting up the notice:—"No Smoking Allowed Abaft the Altar."

COMPANION Picture to *My Lodging is on the Cold Ground*:—*My Luncheon is off the Cold Grouse.*

A PHILOSOPHER'S PET.



WHAT a pretty tale was once told by a learned Fellow of a certain University and College, when, being then an Undergraduate, he informed a young lady, in the course of conversation about and concerning "Pets," that a man of his acquaintance had a pet Eel, which he kept with a silver collar round its neck, and it was so tame that it used to follow him about, until at last the Master of the College ordered it to be killed, for having crept after its owner into chapel, and created a disturbance during Divine service! Nearly as good a story, with the advantage of verity and ocular proof besides, was told by SIR JOHN LUBBOCK at one of the late meetings of the British Association, whereat that eminent Philosopher, Politician, and

Backer entertained his hearers with an extremely interesting

account of a tame Wasp. Forestalling, at the same time, any query which scepticism might otherwise have suggested, and precluding all possibility of even mental reference, among sages and sagessees, to a person of the lower orders named WALKER, the learned gentleman of Lombard Street and St. Stephen's "produced the beast," if we may call a Wasp a beast, as many people do when it stings them; and lo, it was tame, and did not sting anybody.

It was a clever thing, certainly, to tame a Wasp, but a feat not altogether unprecedented. The once celebrated "Industrious Fleas" presented similar instances of tractability in insect life. Our other unbidden bedfellows, of the entomological sort, at watering-place lodging-houses, are perhaps capable of being rendered equally industrious, and it would be well for us if they could all be brought up to practise some branch of industry, and thus prevented from living on their more highly organised, but blood relations. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK could perhaps do it. He is probably as good a hand at taming coleopterous as at taming lepidopterous insects; he could very likely also tame cockroaches, black-beetles, cockchafer, lady-birds, and insects of every other description as well: earwigs, woodlice, devil's-coach-horses, scolopendras, spiders, centipedes, and scorpions.

If he can tame a wasp, he can tame a dragon-fly. He could tame a daddy-long-legs, and, but that insects are mute, might possibly, if he liked, induce Old Daddy-Long-Legs to say his prayers.

It is quite imaginable that he might tame a gnat, a mosquito, or a mite, and not at all ridiculous to conceive him taming a rotifer or a vibrio.

The man who is able to tame a wasp is *a fortiori* able to tame a hornet, because the hornet is bigger, dears. He might, then, if he made it his business, tame any number of hornets. Peradventure he could tame a whole nest. Now, then, on the next vacancy, he should be appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. It is within the bounds of supposition that he would manage to pacify the Irish hornets' nest. He is a Liberal sufficiently advanced for the purposes of any leader, except, perhaps, MR. DISRAELI. To be sure, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK is a gentleman, and a man of extraordinary attainments in science, so that he could not be expected to cherish a contempt for "philosophers," still less to behave with discourtesy and insolence to a distinguished botanist, or any other scientific man, as well as to everybody else. But, at least for the Viceroyalty of Ireland, if the Wasp-Tamer were disposed to undertake that office, the colleagues of EARL SPENCER would perhaps deem brutality not essential.

Question for Contemporaries.

Our contemporaries continue to announce a murder as a Tragedy. If murder is tragedy, then, by parity of expression, marriage is comedy. Why not, then, head an account of a marriage in high life, for example, with "Comedy in Hanover Square"?

THE AUTUMN OLOGIES.

Who rejoices in pears and in plums,
And in universal knowledge, he
Must be glad when the season comes
Of *omne quod exiit in ology*,
Of philosophers' meetings and fruit,
Of science and sociology,
And that mouldy but learned pursuit,
By the title of archaeology.

Which, as COLONEL FOX pointed out,
Is a branch of anthropology.
That's a subject that's full of doubt,
And the Sages ignore phenomenology.
But a study they all admit
Is the one that is named biology,
Though another term, full as fit
For the same, is physiology;

Branch of a larger trunk:
Of the learning hight zoology.
These hard names would embarrass the "tight,"
For example, Descriptive Ethnology.
And then there are many more,
That tax dunce's etymology,
By the fair mostly deemed a bore;
Entomology and conchology.

To which you may also add
If you like to, ornithology,
Which some fellows pursue like mad,
As some others do ichthyology.
Now every science on hand
Has with every other analogy.
Astronomy, thus, understand
Has relation to mineralogy.

For spectral analysis proves
Things understood by Astrology.
Round the sun while this planet moves
In spite of the Poem's mythology.
He will have to explain some few
Particulars of ontology;
They will else be seen clearly through
To be husks of terminology.

In anatomy there's much use
In attention to homology;
But we shouldn't be too diffuse:
And we ought to shun tautology;
And the Rationalistic School
May say that for their neology—
But respect we the wise men's rule,
Which from Science excludes theology.

TEETH AND OYSTERS.

ALDERMAN LAWRENCE, M.P.: "PRISONER JOHN NEWMAN, you were ill-treating a woman, and a gentleman interfered. You tried to kick him brutally, and you dashed your fist into his face. You knocked one tooth out on the pavement, and broke the sockets of three others into splinters, which are not yet extracted. He had to undergo an operation at once, and will not be able to eat solid food for weeks. I sentence you to seven days' imprisonment, with hard labour."—24th August.

CHAIRMAN OF MIDDLESEX SESSIONS: "PRISONER SYDNEY BROOKER, you have been found guilty of stealing three oysters, the property of your employers. Of course you meant to take more. I sentence you to twelve months' imprisonment with hard labour."—25th August.

Untrustworthy Memoir.

(From an Ultramontane Journal.)

"CARDINAL QUAGGIA has ceased to require a red hat, or any other. The lamented ecclesiastic was formerly known as COLONEL QUAGG. In early life he was obtrusively secular, but he was converted to some kind of religion by a teacher whose enterprise and zeal have been commemorated in one of MR. A. A. SALA's missionary papers, and subsequently embracing Catholicism, COLONEL QUAGG rose to be CARDINAL QUAGGIA. This is another evidence of—"

BOTHER! We don't believe a word of it.



CEREMONY.

"WELL, GOOD-BYE, DEAR MRS. JONES. I HOPE YOU WILL EXCUSE MY NOT HAVING CALLED—THE DISTANCE, YOU KNOW! PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE THIS AS A VISIT!"

"O, CERTAINLY! AND PERHAPS YOU WILL KINDLY TAKE THIS AS A VISIT RETURNED!"

HABITS OF M.P.'S.

(Described by our own Observer.)

MR. GLADSTONE is in the habit of never sitting down to dinner without having three courses before him.

MR. CHILDERS, since his late election, keeps his spare hat in a ballot-box.

MR. LOWE, though publicly penurious, is privately most generous, and is especially in the habit of giving guineas to street-beggars and of overpaying cabmen.

MR. WHALLEY carries a miniature of His Holiness the Pope, set in diamonds and rubies, in his left-hand breast pocket.

MR. BRUCE, when he has landed a remarkably fine salmon, is in the habit of petitioning himself to grant it a reprieve and throwing it in the stream again.

MR. DISRAELI never passes an old-clothesman without giving him a lecture on 'the Semitic races.'

MR. SPEAKER is in the habit of catching his own eye every morning in the looking-glass, and of addressing himself in a neat speech on the occasion.

MR. AYTON is so liberal in encouraging the Arts, that he never sees an artist chalking mackerels on the pavement without throwing him a halfpenny.

MR. GÖSCHEN, when he gets a few spare minutes to himself, sets to work to box the compass and dance the sailor's hornpipe.

MR. MIALL never uses the old proverb "As poor as a church mouse" without adding, with marked emphasis, "after dis-establishment."

MR. CARDWELL, to show his skill in military manoeuvres, is frequently in the habit of pipeclaying his white kids, when they get a little dirty.

MR. GILPIN is so ardent against capital punishment that he will not allow a ham to be seen hanging in his larder.

SIR WILFRED LAWSON never passes a street-fountain without drinking at it.

LORD ELCHO, whenever he goes into a nursery, is in the habit of volunteering to inspect the movements of the infantry.

A GOOD USE FOR COURAGE.

MR. PUNCH,

SIR,—In the *Times* of 26th August appears the following paragraph, in an account of a futile attempt by a swimmer named JOHNSON (who is described "as one of the finest-built men it is possible to see") to swim from England to France:—

"At 11:45 he approached the steamer and requested something to eat, asking whether he might come on board. MR. STRANGE, seeing that in consequence of the strong tide, &c., his chance of reaching the French coast was quite hopeless, thought it advisable he should do so. When assisted on deck it was found that his legs, from the thighs downwards, were numb; the circulation of the blood seemed to have almost stopped—in fact, the cold had so thoroughly mastered the system that he was unable to raise a basin of beef-tea to his lips."

If the circulation of the blood had quite stopped, what then?

Now, Mr. Punch, this brave man risked his life for the benefit of some betting "Gents"—the match being for a wager of two thousand to sixty pounds—and also for the enjoyment of Music Hall Sensationers; and I humbly submit to you, Sir, that swimming being an unsectarian amusement (testified by the fact that two deceased swimmers, who did not trouble themselves about creeds—to wit, LEANDER and LORD BYRON—both swam across the Hellespont), the London School Board should retain the gallant JOHNSON, at a very liberal salary, to educate the poor London boys who attend the schools, in the noble art of swimming.

By so doing, the School Board would enable the gallant JOHNSON to be instrumental in saving the lives of thousands, instead of risking his own; and if you, Sir, will make your order in Council for carrying out this proposition, you will greatly oblige a large multitude who might otherwise become

FATHERLESS OR WIDOWS.

[Slightly altered from Shakespeare.]

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 7, 1872.



THE IMPERIAL WITCHES.

MACBETH (*Mr. Punch*). "NOW, THEN, YOU SECRET, BLACK, AND MIDNIGHT WAGS! WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME?"

[Slightly altered from Shakespeare.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Antwerp.



O MY Aunt, who has found a letter for her at the Hôtel St. Antoine, won't stop at Antwerp, as she tells me CAPTAIN QUOTESFUR (Dixon's Johnsonary, as before), has been to take lodgings for her at Aix, and will meet us at the Station to-day.

She is very sorry not to be able to stay here, as "I recollect," she says to me, "having seen, years ago, in a book when I was a child—and they did give us some really good and instructive children's books then, such as Whatahis-name's—you know—Tralliver's Guvils; and that about the two boys—dear me, what was it?—O, I remember, of course, it was FORTINUS and MASOX"—gasp, and sufficient pause for me to suggest,

"You mean SANDFORD and MERTON, Aunt."

"Yes. I said SANDFORD and MERTON, didn't I? At all events,

you know what I meant. And it was there, because it is memorized in my markery, that I saw pictures of the Antwerpities of Tiquip, some churches and other buildings which existed long before those which in our country came over with Collum the Winkerer."

During the journey (old Maestricht to Aix-la-Chapelle) she is constantly asking me, "Now, are we in Belgany or in Germum?" She insists upon inquiring of various railway officials at every Station, "Do we change here?" and is very much startled at the apparition of the Guard's face at the window while the train is in motion. For a minute, having heard of such things in some foreign countries, she fancies the train is in the hands of brigands, who are demanding "Your money, or your life!" at all the carriage-windows.

She now produces a Conversation Book in several languages, which she sets to work to study. Suddenly she asks me if I "remember Miss GLYMPHYN—not CHARLOTTE, who married, but Miss ETHEL—and her sisters FANDA and LINDY?" No, I don't. Of course, I am aware she means FANNY and LINDA, but I don't know them even by their own proper names. Somehow, I don't care about them. I have a sort of recollection of having met the GLYMPHYNS a long time ago, and finding them three young ladies with a very decided opinion on everything. They didn't care about anything in particular, and rather disliked everybody. I remember telling their father, or uncle, a story which, up to that moment, I had always considered highly amusing, but which was received by them with such marked coldness and such surprised glances from one to the other, that, although their father, or uncle, smiled in feeble deprecation of my having ventured upon such a subject, I felt (I remember it as vividly as if it were only the day before yesterday) I should like to be rolled up in a blanket and taken away out of the front-door; and, failing any such removal, either by these means, or by a sudden severe illness which should have aroused their pity, I at once relapsed into silence and mental cynicism. I debated with myself, after dinner, whether I should retire early, or stay till they liked me.

Happy Thought (on that occasion).—I remember the hideous fiend of a Bottle Imp, in the play of that name, saying to the trembling German maiden, "You must learn to love me." Same idea now.

Old GLYMPHYN, I remember now, detained me down-stairs with the wine, as if I should be all the better for keeping when I went up into the drawing-room, and then gave me a very strong cigar and some liqueur; and while we were engaged on these, the servant entered to say that "Mrs. and the young ladies, as the gentlemen hadn't come up, had gone to bed." I can perfectly realise what their impression about me must have been next morning. I was added to their list of the Odious, and I'll be bound that that wretched Old GLYMPHYN apologised for his own absence from the drawing-room by laying the entire blame on my shoulders, if he didn't absolutely receive the thanks of the ladies for delaying me from joining them up-stairs. So altogether (now I come to think of it) I don't care about the GLYMPHYNS.

My Aunt looks up from her Conversation Book (in three languages) to inform me that the GLYMPHYNS are very musical. "LINDA," she says, "is really quite talented in that way, and I believe has studied under the best masters; one was a German who used to perform on two instruments, he played, if I remember, on the guano—I mean the guitar and the piano—equally well."

After a few minutes' further study of the three-linguaged Conver-

sation Book, my Aunt, who is beginning to show signs of fatigue, says, that, "if I don't mind, she'll take off her boots, as she's heard that to bootle without trats is so very footthening and screeching;" and, before I've a word to say on the subject, they are off. So is her travelling hat as well.

Happy Thought.—We've a coupé all to ourselves.

If we hadn't, what would foreigners think? And if they expressed what they thought, and I understood them, wouldn't I be bound to quarrel with them? But to quarrel abroad is to be engaged, before you know where you are, in a duel.

Happy Thought.—Not to understand what they say.

Meditating upon the subject, it would sound well in England to hear that I'd been called out, and went. That I'd fallen in a duel. Then would come the question in a Club smoking-room probably, "What did he fight about?" Then the answer would be, "My dear fellow, what do men fight about? Some woman, I suppose." Then the well-informed man, who always knows all about it whatever it is, breaks in upon the conversation with, "You were talking about poor old—" then he'd call me by my Christian name (and I'm supposing myself dead and buried in some retired Continental churchyard); "well," he'd go on, "poor old fellow, he was a stupid ass to go out and fight with a Prussian, all about his Aunt, too!—I'll tell you how it was—" then he'd recount it in such a quaint style, bringing out all the humorous points in detail, that at last the funniest stock story of the Club-room would be, How Old So-and-So (myself) went out, and fought for his Aunt, and fell in a duel.

"I hope," says my Aunt, presently, "that CAPTAIN QUOTESFUR has taken lodgings where they speak French or English, as I shall never be able to get on in German. French," she says, with pride, "will do perfectly."

Happy Thought.—My Aunt's French. *Parnais vous saries.* (Dixon's French Johnsonary for Travellers.)

She is very much troubled too about the coinage. It flashes across her in the train while she is studying the tables at the end of Bradshaw, and in the Conversation Book. Bank-notes, she supposes, will go everywhere. I reply, "Yes, certainly; and go pretty quickly, too."

At the next Station my Aunt startles me with an exclamation, and seizes her boots so energetically, that, at first, I imagine either that she is going to hurl them at the Guard's head, on its appearing for the sixth time at our window, or that we are at Aix sooner than we had expected. On my inquiring the reason for this preparation on her part, she only looks out of window and telegraphs to some one (not with her boots, thank goodness, as she has now put them on) whom I can't see, calling out, "Here! we've one seat, if you're alone." Then, drawing her head in, and turning to me, she says, "It's Mrs. MOMPISON."

Happy Thought.—BERTHA MOMPISON, the youngest, I think. I have not seen her for—well—let me see—a long time. When last we met, at BOODELS' little place by the sea-side which he called *The Crook*, we—that is BERTHA and myself—were rather together than not. It recurs to me now (while Mrs. M. is settling herself in our coupé, and she takes so much settling, that I wish these seats were divided into three arm-chairs) that Mrs. BERTHA and I had a very pleasant drive together, after a pic-nic, in the autumn. That, somehow, we had lost our party at that pic-nic and were obliged to take the only remaining trap, which was a pony-chaise, left at the inn, without a servant. That, somehow (it always is "somehow" in these cases, and explanation is impossible), I remember driving a good deal with the right hand, and not using the whip, being very careful not to tire the pony, and going very gently up-hill. But when we got back to BOODELS' little place, where all the party were at supper, it occurred to me—

Happy Thought.—To let Miss BERTHA go in first and face it. She was perfectly equal to the occasion, and commenced by attacking them for deserting her. Then I came in—when I say "came" in, I mean, as far as I recollect, that I rather sidled in—and sat down unobtrusively.

Happy Thought (on this memorable occasion).—Keep quiet at first. Also be excessively polite and pleasant to every one, not on any account sitting near Miss BERTHA. * * * I remember all this perfectly * * * and I remember (during that BOODELS' week by the sea) somebody coming, suddenly, into the drawing-room where we were (BERTHA and I again), and stupidly begging our pardon and going away, when Miss BERTHA wouldn't on any account hear of it, and intimated that she particularly wanted this Noodle's opinion on a song, referring to another opinion, which I was supposed to have already given on the same subject; whereupon I looked as musical as possible, and said, "Yes, certainly," and was very glad when the Noodle was despatched, as he soon was, to see if Mrs. Somebody or other was in the garden or the conservatory, or had gone down to the beach. * * * And also I remember how, at the breaking up of BOODELS' party, we told each other where we were likely to be the next week, and the week after that, and how we haven't met again, or heard of one another (at least as far as I know), for a year or more. I venture, now, to inquire after Miss BERTHA. Mrs. MOMPISON says she is at Aix, where she, Mrs. MOMPISON,



BRITISH FIRMNESS.

(Example for Tourists at present pervading the Continent.)

SCENE—Court-yard of Foreign Hotel.

English Lady (on low wall, trying to get on Horse, which slips out of reach, sideways, at every attempt to mount). "NOW, BRING HIM ROUND AGAIN. AND DO STAND CLOSER UP TO HIM, CHARLES! IT'S NO USE TO GIVE WAY!" [Charles wishes she would!]

is staying for the benefit of her health. As her family are unaware of her sudden return by this train, her daughters will not be at the Aix Station to meet her.

Happy Thought.—Glad it. Shouldn't like to meet Miss BERTHA, after so long an absence, when I'm begrimed with dust, and my hands feel as if they'd been washed in weak gum, and had then been brushed lightly over with road-dust and coal-dust mixed.

Happy Thought (on travelling always).—Old Gloves.

EXEMPLARY HEATHEN.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette*, quoting the Surveyor-General's report upon the geographical results of the Looshai Expedition, informs us that:—

"An intricate tract of hill and valley, drained partly northwards by affluents of the Barak, the river of Cachar, partly by southward-flowing streams that go to swell the rivers of Chittagong and Arracan, debouching on the east of the Bay of Bengal, it is inhabited by a number of distinct tribes apparently of common origin, but now differentiated in dialect and customs. Though exhibiting some of the moral traits of the savage, they seem to enjoy much physical comfort of a rude kind. One characteristic struck all observers. The women of these tribes, alone of all native women with whom we are acquainted, do not put rings in their ears or noses, nor pull out their eyebrows, nor blacken their teeth, nor put wooden spoons in their under-lips, nor otherwise, having given them one face, make themselves another. It is even recorded that coloured chintzes failed to excite their cupidity."

The native women, who differ so much as those above referred to from our own, have probably not as yet experienced the benefit of missionary enterprise. It may be presumed that they are what the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY would call heathen, although, doubtless, their persuasion would not by any means be considered by that estimable Prelate as included under the head of "heathenism of the worst class." His Grace would probably even admit that, as regards

their own sex at any rate, the communications of those heathen would be not altogether evil, but would, on the contrary, promote instead of corrupting good manners. Their example might suggest to some of the more sensible of our girls, servant and other, that it would be a great deal better for them not to wear false hair, not to paint their faces, and not to insert in their ears the same kind of ornaments as those which swineherds are accustomed to stick in the noses of pigs.

"ARE ALL THE PEOPLE MAD?"

Shakespeare.

WHAT sudden ungrammatical fit has seized a pensive public? Mr. Punch has received during the week about thirty copies of the following advertisement from the *Times*. Some of his correspondents ask what it means, some make bad jokes on ghosts and the like, and all seem to think that there is a mystery. Well, read it:—

QUEBEC.—The Widow of an Officer in the 60th Rifles, who, about 1850, went to Quebec, and there died soon after, will HEAR of SOMETHING to HER great ADVANTAGE by applying to Mr. POLLAKY, Private Inquiry Office.

There may be a mystery, but Mr. Punch fails to perceive it. The announcement is plain English. An officer who went to Quebec, left a widow, whose attention is invited. Where's the muddle? Mr. POLLAKY sometimes astonishes us, but here he has simply penned a business-like notification. Mr. Punch's opinion regarding certain of the public, shall be again Shaksperianically conveyed:—

"I dare not call them fools, but *this* I think;
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink."

The fact is, Mr. Punch has taught the public to be so critical that it now tries to pick people up before they fall down.



REGRETS.

Lean Gormandiser. "I SAY, JACK, DO YOU RECOLLECT A CERTAIN SADDLE OF FOUR-YEAR-OLD WELSH MUTTON WE HAD AT TOM BRIMMET'S ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON ABOUT THIS TIME LAST YEAR?"

Fat Dillo. "I SHOULD THINK I DID!"

(*Pause.*)

Lean Gormandiser. "THAT WAS A SADDLE OF MUTTON, JACK!"

Fat Dillo. "AH! WASN'T IT!"

(*Long Pause.*)

Lean Gormandiser. "I OFTEN WISH I'D TAKEN ANOTHER SLICE OF THAT SADDLE OF MUTTON, JACK!"

WHY I AM STAYING IN TOWN.

BECAUSE I wish to satisfy myself, from personal observation, how far the traditional belief as to the emptiness of London at this season of the year is founded on fact.

BECAUSE it is a pleasure to be able to take walking exercise in the streets and admire the public buildings, unimpeded by crowds, and without the risk of being run over at the principal crossings.

BECAUSE the theatres and other places of public amusement now open are not so numerous as to make selection embarrassing, and I can visit them in greater comfort.

BECAUSE I can have my choice of the chairs in the park.

BECAUSE I am anxious to superintend personally the repairs necessary to be done to the scullery.

BECAUSE I have been everywhere.

BECAUSE London in the months of August and September suits me better than any other place.

BECAUSE I dislike railways, steamboats, the care of luggage, the contention with hotel-keepers, lodgings, commissionaires, and sight-seeing.

BECAUSE I miss home comforts wherever I go.

BECAUSE ERNEST has just commenced Greek, and it is requisite that I should superintend his evening studies.

BECAUSE my wife wishes to be near her mother.

BECAUSE it is important that I should attend a special meeting of the British and Foreign Patent Improved Umbrella, Parasol, and Sunshade Company.

BECAUSE that traitor ARMTHORPE, who engaged last year to ac-

company me to Cocklemonth, has preferred a wedding excursion with another companion to Switzerland.

BECAUSE I wish to explore the Thames Embankment, to visit Bethnal Green Museum and St. Thomas's Hospital, and to devote some time to a thorough and leisurely inspection of the Prince Consort's Memorial.

BECAUSE I have long wanted to make excursions to Kew, the Banks of the Thames, the Surrey Hills, and the recesses of Epping Forest.

BECAUSE I am anxious to investigate the family pedigree at the British Museum.

BECAUSE my brother-in-law is expected home from California, and I feel that it is incumbent on me to co-operate with the other members of his family in according him a suitable reception.

BECAUSE I am short of money.

What Else Did He Do?

So! the Bakers will strike, and each Mater, dismayed,

Must look out for her private purveyor, or sutler;

There's a toast will go frequently round, we're afraid;

"A health to KING PHARAOH, who pardoned the—Butler."

FEAST OF ST. PARTRIDGE.

THE First of September this year fell on a *Dieu Nour*. "The Birds," if they have Aristophanic proclivities, will proclaim themselves Sabbatarians.

A CENSORSHIP COMING.

IN Paris, it seems, no paper can publish a caricature without receiving the permission of the person to be caricatured! See, my contemporaries, to what a pass the predominance of democratic ideas has brought the French. The idea of being obliged to ask a man's leave before you are allowed to publish a caricature of him! Not that *Punch* would personally mind a law placing him under such an obligation, for his caricatures all, as Mr. O'BALLAGHAN says, represent imaginary persons: that is to say, he caricatures nobody. His portraits all highly flatter those whom they are intended for: so that they give the reverse of offence, and please much more than the very best photographs can. He, for his part, would care nothing for such a law as far as it went. But restriction as to caricatures would, here in England, soon be followed by other restrictions on the liberty of publication which would seriously affect you, my dear contemporaries. Restriction has begun to follow restriction in this heretofore land of liberty. Right after right is made taxable or penal.

If you choose to stand by and see this sort of thing done without noticing it otherwise than by otiose comment, or mild protest, or even with acquiescence or actual approval, your turn will come next, my bucks. You will have restrictions imposed on the freedom of the Press. The law of libel is bad enough, administered as it is by judges who advise juries to give substantial damages to an ass written down an ass, a quack denounced as a quack, or a scoundrel proclaimed a scoundrel. There is sufficient sympathy with rascals and impostors (not to name any individual) in Parliament to render the Legislature quite capable of enacting statutes devised to restrain, still more strictly and effectually than the law of libel does, journalists from speaking out. The Liberty of Unlicensed Printing will follow in being curtailed the Liberty of Unlicensed Drinking. The Press will also be subjected to a Licensing Act. That is the Nemesis which will descend upon public writers for not having spoken out when they ought to have, and not having resisted as they should have resisted, by argument, invective, ridicule, satire, sarcasm, and every possible variety of censure, vituperation, and abuse, the encroachments which have been made upon personal liberty by sumptuary and sectarian legislation subservient to Sabbatarian and Teetotal Fanatics, Brutes, and Bores. Look out for a Censorship.

Proverbial Fallacy.

A STITCH IN TIME does not always save nine. It never effects so much as the saving of a single one when it occurs to a person, how soon after the start soever, in running up-hill.



EDUCATION.

Squire. "HOBSON, THEY TELL ME YOU'VE TAKEN YOUR BOY AWAY FROM THE NATIONAL SCHOOL. WHAT'S THAT FOR?"

Villager. "'CAUSE THE MASTER AIN'T FIT TO TEACH UN!"

Squire. "O, I'VE HEARD HE'S A VERY GOOD MASTER."

Villager. "WELL, ALL I KNOWS IS, HE WANTED TO TEACH MY BOY TO SPELL 'TATERS' WITH A 'P'!!!"

PROFESSIONAL CHARGES.

MR. PUNCH has rarely seen anything much more business-like than the following document, which has been sent him from Australia. He is not made aware of the circumstances, and most likely the Clergyman who gives in this estimate for Clerical Work and Repairs is doing the most sensible thing possible. But here is his offer to do certain religious things at Mackay, or some of them, if the Christians at Mackay do not desire to have them all done. They can select what worship they want, and give their orders accordingly:—

"I have put the matter in purely a business light, and whether accepted or not, I abide by it. Payments monthly, at the several rates as follows, and prompt, or engagement ceases:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|---|-----|----|----|
| For one full service (evening) | 100 | 0 | 0 |
| For morning service (no sermon) and evening public service, including holy communion and baptism once a month | 150 | 0 | 0 |
| For full morning and evening services (holy communion and baptism once a month) | 200 | 0 | 0 |
| For the whole of services and visiting sick, and seat-holders, as time and opportunity occur | 350 | 0 | 0 |

"NOTE.—At present, nor for the next six months, I would not live at Mackay."

The only thing the Reverend Gentleman has omitted to mention is whether, in consideration of prompt payment (without which he will cut off the supply), he allows discount.

Inquiry in Passing.

In a shop where Law tools are sold, *Mr. Punch* observes an article called "The Expelling Penholder." Is this for use when the pen writes a Notice to Quit?

TO LAWYERS.

MR. PUNCH would like to know—that is, he does know, but he would like to hear the reason—why Lawyers' costs and charges are so heavy, while all the learning and accomplishments required in a Lawyer can be had so very cheaply. Read this advertisement from the *Law Times*:—

LAW.—Wanted Immediately, in the South of England, a competent GENERAL CLERK, who is a good Accountant, can engross, abstract, draw ordinary drafts and bills of costs, thoroughly up in Common Law, Bankruptcy Liquidation, and County Court Practice, and would be willing to make himself generally useful. Salary 30s. per week. Satisfactory references required.

Now, here is a Complete Lawyer wanted, at the price of Five Shillings per day. This is, of course, about the regular market price of the article, or the Advertiser would not propose such terms. Now, we ask again, why is Law so dear?

What the Box Says.

"LORD GRANVILLE, by gracious command of HER MAJESTY, has sent to MR. STANLEY, the intrepid discoverer of LIVINGSTONE, a gold snuff-box richly set in brilliants, with a letter expressing the QUEEN'S high appreciation of his success in an enterprise which 'relieved HER MAJESTY from the anxiety which, in common with her subjects, she had felt in regard to the fate of that distinguished traveller.'"

HER MAJESTY sends you a snuff-box, brave STANLEY.

The gift holds a hint which my Majesty adds:

'Tis that you, the undaunted, successful, and manly,
Should Turn up your Nose at all cavilling cads.

PUNCH.



"LUCUS A NON," &C.

Visitor. "HOW LONG HAS YOUR MASTER BEEN AWAY?"

Irish Footman. "WELL, SORRY, IF HE'D COME HOME YESTERDAY, HE'D A' BEEN GONE A WAKE TO-MORROW; BUT EV HE DOESN'T RETURN THE DAY AFTER, SHURE HE'LL A' BEEN AWAY A FORTNIGHT NEXT THURSDAY."!!

WONDERS OF THE SEA-SIDE.

Especially in Lodgings.

A CARVING-KNIFE that is not shaky in the handle, and which, on great persuasion, can be induced to cut.

A silver fork, on which the previous metal is still extant, and which has its proper complement of prongs.

A chamber candlestick supplied with an extinguisher.

A ditto looking-glass, which, if not propped up with your hair-brush, never turns its back upon you when you go to shave.

A bath which does not leak, and a water-jug that is not very dangerous to lift.

A leg of mutton, upon which, after dining with your husband, you can find next morning enough left to be hashed.

A (very) grand piano, whereof the keys don't rattle like the bones of nigger minstrelsy, and whereof you can imagine, by a powerful flight of fancy, that the notes have in their infancy, been ever heard in tune.

A chiffonier that you can lock securely, and a tea-caddy that really seems to be without a leak.

A door-mat which is not provided with a hole to trip up all your visitors when they come to call.

A table-cloth or napkin without eleven holes in it.

A window that has not at the least one sashline broken, and that does not vibrate noisily with the very slightest breeze.

An easy-chair which gives you any ease when sitting in it, and wherein you may take your usual after-dinner nap without an apprehension of a castor coming off.

A tea-pot, out of which, with excessive care and patience, you can contrive to pour a cupful without dropping the lid into it.

A sitting-room wherein, to avoid smoke-suffocation, you need not keep both door and window open when you light the fire.

A chest of drawers that is complete in all its handles, and a vegetable-dish cover provided with a knob.

RIOTS AND RESPONSIBILITY.

INCULCATING the "Lesson of the Belfast Riots," the *Pall Mall Gazette* points out, for the instruction of those whom it concerns, that:—

"What was wanted in Belfast was a man at the head of affairs who would make the immediate restoration of order his first business, and would shrink from no means that might be necessary to effect it—a man who, if the police proved insufficient for his purpose, would use soldiers, and if soldiers proved insufficient, would clear the streets by artillery."

Those whom this teaching concerns are the Government and Legislature; whom the *Pall Mall* proceeds further to instruct that no man can be expected to put down a riot at the risk of being tried for murder by a hostile jury; and suggests "the creation for the time of a civil authority who should have full powers to employ what ever means he thinks best for the restoration of order." Pending the acceptance of this suggestion, how are insurrections to be quelled? England, or Ireland, may expect a Magistrate to do his duty to his country; but if that exposes him to a prosecution, he will see his country blanked first. Nobody but a strangely sentimental person, with a taste for self-sacrifice, would risk martyrdom or even confessorship, by risking his neck, or risking his liberty, except an extremely religious enthusiast who firmly believed that he would be rewarded for it eternally hereafter. The Belfast Riots have shown us what we have got, and what we are likely to get, by omission to enter a *nolle prosequi* in the case of GOVERNOR EYRE.

Advice to Trades' Unionists.

WORKING-Men of every section,
Strike for higher wages, do,
'Gainst Free Trade and for Protection.
O how wise and good of you!

Strike as brethren should, my brothers,
Strike with all your might and main.
Strike each one against the others,
To the end of general gain.

Strike because of rising prices;
Thus make all things still more dear.
So go on. This good advice is.
You'll adopt it, there's no fear.

A minute in the day unmolested by an organ-grinder.
A window-blind which you can manage to pull up, even to the very top, without a wrinkle, and then not find it come down with a rattle on your head.

A bed-room paper which you can contemplate without horror every morning when you wake, nor conceive how fraught with suffering it would be to you, if lying ill.

A waiting-maid who looks as if she sometimes used a nail-brush.
A ceiling or a chimney ornament which are neither of them cracked.

A pen with both nibs perfect, and a writing-table not too rickety to write at.

A sofa at all softer than a hard deal board, and which has not its springs fractured exactly at the only place whereon you want to sit.

A picture or engraving, hung up by way of ornament, which with any candour you could call a work of art.

A pot which makes your coffee at all clearer than pea-soup.

A pair of decanters which are not an odd couple, and half a score of wine glasses, any two of which will match.

A door which does not let a hurricane of draught through it, and which you can actually shut without a slam.

And finally, a bed that you may go to without trembling, and a bill that you may pay without a fear of being fleeced.

Ritualistic Rebellion.

It cannot be any Archdeacon of the Established Church who is such an obstinate Ritualist as, by persisting in the performance of illicit Romanesque ceremonials, to constitute himself a rebel against his Bishop. Let such rebellious folly, therefore, never be imputed to ARCHDEACON DENISON. If it could, many people would not hesitate to style him ARCHDEACON DONKEY. But that would be writing an estimable but pigheaded clergyman down an Ass. It were more respectful to name the Ritualist Rebel—ANARCHDEACON DENISON.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Mrs. MOMPISON, now with us in our *coupé*, is a stout, elderly lady, rather squat in figure, as if she'd been kept in a low room in early life, so that what would have been her height had expanded itself into breadth ("for in Nature nothing is lost," *vide Typical Developments*, Vol. xviii., Art. 2, p. 6, under "N. Nature").

By the way, her youngest daughter, BERTHA, if I remember rightly, is short. Will she, too, expand? and—ahem!—take after her mother?

In less than five minutes I find out that it only requires a simple question, on any subject, to draw from her an explanation, in, apparently, several pages of close talking. She has a wonderful memory for the events of her early life, which seem to find their reproduction in later events happening to various people. If you say to Mrs. MOMPISON, "My watch is rather slow," "Ah!" she says at once, so sympathetically that it really makes you like her at first, and encourage her to tell you something, "I remember when we were first married, Mr. MOMPISON—we used then to live in Russell Square—in those days, you know, Russell Square was considered quite the fashionable quarter, and we had a very nice house there, which your Aunt will recollect." Here she interests her; but though Mrs. MOMPISON is asthmatic, and obliged to pull up at the commas and semicolons, yet the rest is never sufficiently long to allow anyone else to cut in and start a fresh subject.

Happy Thought.—Epigrammatic description of Mrs. MOMPISON, short-breathed and long-winded.

She tells us a long story about a watch, given her at that time, and by which she's never been able to tell the correct time, though she's had it for nearly forty years; and this narrative includes several other anecdotes out of the direct line, and to be found in the bye-ways of Mrs. MOMPISON's history. Most of these lesser stories are about her daughter ROWENA, whom I have never met.

[*Subsequent Note, introduced here.*—After meeting the GYMPHYS, and others, who know the MOMPISONS most intimately, I find that no one has seen Miss ROWENA since she was a child, and that, of her, at that time, their recollection is imperfect. But there's nothing which ROWENA, apparently, hasn't suffered, nothing she hasn't done, no place she hasn't visited, no failing to which she is not subject, no virtue which she does not practise, no accomplishment of which she does not know, at least, something; and there's no *jeu de mot*, however new, which ROWENA, according to her mother, hasn't uttered, years ago, in another form. Most of Mrs. MOMPISON's longest stories—and they are none of them short ones—are hung upon "my daughter ROWENA." If there's no positive opportunity for a history, we get ROWENA in little social anecdotes. It is enough to observe, for example, in order to give yourself, or some one else, a chance of saying something, that "the interior of Mid Africa is a charming spot." If you're well posted up in the matter, and know that others are not, you foresee a brilliant discourse all to yourself—only you haven't counted upon Mrs. MOMPISON's ROWENA. "Ah!" says Mrs. MOMPISON (she invariably commences with a mild sigh, as if your inquiry, or remark, had awakened painful recollections, which is a *Happy Thought* on her part, as it gives her time to get together her materials and her breath for the effort, and then her plaintive tone and looks deprecate all interruption which might appear rude and unseemly) "Ah!" she says, "it must be very beautiful. I don't know it myself"—(here you see a chance for breaking in with what you do know about it, personally, only that she goes calmly on)—"but my daughter ROWENA stayed with some friends, the CLOUDIES of Invernesshire, very rich people they were at one time, but DAVID CLOUDIE speculated in silk, or—well, I forget what—but he was obliged to emigrate and live abroad, and ROWENA visited them in Africa, where she stopped at a place with a most extraordinary name." Here you are about to suggest a name, or do suggest it, but not another word

will Mrs. MOMPISON let you get in before she's on again, with "Yes, I daresay that *was* it; because ROWENA, when writing to me, and that's some years ago now," &c., &c. If you tell Mrs. MOMPISON that you've fallen down-stairs and dislocated your collar-bone, you are immediately informed that this is nothing new to ROWENA. You've had the chicken-pox very badly, so has ROWENA, far worse. Your sister has so exquisite a voice that she is thinking of really going on the Italian Operatic Stage: well, ROWENA absolutely engaged herself, but ALBONI begged her not to come out, until she had retired, and so ROWENA gave in, and didn't. Have you an excellent memory? You may have, Mrs. MOMPISON admits, but nothing to ROWENA's. Do you happen to possess so quick an ear for music that you can hum correctly a tune after only once hearing it? Mrs. MOMPISON quite believes you, because ROWENA can play the airs of an entire Opera, or even an Oratorio, which she has only heard once for the first time the evening before. In fact, try what you will, ROWENA beats you at everything.]

We are boxed up with Mrs. MOMPISON for an hour. In conversation, Mrs. MOMPISON first, my Aunt a very bad second, and myself nowhere.

Happy Thought.—Torture of the Middle Ages—to be jawed to death.

She will explain everything to us—her own complaints, ROWENA's complaints (who has had all my Aunt's sufferings multiplied, it seems, by ten, and is far better on the whole than could have been possibly expected), Mr. MOMPISON's complaints, the remedies which don't succeed, the remedies which she hopes will succeed, and so on.

My Aunt asks if she has found the waters of Aix beneficial. Mrs. MOMPISON can't simply answer Yes or No, or tell us that she hasn't been there long enough to make up her mind on the subject; not a bit of it. She at once commences shaking her head sadly, and sighing as if all her family had been poisoned by the sulphur springs. "Ah," she says, "I've tried them for some time, and I'm bound to say that, to a certain extent, and in certain cases, I've known them do perhaps some good, but not permanently, because ROWENA," she turns to me, and I incline my head—

Happy Thought.—Be attentive and polite to Miss BERTHA's mother.

"Because," she continues, "my daughter ROWENA went there for a fortnight, or two months—let me see, which was it?—in the spring or autumn; but it doesn't much matter, and she was suffering dreadfully at the time from pain in her neck, and from a sort of nervous depression of the larynx, I think, which prevented her from ever getting any sleep after six in the morning, so she always went to bed at nine, and took a nap in the afternoon; and as for her eating, ROWENA used to say to me after breakfast, or luncheon, or dinner, that she never could understand what had become of her appetite."

My Aunt, getting a chance for herself, rushes in hurriedly on her own account, to tell Mrs. MOMPISON why she is going to Aix, "I'm going," she says, "to try the sulphur waters and nervalism for the galves, which I hear is the demery now for all complaints arising from debilical hysteria—" gasp, and here she becomes so hopelessly entangled in the meshes of Dixon's Johnsonary, that Mrs. MOMPISON, who has been taking in, carefully, a good supply of breath, enough for a five minutes' narrative without an interruption, at once seizes the opportunity, and says, "Ah! yes! that's what poor ROWENA—my daughter ROWENA—suffered from, fearfully. No one can know," this is a sort of home-thrust at my Aunt, "no one can know what that poor child went through." I feel, while she goes on talking, that I could tell her, if I liked, what I'd gone through with other illnesses, and, as it were, beaten ROWENA all to nothing. I'm sure my Aunt is dying to back her complaints and sufferings against ROWENA's.

Happy Thought (on the first opportunity).—To say, Well, we all ought to be very thankful that we haven't lost legs or arms. "I knew," I go on, "a poor fellow once," &c., then I tell them a piteous tale, by way of depreciating ROWENA's sufferings, which almost brings tears to my own eyes, and a slight pause follows its termination.

Happy Thought.—Checkmate to ROWENA.

Not a bit. Mrs. MOMPISON begins, "Ah! yes, that's very dreadful, very dreadful indeed, but it's almost worse where a young girl, full of life and health, as ROWENA—my daughter ROWENA—was when she was out hunting with Lord DIDDLECOT's hounds in Leicestershire—she was a beautiful rider, and led the field whenever she was out—and her horse, which her father had given her, and bought for three hundred guineas of Sir GEORGE LAMLEY—it was a trained hunter, and, from some cause or another, it fell at a five-barred gate, and poor ROWENA was thrown violently into the field, hitting her right arm and her left knee so badly that—"

Aix-la-Chapelle.—Tickets!

Happy Thought.—Good-bye for the present, Mrs. MOMPISON. "I dare say," says my Aunt, "we shall see something of you while we're here."

Note.—See something: limit the pleasure to seeing: and when seen, if possible, to be avoided; except for the sake of BERTHA MOMPSON, whom I—yes, certainly—whom I do wish to meet again.

At this moment up comes CAPTAIN FORTESCUE; and Aunt in a flurry calls him Mr. TIMBERY on the spot. She doesn't remember his name until we've been with him five minutes, and then she makes ample amends by addressing him as CAPTAIN QUORTSFUR, which nothing will convince her is not his correct designation.

NEW TO ME.



HILST some men trace their tours by cathedrals, town - halls, ruined castles, famous pictures, beautiful prospects, I trace mine by vegetables. The cauliflowers at Antwerp, the green peas at Louvain, the early cabbages at Coblenz, are green spots in my memory. The Continent of Europe—and having resided on it for twenty-four days, I think I may fairly claim to be an authority on this and other subjects—is the best place, to adapt what the DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY said of London, for Vegetarians, and the only place for those who, on account of health, family reasons, &c., are unable to eat animal food.

Seven cities (for names, population, &c. see *Continental Bradshaw*) contended for the honour of being HOMER's native place (author of the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, &c.), and we learn from a writer unfortunately lost in the Great Fire of London, that as many houses bore tablets recording the poet's birth within their walls. In modern times the nearest parallel to this competition is the number of shops claiming to be the only true and genuine representatives of the first founder of the great FARINACEOUS line. The capital of FARINA was sweeter than I expected. Perhaps it has taken sanitary lessons since COLERIDGE (poet, not Attorney-General) said the disparaging things he did of the Odour Cologne.

Generally, I like foreign ways, but I detest foreign pavements. Were I a burgomaster, or a syndic, or other great municipal authority, I would leave no stone unturned to accomplish a reform in this direction—at any (paving) rate to make a little more distinction between the middle of the road and the sides.

How cosmopolitan is Fame! It knows no distinctions of time, place, or language. It overleaps barriers, it crosses frontiers. It defies *douaniers*, it disarms *gens d'armes*. The great writer, like the great advertiser, leaves his imprint everywhere—from the Thames to the Tannus, from the Black Country to the Black Forest. All these reflections, and several others which will be forthcoming if they are required, I made while passing the "Hotel Weller" in a Rhine steambath, and regretted that I could not land and see how Time was treating the landlord, who must now be advancing in life.

The Rhine was worth fighting for, but I am afraid some of the cheaper wines would hardly bear the fatigue of the journey to England. (Question for any of the learned Societies which perplex themselves with such matters, "What proportion of Rhine tourists could say within a reasonable time—say on the spur of the moment—which was the bank the newspapers were always referring to?")

How irresistible is the influence of fashion! Malines does not strike one as a place abounding in the latest improvements, yet even there wooden shoes were exposed for sale with imitation buttons. (N.B. It may be inculcated as a sound axiom in political economy, that no nation will ever get on which wears wooden shoes—they are too great a clog on progress.)

The bread in foreign countries is constructed on such a large scale that it is labelled and treated as luggage.

I never before fully realised the calamitous results of the Tower of Babel. I will gladly become a yearly subscriber to the funds of any Association which may be formed to promote the adoption of one language and one currency all over Europe, just as there is one clock, one cat, one railway whistle, one targartherer, &c. If I were

consulted on the subject, I should say that the English tongue and the English coinage would be the best adapted for the purpose. Nightly, in my dreams, am I still reducing thalers to kreuzers, or florins to silver groschen, on the somewhat erroneous financial basis of sixty groschen to one florin, and twelve silver kreuzers to a thaler.

You never understand the full force of the expression that a man (or a woman) has gone to the Bad, until you have been to Homburg, now lying under sentence of death.

I have been thoroughly unmanned to-day, utterly unfit for the time to do anything except play at German skittles. A rumour reached us (fortunately after breakfast, or everything would have gone away untouched), but how it awoke no one could say, for although we had the bloodhounds at work within ten minutes, we could not trace it. There were two versions of the story, but both so prostrating that we felt it was impossible to turn our faces homewards without more certain information as to what might await us on our arrival at the ticket-office. Fortunately, later in the day, after an interval of almost intolerable suspense, the arrival of a London paper took a load off our minds only equalled by the luggage, for, to the inexpressible relief of all our party, down to the youngest, we found it was not the Christy Minstrels themselves who were "totally abolished for ever" (this was one version), or had "ceased to exist for evermore" (this was the other), but only the title.

I have one or two more things to say, including some verses I composed on the Rhine on the Rhine, with a rather pretty refrain of

"Rhineland,
Wineland,
Vineland,
Fineland,
Hurra!"

a paper on local taxation, an essay on Romanesque architecture, and some notes on the agriculture of Belgium and the grazing lands of Germany, which I hoped to have had ready this week in time for the Doncaster meeting.

IGNORAMUS.

SONG OF A SOT.

CLOSER a' lemon a' clock? Then I'll lay in a shtook.

'Cause there's no place like home where to go, Sirs.

Zehere ain't much cause to weep, shince we gets shpirits cheap,
If we purchash aha shame at the Grocer's.

I can thit and shwig here without hindrance or fear,
Whilest to keep on my sheer I'm ahtill able.

When I lose aheif-control—zehen o' course off I roll—
An' tumble down unner sha table.

An' zshere I can shtay, all sha night an' nex day,
An' have nobody come to molest me;
Bur if I lose my feet—an' come down in sha ahtreet—
In course zshen sha Bobbies would 'rest me.

'Tis a precious bad job to get fined forry bob,
When y' are caught in a Pub. arter closin';
Home, you drink at all hours, an' sha P'lice 'ash no powers
For a poke their inquisitive nose in."

Sho now here I'll remain—and my bollo I'll drain—
In sha shocket till cannle'sh en' dickers.
In a fella'sh own room he'sh a right to consume
Any 'mount of intoxicane liquors.

Now, when shwipes sha most thin I'm ferbid at my Inn,
Shtay at home an' enjoy wine an' wasail—
Here we're free to carouse. Every Englishman's House
Ish his Castle—his El'phant an' Castle.

• We hope that our friend is right in his law on this point.

Automaton Bakers.

THE least fastidious reader will agree with the observation of a contemporary, respecting the threatened strike of Bakers, that:—

"Certainly it would be pleasanter for the consumer to know that his bread had been made by machinery, and not by hand."

It would be still pleasanter than that for the consumer to be assured that machinery had produced his bread. Bread is not always, in the strict sense of the word, manufactured. By the use of machinery in kneading bakers' bread, there is reason to apprehend, the force applied by those who knead it, which would in general be superseded, is not that of the hands.

AUTUMNAL QUESTION.—When does a Green-grocer arrive at a ripe age?



MISTAKEN KINDNESS.

MRS. DE TOMKYN'S DOES NOT TAKE HER CARRIAGE WITH HER TO THE SEA-SIDE. SHE THINKS THE POOR HORSES WANT REST AFTER THE SEASON. SHE FORGETS THAT THE COACHMAN HAS A FAMILY, AND THAT THE FAMILY HAVE FRIENDS.

CITY ARTICLE.

(From a Contemporary.)

TUESDAY.

GREAT excitement was produced in the City this afternoon by the rumour that *Mr. Punch* had been "doing something very extraordinary." Reports took various shapes, but they crystallised at last into the generally accepted belief that he had been giving notice to certain well-known establishments not to part with any of the money which France has been paying to Germany, and which Germany has been investing here. The rumour proved true. *Mr. Punch* had discovered that the Twenty Millions had been sent over, and divided into five sums, which had been deposited respectively with the L. and W., the U., and MESSRS. R—, G—, X, and B—a. This liberty (for *Mr. Punch* considered it a thundering liberty that the money should not in the first place have been offered at 85, F—t Street), he resented by giving notice to each of the above establishments to hold the money until he shall be perfectly satisfied with the intentions of the Three Emperors, and until he shall have received an ample apology for not being asked to the Meeting, after all that he has done for Germany. On information of this proceeding having been telegraphed to PRINCE VON B—k, a special envoy was instantly dispatched to *Mr. Punch*, and they were left drinking and smoking to a late hour, but we have not heard of any other results of the conference. *Mr. Punch*, however, is notoriously firm, and we believe that, in the words of MR. LEWIS CARROLL, he

"Said what he'd be if he'd stand it."

Panic in the Kitchen.

GREAT consternation prevails amongst the female Domestic Servants of the respectable classes in the Metropolis. This is the dull season of the year, and alarming reports are about that the Baker is likely to discontinue his calls.

THE RIGHTS OF THE WORKING-MEN.

(A few words addressed to them by *Mr. Punch*.)

"STRIKE not, but hear," you who assume to yourselves a title, which, being applied, like an Act of Parliament, to Females as well as Males, belongs to Her Gracious Majesty the QUEEN, and from her downwards to a crossing-sweeper who earns his honest bread. You want ninepence an hour for nine hours' work, and No Surrender. If you deserve it, *Mr. Punch* hopes you may get it, as he likes all people to be paid for what they earn honestly.

BUT, REMEMBER—Ninepence an hour for nine hours' work gives seven shillings a day, and seven shillings a day gives two guineas a week, and two guineas a week give one hundred and four guineas or one hundred and nine pounds four shillings a year.

Suppose, my friends, you get what you ask for, and have continuous work for a whole year, are you men enough to pay to the Country in which you live the Income-tax, which every poor Government clerk who works with his brains is obliged to pay?—or do you mean still to go on, and charge the State, which you rob, of robbing you, and maintaining, as you say, "a base and brutal aristocracy, who are grinding down the blood and the bones and the marrow of the people." Be wise in time; for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER having filled his bag with Grouse, may come back and look you up.

Strange Antagonists.

THE Newspapers should be careful what they publish about the Autumn Manœuvres. The country people seem well-disposed to our troops, but they will soon begin to dread their presence, if they are often told that "a skeleton enemy has just been sent out." An encounter with a foe of this description on a lonely Wiltshire plain, or secluded Dorsetshire heath, would scare even the most loyal and patriotic out of their wits; and if it is indispensable that such a force should be dispatched, it would be well to observe the greatest secrecy as to its movements.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—SEPTEMBER 14, 1872.



A DREAM OF STONEHENGE. 1872.

ARCH-DRUID, "BROTHER C-RDW-LL, BROTHER C-RDW-LL, 'TOD' CALL YOURSELF A DRUID?"
THE OXFORD DAVID (*sleepily*). "OHOVESO, BY JINGO!!!"

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A WARRIOR ON WAR.



THE other day a speech was made at Preston by MAJOR GERMAN, wherein he remarked that it was surprising that the best portion of Europe should now be engaged in devising schemes for bloodshed—for, in reality, murder; that the warlike spirit of the age seemed a mockery of the Christianity professed.

Hear, hear! Hear the true, if trite, words of excellent MAJOR GERMAN. They are so logical as well as so just in a moral point of view, and withal so uncommonly remote from any military "shop," that every thinking and humane person must—

"Admire such wisdom in a Major's shape."

It may be presumed that MAJOR GERMAN is a Major only for the purposes of national defence, and would straightway quit the Army

if MR. GLADSTONE, at the demand of the People, or any other PREMIER, were to employ it in a foreign invasion. A ques-

tion, somewhat less thoughtful than the foregoing observations, was added to them by the gallant but pacific officer:—

"Why, he asked, did not England call for national disarmament?"

Because England would not have its request complied with by national disarmament in such wise, conversely, as the demand of the heroine in the ballad of *Billy Taylor* was for sword and pistol:—

"Which did come at her command."

The obedience of those weapons would not be paralleled by national disarmament. The armaments of foreign nations would not go at the command of England.

Song of a London Seot.

BAKER, Baker, strike awa':
Ye'll na gar me greet, mon;
Ken that I defy ye a';
Though bread grow dear as meat, mon.

Aits are baith bread an' meat to me,
Wha dinna keep my carriage.
Mysel, forbye the barley-bree,
Can live richt weel on parritch.

No Ghost.

IN a discourse delivered to the Craven Agricultural Society one day last week, at Skipton, LORD F. CAVENDISH, M.P., referring to "the existence of a strong and a numerous class of small farmers," observed that—

"Political economists had prophesied with boldness that the small farmer would soon disappear."

No fear of that. The smallest of small farmers is a being of too, too solid flesh ever to vanish.

POLICY AND PRINCIPLE.—Tax only the respectable and the weak, ROBERT. They will but grumble. Grind the middle classes. *Medio tutissimus ibis.*

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)

DENMARK is well worth a visit. It is a country consisting entirely of Villages and Hamlets. Our SHAKESPEARE took one of his characters from these latter. "The monarchy of Denmark," we are informed, "is the oldest in Europe," and if in its age it is anything like a good Stilton, then we find at once the reason for the saying that there is "something rotten in the state of Denmark." There is no law against the use of the umbrella in Denmark, and everyone may carry his own. Of course while here you'll go to

Copenhagen.—What, we ask, is the use of annually taking the same old route up the Rhine and down the Rhine, and, as the song says, "That's the way the money goes," being dropped pretty freely between the two banks? No, try our plan, and if you haven't seen Copenhagen now's your chance. Here we are. There are 400,000 volumes in the Royal Library. Take your *Bradshaw* in with you, and you'll have increased the number by one. Care will be taken that the collection be not decreased by one or more volumes on your withdrawal.

The population is 130,000, so now you've got a nice little sum to occupy your spare moments—of course this won't apply to a very stout person who never has any spare moments—and you can find out how many volumes out of the Royal Library go to a person in Copenhagen. A gentleman who has made this his study for years computes it at 34,000 volumes to each individual Dane in Copenhagen.

The bathing here is simply perfect. The water of the Baltic is half salt and half fresh. You can of course choose which half you prefer.

It is extraordinary how incorrect some Guide Books are. One of them says "The city is entered by four gates"—well all we can say is, and we pledge ourselves to any respectable Uncle for the fact, that we never saw any gate even attempting to enter the city. Again, we were told that "Our eye would be taken by four Colossal Statues,"—well, it wasn't true, our eye was not taken by anyone, or anything, and it still ornaments our intellectual physiognomy.

Of course this Remembrancer only supposes the Tourist to be doing rapid acts of journeyism, and he cannot be allowed to stop for more than one day anywhere. So, taking our coupons in his pocket (and

keeping them there) he will travel rapidly and by the shortest and most direct route to

Turkey, where the Rhubarb is. This country is inhabited by regular Turks.

Advice to Travellers in Turkey.—The polite thing to do on landing is to leave your card on the Sultana of the Harem. The Turks are intensely hospitable, and you will require no money. The password everywhere is "Allah is Allah, and Bismillah is his prophet." Do not pat strange dogs in the street. Invariably carry with you a sword-stick, a belt with revolvers, two daggers, and any other side-arms for which you may have room, and never go out before ten in the morning or after 11 A.M. Any information you require you must bring with you, as no one here knows anything about anywhere or anybody. When you land, immediately buy a fez, which you will find will admirably suit your fezignomy.

Exercise.—Hire a Dancing Dervish by the hour, and practise your stops. Walk down to the Golden Horn for a blow. There is but one note which you will get out of the Golden Horn, and that is a note of admiration.

You will walk about the bazaars, and if perhaps you miss the picturesqueness of our own Soho Bazaar, of our Lowther and Burlington Arcade, you will at least admit that were there but a beadle present, the whole scene would be indeed perfect.

Religious Observances.—The traveller will notice that a small piece of carpet is invariably used by the pious Mahometan for praying on. Curious it is to remark the connection between West and East in such a matter, for where the Western would raise a handsome pile for worship, the Eastern, with the same object in view, lays down a handsome pile, and kneels upon it.

This is so profound a remark, that we leave the Tourist to his meditations.

Ol' Clo' at Rome.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that:—

"According to a Roman telegram, now that CARDINAL QUAGLIA is dead, there are twenty-seven Cardinals' hats at the POPE's disposal."

His Holiness may complain that he is unable to dispose of these hats because he is a prisoner. But surely the Italian Government would not prevent him from taking them into the Ghetto.



HIGH ART WELL EMPLOYED.

Quiet Country-Maid. "O, HOW BEAUTIFUL THIS TABLE IS! WHAT LOVELY LACE AND RIBBONS!"

Grand Town Ditto. "O, THIS IS VERY PLAIN—FOR THE MORNING, YOU KNOW. YOU SHALL SEE IT WHEN I HAVE CHANGED THE COLOURS, AND PUT FRESH FLOWERS AND BOWS FOR MY LADY'S EVENING TOILETTE."

TWOPENCE MORE.

COMMENTING on the acts and doings of the London School Board, the *Post* observes, "we are by no means blind to the fact that there is an increasing tendency displayed by the Board to erect costly buildings, to indulge in expensive experiments, and to disburse public money rather with the high hand of a possessor than with the careful economy which ought to characterise a steward." Money—the ratepayers' money—is evidently "no object" considered with a view to economy by the London School Board. Like some other managers, they appear to be "regardless of expense." There are, however, some extra charges which they have yet to incur on behalf of their seemingly too low-rated constituents. Accomplishments remain to be added to the education of street-children. It is a wonder that the ladies on the London School Board have not looked to one at least of these already. Music, indeed, is decried by some eminently strong-minded women as a frivolous thing fit only for men, who alone excel in its composition. But street-children of both sexes might be taught to dance. If they were, the exercise which they would then take, would benefit their bodies as well as their minds. Their deportment and manners would also derive from that elegant exercise an improvement for which there is some room. The views of the championesses of Woman's Rights could also be promoted by having the girls instructed to ask the boys to dance. Not another word can be necessary to induce the London School Board, at its very next meeting, to vote that a sufficiency of competent Teachers of Dancing be forthwith added to their educational staff, so that the Three R's may, as soon as possible, be supplemented with a D.

Question for Couples.

Philosopher. The great advantage of Marriage is that it tends to divest a Man of selfishness.

Disciple. Has it the same effect on a Woman, Sir?

IMPOLITIC SURPLUSAGE.

LET the POPE console himself. FATHER HYACINTHE (who can never have read *Pickwick*) is going to marry; and to marry a widow. In an article on the apology published by the Reverend Gentleman for contracting matrimony, the *Times* takes occasion to make remark, which commands assent:—

"How the reasons for matrimony ever got into the Marriage Service we do not happen to know, but they jar with English feeling, and are certainly needless, considering whom they are addressed to."

The compilers of the Common Prayer-Book would have done well to adopt, if they could have foreknown, the recommendation of the learned judge who advised his less judicious brother to give his decision, but abstain from giving his reasons.

Close Quarters.

"CAPOUL, the singer, has signed an agreement which binds him to M. VEROER, of the Italians, for the winter."

VERY uncomfortable, we should think, for both parties, and it is difficult to understand how such an arrangement can be managed on the boards of the Opera. Let us be glad, however, that the agreement is only for the winter, a season when we are all ready enough to resort to any sort of contrivance to protect our persons from the weather. The sufferings of two people bound to each other during a hot summer day would have been too distressing both to themselves and their friends, and in this case must, we imagine, have seriously interfered with the proper rendering of lyric opera.

GENERAL ENGAGEMENT.

Down in Wiltshire, our forces have been fighting the Battle of the Wiley. Nothing new in this. Everywhere and always the Battle of the Wiley is going on.



THE COMING RACE.

Doctor Evangelina. "BY THE BYE, MR. SAWYER, ARE YOU ENGAGED TO-MORROW AFTERNOON? I HAVE RATHER A TICKLISH OPERATION TO PERFORM—AN AMPUTATION, YOU KNOW."

Mr. Sawyer. "I SHALL BE VERY HAPPY TO DO IT FOR YOU."

Dr. Evangelina. "O, NO, NOT THAT! BUT WILL YOU KINDLY COME AND ADMINISTER THE CHLOROFORM FOR ME!"

DON'T "STRIKE, BUT HEAR."

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE uncomfortable misgivings as to the propriety of the course I have resolved to take after long and anxious consideration, an almost sleepless couch, and an interview, far protracted into the night, with a friend to whom I always turn for advice and guidance in seasons of doubt and difficulty like the present juncture. I am aware that I render myself liable to be misunderstood, that I expose myself to the charge of plagiarism, and to the imputation—one of the most serious under which a public writer can labour—of being unable to discriminate, either through ignorance or wilfulness, between an old joke and a new one. But all personal considerations must be thrust aside. I have a duty to perform on the one hand to the public, and on the other to an important, hard-working, and, I believe, hardly-used section of the community, from which, if you, Mr. Editor, will stand by me, neither ridicule nor reproach shall turn me aside.

I grant that the connection, real or imaginary, between one of the highest legal functionaries in the land and the humble process of preparing food made of flour (or meal) baked in an arched cavity over a fire, has before now found employment for numerous pens, many of them writing in a jesting strain; but I contend never in the same serious circumstances as those we are now called upon to face. We are threatened with a Bakers' Strike, we are menaced with a total suspension of the Staff of Life (except in the inadequate guise of biscuit); and I for one cannot sit still with folded hands, without doing my utmost to prevent such a calamity, by suggesting both to masters and men that they should at once, without an hour's delay, submit their differences for arbitration to the one man in the realm supremely qualified to undertake the task—to (no, not the Author of *Yeast*, but) the MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

Yours, &c.

J. MILLER.

SEASONABLE.—WHEN is a brace of grouse like the star mentioned by DR. WATTS in his celebrated poem?—Evidently when it's "so high."

AN OLD PARTRIDGE'S COMPLAINT.

MR. PUNCH, I'm a poor old Partridge,
And love the stubble-field,
And I say bad luck to the eartridge
And the weapons which sportsmen wield.

A lot of men with breech-loaders
May think it very good fun
(—I wish they'd turn out exploders,
And kill every son of a gun—)

To go out shooting in mobs,
And knock us down, young and old;—
And O! the dirty snobs!
They send us to Town to be sold.

Why, the Parson and our Squire GILES,
And some of the good old race,
Would walk their twenty miles,
And be content with six brass,

And a hare or two, and a rail,
But they let us roam at large;
And the old dog wagged his tail
When he heard the words "Down charge!"

Of course we have to die,
Like the Parson and Squire, some day;
But we did not mope and cry
When we always had fair play.

And when the day was over,
At the Manor House, warm and snug,
The Shooters dined; and old Rover
Lay at full length on the rug.

And then the grand old buffers
Would drink their tawny port—
Too good for modern duffers—
And chatter about their sport.

But now a lot of strangers
Of the Manor take a lease;
And, like a set of bushrangers,
Won't let anyone be at peace.

They bring about us the poachers,
And their gamekeepers "catch it hot;"
They think their neighbours encroachers,
And blaze away for the pot.

Now, if vulgar rich people think
That a monster bag proves skill,
They'll bring themselves to the brink
Of having nothing to kill.

However great their desire
To play a gentleman's part,
They can't come the Country Squire
Without a gentleman's heart.

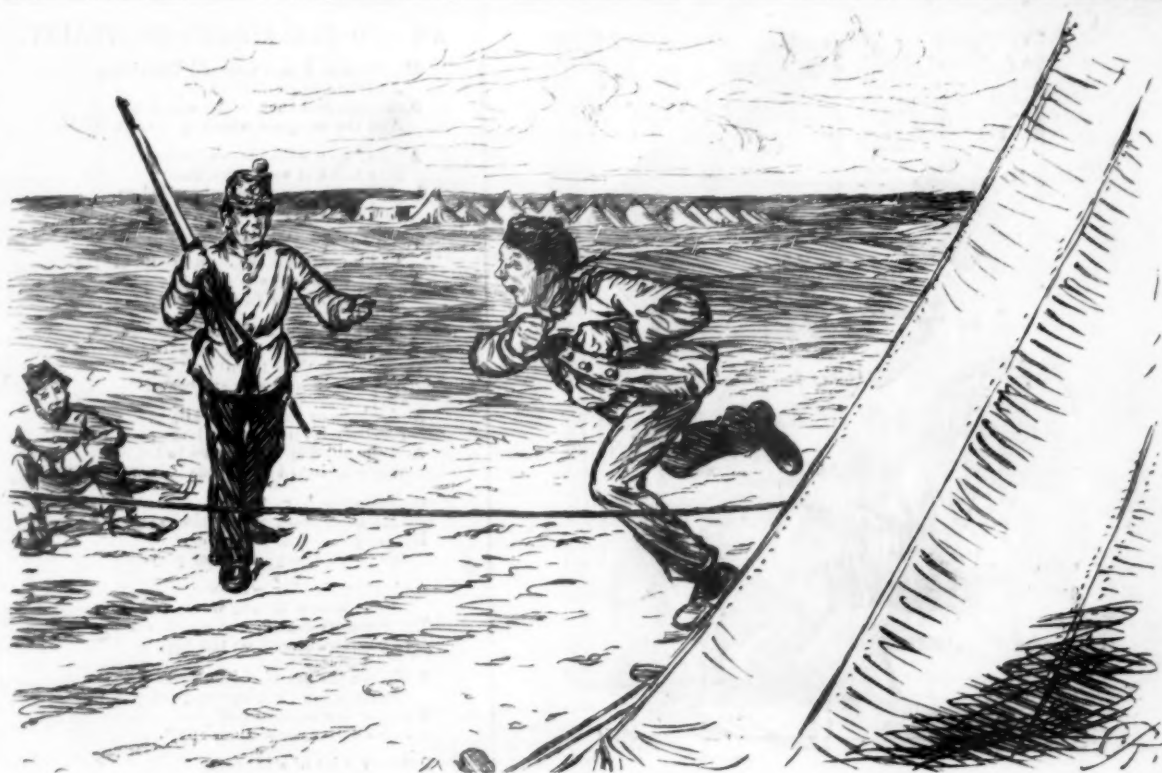
And so I give this warning
To every Sporting Cad,
That he'll wake up some fine morning
With the Game Laws gone to the bad.

Woman's Own Work.

A STRONG-MINDED lady has written an article in which she maintains that needlework is an occupation below the dignity of Woman. What she thinks of needlework she would probably have thought of spinning in the old days when they that span were living Jennies. She would have turned up her nose, of course, at the distaff and spindle. It is too probable, however, at least for men who might be blest if they chose, that the ladies who would scorn to do the work of looms will for the most part themselves remain spinsters all their lives.

A SUGGESTIVE SOUND.

Small Boy (at play with pop-gun, to sensitive Elderly Gentleman). Does this noise annoy you, Uncle?
Elderly Gentleman. No, my boy. It sounds like the pop of a cork.



OUR RESERVES.

SCENE—The Quarter Guard-Tent of the Galway Light Infantry Militia. The Prisoner, outside, joining in the Athletic Amusements of his Comrades—"Shure, why n-hot!"

Sentry (impatiently). "Y—H! SEE, HERE, TIM! TAKE A HOULD AV ME FIRELOCK, I'LL TACHE YER TO JUMP!"

A NOBLE FISHERMAN.

FROM the *Fraserburgh Advertiser* Mr. Punch culls the following:—

"One of our oldest and most worthy fishermen died on Sunday, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. GEORGE NOBLE was a man of firm resolution, and he had none of that superstitious notions so common, but on the contrary could give advice worth listening to and being acted upon. He was a member of the Independent Church for fifty-three years, and more than once stood forward in defence of its principles. GEORGE has left upwards of fifty progenitors behind him, children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren, who mourn his departure very much."

"That superstitious notions" we do not profess to understand. But what a remarkable fisherman, to leave progenitors behind him! If a crab were a fish, and walked backwards (which it isn't and doesn't), we should think that the late MR. NOBLE had taken lessons from one of the fishes whom he has been slaying for so many years, and whose survivors probably do not mourn his departure so very much.

Lines to a Lady.

PAT a cake, pat a cake, MARY ANNE!
Learn to make bread, love, as fast as you can.
Knead me my dough with such hands as those;
Knuckles more clean than the Baker shows.

Intemperance in Paris.

A FITTING and pleasing telegram from Paris the other day announced that:—

"The Bourse has been better."

The Bourse would always be well enough if it could only restrain itself from getting tight.

PEDIGREE AND POET.

TAFFY has been contravening an axiom of hitherto undoubted authority. A few days since a newspaper contained this announcement:—

"Yesterday, the Eisteddfod at Portmadoc, which is described as having been an unqualified success, was brought to a conclusion. In the course of the day SIR WATKIN WYNN, M.P., was initiated as a bard in the presence of an immense number of spectators."

The members of the Portmadoc Eisteddfod, by initiating SIR WATKIN WYNN as a bard, have overruled the old saying that *Poeta nascitur non fit*. Perhaps they considered that an exception to this ancient adage should be recognised in the case of the head of a still more ancient Welsh family.

Two Truths.

PERMIT me, Honourable and Right Honourable Gentlemen, once more to point out that a statute which merely shortens the time during which drink is accessible at a public-house, is likely to have the effect of causing many persons, who drank moderately when they could drink at their own convenience, to drink to excess now that their hours for drinking are limited. So mind this: You cannot make people sober by Act of Parliament. No, indeed; but you may make them drunken.

In the Street.

BROWN. JONES, as a good Protestant, I cannot wish success to the soldiers of our Northern Army.

JONES. Without discussing the goodness of your Protestantism—why?

BROWN. Because they are all Pewseyites.

JONES. *Stultus es, et asinus quoque.*

[Exeunt.]

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT

With the Northern Army at Pewsey.

MURDER OF A RESIDENT BY THE SOLDIERS!

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN WILTSHIRE!

APPLICATION TO THE QUEEN FOR WITHDRAWAL OF THE TROOPS!



HOUGH I had been seventy-six hours on horseback, neither my horse nor I had tasted food during the whole of that time. The poor animal dropped down with exhaustion, and taking off his bridle and saddle, I made my way towards some outbuildings of a farm-house. A large dog rushed out of his kennel as I was approaching, and having pacified him, I undid his collar, and took possession of his kennel, having previously pulled up a few turnips from an adjacent field. When I had finished my frugal supper of raw turnips, I turned in and fell asleep, though I was occasionally disturbed by the rightful owner of my lodging, who wanted to come in for shelter from the rain which was falling in torrents.

Towards daylight I was aroused by the tramp of horses. Two officers, one a General,

the other his aide-de-camp, reined up close to the place where I was lying.

"By Jove, there will be an awful row about this. They killed the old fellow in a wood."

"Who did it?" asked the aide-de-camp.

"One of the Militia, I believe, ran him through with a bayonet as he was trying to escape."

"Can't we square it somehow," said the youngest of the two, "and get it hushed up?"

"Impossible," answered the General; "they have got the body at Pewsey, and the Magistrates are going to meet to-morrow about the matter, and, as many of them are Parsons, they will make more fuss about it than the others. They meet at ten o'clock at the Phoenix Hotel."

You may imagine that this terrible tale thoroughly awakened me. I was twelve miles from Pewsey, and the roads, in this part of the world, after rain, are a foot or two deep in white clay, very like the stuff they clean top-boots with. It was too dreadful to think of—a murder by soldiers, in a wood, and officers attempting to screen the murderer.

After a deal of trouble, I arranged with a farmer for the loan of a donkey, and started at six in the morning for Pewsey.

I inquired my way of an old man who was hoeing turnips. The old fellow, who never looked up, informed me that I was a "main-way" off, and there weren't no regular road, but if I went along the down for three or four miles, I should come to Bumper's Meadow, and if I saw anyone in Bumper's Meadow—"not that I ever see anyone in Bumper's Meadow myself, man or boy, and I don't rightly know if it arn't broke up," my informant said—I was to ask again.

Following the side of the down on my long-eared steed, I eventually got to the Canal, and kept the road to Pewsey.

There was immense excitement in the town, and one of the farmers informed me that the Magistrates were "a sittin' at the Veenix"—as he called the imperishable bird—and were "a writin' to the QUEEN."

I immediately produced my credentials as *Mr. Punch's* special reporter, and was informed that if I dared to come near the room the Magistrates would commit me for trial for contempt of the Bench, and give me hard labour in the meantime.

I picked up what information I could. One old man told me it was as bad a murder as ever was done, and that if ASHFORTH SMITH had been alive, and caught the man who "killed up," he would have hung he.

In the course of the afternoon I was fortunate enough to come across the Magistrates' clerk, whom I found to be a very intelligent little man.

"Can I see the body?" I asked him.

"Impossible," he said, "the Magistrates are going to send it to London."

"What, for medical inspection?" I asked.

"Ah! I don't know," he said. "The Magistrates are very angry; I have tried to prove to them the possibility of its being an accident, as the old fellow was frightened and got between two regiments and someone stabbed him; but the Magistrates won't hear of it, and have petitioned the QUEEN for the withdrawal of the Army. The COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF and the PRINCE OF WALES offered a hundred guineas each and a public apology on behalf of the Army without avail. If you will step into my office, you shall see the Petition. I

wish," he added, "they had taken my advice, and had padded and brushed the poor beast, and had the head stuffed, and thrown him to the hounds, and said no more about it: but here is the Petition!"

"TO HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN VICTORIA."

"The humble petition of Her loyal subjects, Magistrates of the County of Wilts, assembled at the Phoenix Hotel at Pewsey."

"Sheweth."

"That the British Army have occupied for some days past, and continue to occupy, a large district in the county of Wilts. That some soldier or soldiers have wickedly, maliciously, and with malice aforethought stabbed and thereby killed and murdered in a certain wood in the said county of Wilts, a fine old dog fox," &c., &c., &c.

Hinc ille lachryma, Mr. Punch!

MYSTERY AND MEDICINE.

HERE is a curiosity of advertising literature:—

TO CHYMISTS AND DRUGGISTS.—A Surgeon, being about to retire from ill health, wishes to dispose of a first-rate Business, situate," &c.

Several questions are suggested by reading this announcement, and folks at the sea-side, who have nothing else to do except to try and get an appetite, and when they have lost it to try and get another, may find some mental occupation for some of their spare time in considering the problems presented to their notice. For instance, what, in the name of *Æsculapius*, can this doctor ever mean by advertising that he is "about to retire from ill health"? How a person can do this it is perplexing to conceive; and although a Surgeon may have more control over ill health than people not of his profession, it can scarce be in his power at his mere pleasure to retire from it. If such retirement were effected, one would think it must be a retirement to that bourne from which no traveller returns; but this is far too grave a question for the folks at the sea-side, who read only for amusement, if indeed they read at all.

A Word Well Chosen.

"The 'funeral' of *PERE HYACINTUS* took place yesterday. You are, perhaps, aware that it is the custom among Roman Catholic religious communities to consider any member that deserts them as dead, and the ceremony of burying him is gone through. This was done yesterday at the Convent of Dominicans, to which *M. HYACINTUS LOYSON* belonged. A coffin was placed in the middle of the chapel, and the customary burial service chanted. It is said the scene was 'most imposing.'—*Echo*."

"IMPOSING" is a word with two meanings, both of which must have occurred to many readers of this extraordinary account of a notorious funeral.

ACT AND EUPHEMISM.

THE "Intoxicating Liquors Act," that was, has got to be called the "Licensing Act." Its authors and promoters evidently discovered that they had given it names.

COMPARISONS OF TIME.—Wh quicker?—a Full Minute, or Moment?



RULE OF PROPORTION.

Garrulous Old Party. "EACH OF YOU FIVE YEARS' OLD! WHY, I'M MORE THAN EIGHT TIMES AS OLD AS BOTH OF YOU PUT TOGETHER, MY DEARS! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT, EH! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT!"

Elder of Twins. "WELL—YOU'RE NOT VERY TALL FOR YOUR AGE, SIR!"

TEST FOR TRAVELLERS.

MUST the pedestrian excursionist, if exhausted, necessarily faint by the way on Sunday for want of a glass of beer? Not if Magistrates are generally rational and liberal enough to adopt the rule, laid down by MR. COOKE at Clerkenwell the other day, that if a person charged with having been served during the prohibited hours, pleads that he is a *bond fide* traveller, the *onus probandi* that he is not what he says he is, rests upon the informer.

Now, it must be somewhat difficult for the informer, official or officious, Policeman or Prig, to prove that the purchaser of refreshment at an unlawful time, under the pretence of being a traveller *bond fide*, is a *malâ fide* traveller. Ever anxious to aid in the enforcement of laws which tend to enlarge the liberty of the subject, let us suggest an expedient by which the *fides* of any traveller, or other person, applying for refreshment at the closed door of a tavern, might be tested. Anything to diminish drunkenness, which must ensue, to a fearful extent, if anyone can contrive to obtain half a pint of beer surreptitiously on Sunday between half-past two and 6 P. M.

Let an intelligent Policeman, or a stupid one would do well enough for that matter, be told off to mount guard at the door of every public-house. Let a sentry-box be put up there for the purpose of protecting BOBBY from the rain. Provide BOBBY with the Book on which affidavits are wont to be made. Empower BOBBY to administer an oath, declaratory of being a *bond fide* traveller, to every comer as an applicant for "intoxicating liquors."

We know but little of the conscientiousness of the British Public if we are mistaken in the supposition that very few of them indeed would swallow the beer and the oath too. An oath, also, appears to be the only possible means of getting at the truth of a claim to be a *bond fide* traveller set up by a defendant in a police-court or a prisoner (by-and-by, perhaps) at the Assizes. Thumbscrews, at present, are not legally applicable, but will probably be rendered so in a very short time by the rapid and agreeable progress of coercive, Sabbatarian, and sumptuary legislation.

BENEVOLENT FORETHOUGHT.

WINTER's daily drawing nearer;
Buy your coals, while yet you may,
Quick, before they get still dearer
Than the price which you now pay!
Likewise, each beloved hearer,
In your stock of blankets lay;

Coals, not all to roast your mutton
Costly, and more costly beef;
Meat that makes the richest glutton
Pay his butcher's bill with grief;
Blankets, mostly beds to put on
Of the Poor, who'll need relief.

Pity, by anticipation,
With prophetic power of thought,
Those, for you in your own station,
Who have famine prices wrought
By their strikes throughout the nation;
On themselves will want have brought.

The Infallibility of Punch.

DR. NEWMAN, on "Rome and the St. Bartholomew Massacre," declares, in the *Times*, that "Infallibility is not impeccability." Indeed! *Mr. Punch* is as impeccable as he is infallible. If his infallibility and impeccability were not equal, he might, though quite incapable of being himself deceived, be perfectly capable of deceiving others. He would be infallible only in the passive voice. Though it would be strictly impossible for him to make a blunder, it might be very possible for him to commit a crime. In particular, *Mr. Punch*, if he were not impeccable as well as infallible, might tell stories. He might tell stories, whether *ex cathedra* or on his legs. Nobody could be sure that he spoke the truth. Either standing or sitting, *Mr. Punch* might, if it suited his purposes, lie. And who might not?

AN AMERICAN DOCTOR ASSERTS THAT HE CAN MAKE A MUSTARD-PLASTER OF SUCH STRENGTH THAT IT WILL DRAW THE CORK OF A CHAMPAGNE BOTTLE WITHOUT NIPPING THE WIRE.

He will probably advertise it in another month as useful to foxhunters for drawing coverts.

MR. PUNCH TO THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF CANTERBURY, GREETING.

REVEREND, RIGHT REVEREND, AND VENERABLE GENTLEMEN,

KNOW ye that one of the finest Cathedrals in the world belongs not to you, but to the English Nation, and as you have got yourselves into hot water by not laying on the cold-water, We, *Punch*, warn you, as heads of the Church Militant, to apply to heart the anthem which was being sung in your Cathedral, at your morning service, when the roof was absolutely on fire. That anthem was "Sleepers, awake!"

If the accounts are true that you took two years to consider the question of bringing the water at high pressure into the Cathedral Close, We shall expect, in the event of you or your officers catching fire—which Heaven forbid—to see the lead running off your heads as it did off the roof of the grand old Cathedral.

And We, *Punch*, further warn you, and all officials of all Cathedrals in England, that We shall hold our visitation when you don't expect us, and preach a sermon to you which will open your eyes.

PUNCH.

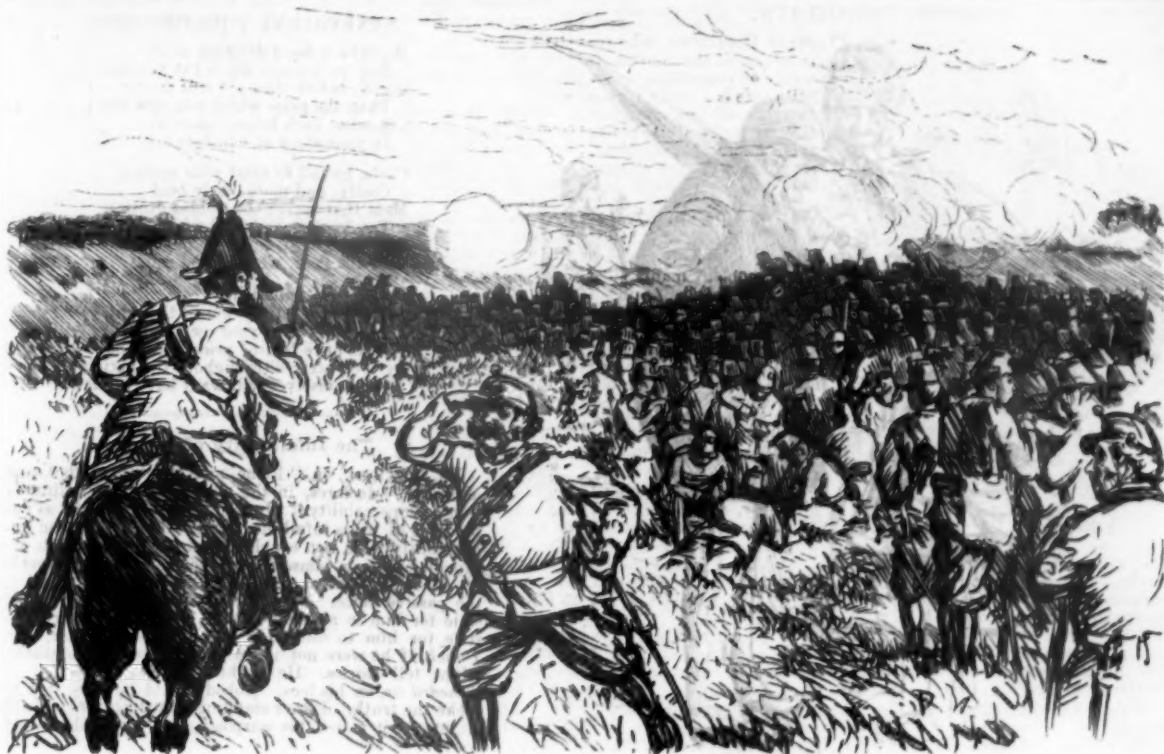
The Markets.

The Matrimonial Market.—Dull season. Offers are almost unobtainable.

In country houses, company limited. Amount of business done, very small. Lovers' tones flat and gloomy.

Joke and Funny Story Market.—Values of nearly all kinds of yarns a shade lower. Quotations unchanged. Funny stories for export better than home trade. Practical-Joke market much depressed, and sellers have been totally unable to find customers.

Fancy Ritualist Market.—Hair shirtings down again. No inquiries. Common dressings and shaved heads sell readily. Calfskins are in very general request.



"OUR RESERVES"—THE BATTLE OF AMESBURY.

Aide-de-Camp. "GOOD GRACIOUS, SIR! WHY DON'T YOU ORDER YOUR MEN TO LIE DOWN UNDER THIS HILL! CAN'T YOU SEE THAT BATTERY PLAYING RIGHT ON THEM?"

Colonel of Volunteers. "SO I DID, SIR. BUT THEY WON'T LIE DOWN. THEY SAY THEY WANT TO SEE THE REVIEW!"

THE NEW CRIME.

LIBERTY for ever! Under the new "Intoxicating Liquors Act," at Stockport Police-court, on Wednesday last week, HENRY TATTERSALL, Landlord of the Park Hotel, Newbridge Lane, was pulled up for the offence of having supplied two men and two women with something to drink on the previous Friday, at a forbidden hour. Those contraband customers had driven to MR. TATTERSALL'S door in a cab, and knocked him up when he was abed at one o'clock in the morning. They requested to be supplied with brandy-and-water, representing themselves to be travellers on their way to Bury; but a policeman recognised them as residents. SIR WILFRID LAWSON and MR. DAWSON BURNS will grieve to hear that the summons against MR. TATTERSALL was dismissed by the Magistrates, who, however, directed the Superintendent of Police to prosecute the alleged travellers "for unduly obtaining refreshments."

What would our fathers, or what would we, till this period of paternal legislation, have understood by the offence of "unduly obtaining refreshments?" Simply, that of stealing victuals and drink. Bless the Rulers and Legislators who have now constituted it, at a time when every good child ought to be in bed, a crime to buy them.

Appointment Uncommon.

The Pall Mall Gazette says:—

"A Correspondent writes to us:—'By a strange accident which can scarcely be accounted for, the officer in charge of the private office at the Admiralty, in the absence of MR. GÖSCHEN, appointed a dead man last Saturday to the command of H.M.S. *Woodlark*, in the West Indies. COMMANDER GAMBIE was in fact in his coffin when the official letter reached his residence.'"

This appointment created a state of things without parallel. VANDERDECKEN was a living Captain. The crew of the *Woodlark* had a dead commander. So the *Woodlark* differed from the *Flying Dutchman*.

A SPARK OF SELF-HELP.

OUT on ye, owls! Nothing but songs of strikes, rising prices, rinderpest, potato disease, Alabama damages, and convictions under the "Intoxicating Liquors" Pedantic Coercion Act? Yes; here is a little candle's end which glimmers amid the gloom of the newspapers, and throws its beams to some, if not a very great, distance, like a rather good deed in a fearfully naughty world. It is a candle's end in a saveall:—

"THE PRICE OF MEAT.—Hanley, Wednesday.—The movement against the present high price of meat has assumed a definite shape here. A co-operative butchers' society has been started, and an average number of shares have been taken up. The butchers are acting on the defensive, and are limiting the supply."

From the offensive to the defensive the transition on the part of the butchers is a counter-movement to the co-operative movement, indicating that the latter is a movement in the right direction. When butchers combine, consumers should unite; and the latter, by generally so doing, would very soon bring the former to reason, as far as they are capable of exercising that peculiar but uncommon attribute of humanity by charging reasonable prices. Anti-Blue Blouse Co-operative Societies should be established everywhere, and everybody should join one of them who wishes to have a steak in the country.

A Regular Disraelism.

SPEAKING, lately, at a Conservative dinner, given in his honour at Pokesdown, in the borough of Christchurch, SIR HENRY DRUMMOND WOLFF, K.C.M.G., is reported to have mentioned that:—

"The head of the Conservative party, MR. DISRAELI, said the other day that a national Church could be nothing unless it were comprehensive."

What is the idea of a Comprehensive Church entertained by the Educator of his Party? That, perhaps, of a Church which takes everybody in.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



CAPTAIN FORTESCUE, who receives us at the Station, is weary of everything generally. He is a lively person to meet on one's arrival. "Wretchedly dull place, this," he informs my Aunt, making a wry face on saying this, as if he'd just swallowed a nasty dose. "Wretchedly dull. Nothing to do. I'm sick of it. 'Pon my soul, it's enough to give one a suicidal mania in a fortnight." Then, with a pitying air to us, "Going to stop here any time?" I hasten to explain that I shall only remain to see my Aunt comfortably settled (of which there is, according to CAPTAIN FORTESCUE's account, a cheerful prospect), and then I shall return home at once. "Ah!" he returns, still pityingly, which is most irritating, "that's exactly what I used to say when I

first came. I intended to stay ten days, and I've been here ten weeks." To my Aunt, "You'll go in for some regular course, I suppose?" She replies, rather nervously, "Yes, I believe I am ordered valnagism and —"

"Yes," interrupts FORTESCUE, smiling as placidly as a Lotus-eater, "they ordered me galvanism to pick me up, but they'd first knocked me down. It's very provoking. I ought to be in England, at Mossire, now."

Happy Thought.—Then, my dear CAPTAIN FORTESCUE, why don't you go?

He smiles, compassionately. "My dear fellow, you won't talk so easily about going, after you've been here a week or so. I ought to have joined this week."

"Good gracious!" exclaims my Aunt, involuntarily frightened out of herself by this last expression of his, which she connects in her own mind, evidently, with some surgical operation, "You don't mean—that is—joined!—you haven't been—"

"No, no," he replies languidly, "not so bad as that. I meant joined my regiment."

"Dear!" says my Aunt, much relieved by this explanation, "I really thought you'd been obliged to sunbargo—I mean submit to some painful gersical operation, and that it hadn't been menderly propered."

CAPTAIN FORTESCUE now takes us to see the lodgings which he has engaged conditionally. "They're not particularly bright," he admits (and they are not), "but they're in an excellent situation, near everything and everybody, if that's any advantage," he adds, with a gloomy and sarcastic smile. He informs us, in the same despairing tone, that "the lodgings are the same all over Aachen, and that these happen to be the cheapest he's seen."

I don't believe (from subsequent events) that he ever troubled himself until the morning of our arrival, and that then he simply lounged into the first place where he saw "Apartments" in the window, and took them conditionally upon our being satisfied when we came.

The sitting-room has an old piece of carpet, showing a foot's breadth of stained floor all round. There is a piece of furniture with a marble top to it, and one small drawer underneath. There is a venerable sofa, which my Aunt feels, she afterwards says, inclined to dust before sitting down on it. There is another wonderful piece of furniture, which looks like a cabinet piano of an ancient date, but is an escriptorio, intended to make you say, "Dear me! a writing desk!" when you open it. In front there is a fairish view, to which we turn, as quite a relief, from the dingy paper, the dull patchwork over the beds in the bedrooms (mine is a mere closet), and the generally depressing effect of everything in the Lodging, and, with our heads out of window, we say, with affected cheerfulness, that we think this'll do; and it turns out afterwards that we both mean, though out of politeness we don't say so, "We do wish CAPTAIN QUORTESCUE hadn't taken these lodgings, for of all the gloomy holes we were ever in, this is the worst."

Happy Thought.—Not going to stop at Aachen. Off the day after to-morrow, after my Aunt's settled.

MILBURN, who is passing through, and has left his wife at the hotel, comes up-stairs to see "how we're getting on."

FORTESCUE says, languidly, "They've only been here an hour; you can't expect them to have anything the matter with them, yet. Give 'em a day, poor things!" His view of visitors to Aix being that any healthy person visiting this sulphurous spot, knowingly, deserves all he gets, and, in his opinion, he'll probably get a good deal.

Always in a worn and languid manner, as if the world were coming to an end to-morrow, and nothing could make any difference to anybody, he wishes us good-bye for the present, as he sees that one of the young persons connected with the shop below (the landlady, he imagines), is coming up-stairs. ("She talks French," he says: "so that'll be all right"—will it?) He delicately hints that we should probably like to be alone with her, and so drags himself down-stairs, as if he'd just come out of a torture-chamber, and would expire at the foot of the staircase.

MILBURN doesn't offer to move. On the contrary, "Here's some fun," he exclaims; and seizing upon the Conversation Book (wish I hadn't left it out; it exposes a weak point) he says, "Now then, let's see where it is. Where's 'How to Hire a Lodging'—Dialogue with a Landlady. Here's a game!" I don't think My Aunt is best pleased with this levity, and, on the whole, it occurs to me that she is not best pleased with anything she's seen up to the present moment, QUORTESCUE included.

"I say!" says MILBURN; "You're over a milliner's shop. There'll be all the (what he calls) gals waiting on you. I say."

Happy Thought (to myself).—Practise my German.

His further remarks are cut short by the entrance of a very quiet and lady-like young woman (one of the numerous "Young Persons" in the shop below, whom I now remember having overheard giggling at us behind the glass-door with a muslin blind over it), who salutes My Aunt, MILBURN, and myself.

In what language shall I address her? Is this the one who speaks French, and with whom, therefore, "it will be all right"? Hate to talk in a foreign language before two English people, specially when one's an elderly relative who may correct you with authority, and the other's a practical joker, who will pick up every mistake you make, and will pretend to roar with laughing at your pronunciation, or your idioms, whatever you say.

We are all silent.

I feel that I could get on, if I was alone, well enough, and perhaps in about five minutes be complimented by Mademoiselle on my French; but before MILBURN and My Aunt, I can't find a word to say.

Happy Thought.—Let My Aunt begin, and see how she does it.

"You tell her," says My Aunt, impatiently, "that we'll take the rooms as CAPTAIN QUORTERRAGE—I mean CAPTAIN QUORTESCUE arranged."

MILBURN pretends to look this out in the Conversation Book, and informs me, as "something to go on with," that "Mademoiselle" is "Meess," that "sivvoo play" is "eef you ple-ase," and that, "Plum-pud-dang" is the same in all languages. These instructions he finishes with "Go on, Milor Roobif, fire away!"

Happy Thought.—Ignore him. Smile, deprecating tomfoolery.

Our landlady, the nice, quiet, modest young person (not at all MILBURN's notion of "one of the gals"), is still waiting for me, or somebody, to speak first.

I say boldly, "LE CAPITAINE FORTESCUE, vous connaissez ce Monsieur que je veux dire?"

She replies, "Parfaitement, Monsieur," which gives me time; and I continue.

"Eh bien!"

Happy Thought.—Always try to get in "Eh bien," "alors," "bien entendu" and "n'est-ce pas," whenever possible; because, if you can't command an entire language, it's a great thing to have a small effective force at your disposal, for manœuvres.

Happy Thought.—Travelling proverb, "A little knowledge is a very useful thing."

I continue, "Eh bien alors!"—(by the way, mustn't waste my regiments recklessly)—"si vous avez compris de Monsieur le Capitaine que nous allons prendre?"

"That's rum French," says MILBURN, in an audible aside.

I beg him with, I am aware, a little irritation of manner, not to play the fool, adding, that if she understands me, that's sufficient, to which my Aunt assents, saying, "Of course! only do make her understand!" which rather upsets me, as I resume, abandoning my original sentence, and going to the point thus:—"En bref, nous prendrons,—je veux dire (with a glance at MILBURN) nous prenons les appartements par la semaine, et on commence, maintenant, aujourd'hui. C'est bien entendu, n'est-ce pas?"

She returns, quietly, "Je le comprends parfaitement, et je dirai à ma sœur aînée tout ce que vous avez dit. Bon jour, Madame! Bon jour, Messieurs!" And so she withdraws.

Happy Thought.—Why, being gone, I am a man again.

My Aunt is dissatisfied. "Why didn't I," she wants to know, "ask about the price?" MILBURN insists that I ought to have put

all the questions in the Conversation Book. I answer my Aunt that FORTESCUE will tell us all about price when we meet him.

MILBURN wishes me to come to dinner with him and Mrs. MILBURN at a restaurant. While it is preparing, I show my Aunt the Cathedral and the Eliza Fountain. At every other step I am obliged to explain that it's not the drains, but the sulphur, which she smells. I tell her that I recollect all about it, and, after dinner she feels a little better.

Very tired, and retire early: after inspection—ahem!—and with considerable misgiving. I remark that the quiet young persons (the "gals") below are still giggling. I can't see, but I can hear shouts of laughter. Are they so pleased at our having taken the lodgings?

Notes of the Night, made soon after Dawn.—My Dream. I seemed to be in some church which I knew thoroughly well, yet I'd never seen it before. Somebody, only showing half his body out from behind a pillar, said that High Mass was going on, and at that moment I saw the clergy in their vestments walking along, accompanied by a master of the ceremonies in a sort of gold chasuble and a tall black chimney-pot hat, which he wouldn't (somehow I felt this, for he didn't say so)—which he wouldn't take off on any account. Then, all at once, from out of a door in a wall, which seemed to have no connection with any part of the church, but was put up like a screen on the right, came a very long, thin monk in a surplice, who denounced every one, as I imagined from his action, though he never said anything, and yet he was certainly vociferating with all his might; and my Aunt, who was standing up close to four people who were kneeling, and somehow doing it by facing both ways at once, said to me, crossly, "You don't mean to say you've brought me here for this!" Upon which I remonstrated with her, without speaking, however, which was the remarkable part of it, and the tall monk, waving his arm, disappeared through the door in the wall just as another priest in a black biretta began to pump the handle of the organ in the loft just above us, and to preach, at the same time, against MARY, Queen of Scots; and whenever he stuck for a word, a man in a grey dress prompted him. "And then," he said, "that scamp of a Scotchman!" whereupon I looked up, and he at once withdrew the expression, saying, distinctly, that he didn't mean me. This seemed to satisfy everyone (there were five people present); when, on looking up towards where the altar should have been, but wasn't, I saw another priest at least twenty feet high, who turned round, smiling and bowing (he'd a head exactly like that of the great DANIEL O'CONNELL the Liberator), and he was stooping down to lift up a little deacon who was facing us, and chuckling while he was giving us a blessing. Then the organ began to play—and I awoke.

Think I hear my Aunt stirring. So rise. Every one up and about in Aachen. Out to look at Water Drinkers. Same old routine, same smell, almost same people. Pretty Miss ELISA, alas! has vanished from the fountain. I visit the kindly MISS CATHERINE (it isn't CATHERINE, but something very like it) and while laying in a small store of cigars (at one *gro* apiece, and a little one, or two, in on taking a quantity), I learn that poor ELISA will never more hand waters from this, or any other fountain, on earth. "She was a very pretty girl, and as good as she was pretty," says MISS CATHERINE, with an emphasis that implies a history, and I feel that nothing more can be said.

It relieves us both, after a pause, to interchange the tittle-tattle of the present season, and to discuss the merits of the newest fashion in cigar-holders.

"And where are you lodging?" asks MISS CATHERINE, who is only too pleased to advise and recommend.

Happy Thought.—Whenever going again, send to Miss C. Ought to have thought of this before.

I answer, oh, at FRAULEIN FROWSTER'S.

"Ah! so!" says MISS CATHERINE, and smiles. I don't like that smile. She doesn't offer an opinion on the matter. I wish she would. Somebody else enters, and I leave.

I don't like the peculiar way in which she said that "So." I don't like her smiling and only saying, "So."

Back to lodgings. Gaily salute the FRAULEIN FROWSTER, whom I see in the shop. She bows to me civilly and nicely enough.

I enter the sitting-room. My Aunt is there before me. A frown is on her brow. In her hand is the lid of, as I fancy, a pomatum-pot. I wish her good morning. She does not return the courtesy, but asks me in a tone, at once grave and indignant, "Where is your Dickie Jockshon Pernary?"

What? Oh, of course, my Pocket German Dictionary. Here, naturally, in my pocket.

"Then," says my Aunt, holding out the pomatum-pot lid, on which I now notice, for the first time, a large round brownish black spot, as of the remains of a squashed insect; "then, if you please, tell me what is the German for—*for*—THAT?"

Further inspection unnecessary. MISS CATHERINE'S ominous smile. Ah! I open the dictionary, and far on, under "B," I find it.

"What is it?" asks my Aunt, tragically.

"Wasser," I reply.

"Then," she returns, with calm desperation, "I've killed five *Wassers* this morning. Here's one!" and she indicates the defunct on the pomatum-pot lid with the air of a Lady Macbeth, pointing at the "little damned spot." Then she adds, having already forgotten the word, "That's a *Bonser*, if ever there was one."

She is right, it is.

FISH AND FISHERMAN.



RECENTLY there is caught in the Thames a certain fish, bearing a name of questionable propriety. For it is called the Pope. Now the POPE (mammalian) is credited with representing a Fisherman, not a fish, or any creature of the kind. Then there is this distinction between the Pope of the Thames and the POPE on the Tiber, that, whereas the former is caught now and then, you can never catch the latter. In a letter to the *Times* on the recent controversy about the complicity of the papacy with the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, SIR GEORGE BOWYER thus writes:—

"Allow me only to add, that assuming (though this has been denied and controverted) that the POPE of that day sanctioned the massacre, the doctrine of infallibility is not involved, nor brought into question; for by the decrees of the late Council the POPE is infallible only when teaching dogmatically *ex cathedra*, and deciding questions of faith and morals."

Catch the POPE if you can. He is, says SIR GEORGE BOWYER, infallible only when teaching dogmatically *ex cathedra*, and deciding questions of faith and morals. Secular history has been defined to be philosophy teaching by example. By parity of expression, ecclesiastical history is definable as theology teaching likewise. When a Pope has a medal struck and *Te Deum* sung to commemorate a massacre of heretics, those historical acts to simple minds appear to amount to a solemn papal approval of the assassination of heretics in general, and the French Huguenots in particular. But, O no! It cannot be shown that the Infallible Reformer of the Calendar approved of the St. Bartholomew massacre *ex cathedra*. How are we to know when a Pope speaks *ex cathedra*, and when he doesn't? When he does, are we to understand that he always says so? "Now I'm speaking *ex cathedra*." Mind that. There's no deception or mistake this time." Is that, or some such as that allocation the necessary preface to every papal bull or other utterance entitled to be received as infallible? Eh, SIR GEORGE BOWYER? Or is the phrase *ex cathedra* to be taken literally? As an infallible Doctor, is the POPE not to be depended upon whilst he stands up? Is Infallibility associated with the POPE's head, or with the contrary? Is he infallible only when seated? Must the POPE's relation to his chair be the same as that of the Pythonesse to her tripod? It has been said that wisdom is in the wig. Do you, SIR GEORGE BOWYER, mean to say that Infallibility is in the trousers? Does Infallibility locally coincide with Honour? Sir Knight of Malta, will your chivalry also tell us, are the fallibility and infallibility of any past Pope in particular determinable solely by the *ex cathedra* decision of the Pope for the time being? If so, then are we to understand that Popery can stand committed by previous Popes only in so far as they are acknowledged to have spoken or acted *ex cathedra* by the present Pope, and that the decisions of the present Pope, accepted as *ex cathedra*, will have hereafter to be believed to be *ex cathedra* or not, only according as the future Pope, of any particular period, shall *ex cathedra* have appeared to determine? Then, truly, Piscator differs from Piscia. No; his Holiness the POPE is no fish. He is, indeed, neither fish nor flesh; an investigator knows not where to have him.

But now, what an opportunity has Piscator for hooking Pisces! Suppose PRINCE THE NINTH were to handseel his infallibility by censuring GREGORY THE THIRTEENTH. What a lot of salmon he might catch, not to be illiberal and say gudgeons!



LUGGAGE INSURANCE.

IT IS RATHER TROUBLESOME, WHEN TRAVELLING, TO CARRY ALL ONE'S PERSONAL PROPERTY ABOUT ONE; BUT EVEN THAT IS BETTER THAN LOSING ONE'S LUGGAGE ALTOGETHER.

PEACE AT A PRICE.

COME, dear friends of each calling and class,
Raise a shout of unbounded delight;
Give the order to turn on the gas
For an illumination at night,
With such mottoes, devices, and stars,
As shall darkness convert into day.
Arbitration has triumphed o'er Mars;
And we've not quite Four Millions to pay.

With our kinsmen to war had we gone,
On America's far-away shore,
Year by year would most likely roll on,
And our loss come to very much more.
Only think what a terrible deal
Our French neighbours to forfeit have had.
O, how happy we all ought to feel
That our punishment isn't so bad!

We behold a new era begun
For the welfare of all humankind;
Hope is beaming as bright as the Sun
That pops out a dark cloud from behind,
And the blackness dispels from the blue.
Men no longer their fellows shall kill.
Lo, Geneva snuffs out Waterloo;
Hey for concord, and peace, and good-will!

For the two branches chief of the race
Anglo-Saxon, what glory and gain!
Both the former and latter the case,
Very mostly, with one of the twain.
When we've paid them their money, O then
Let us trust, with a firm faith in Man,
That they won't pick a quarrel again,
To be settled again by that plan!

Now then, let us unite, all, as Brothers,
Of those millions the burden to bear,
Let the Working-Men, just as all others,
Have the pleasure of paying their share.
Yes, with pleasure and pride in each station,
Everyone will help pay what all owe;
But impose no more partial taxation:
The foul income-tax raise not, BOB LOWE.

LONGEVITY MADE EASY.

The following paragraph has appeared in divers Newspapers:—

"THE DEAN OF WINCHESTER. — It is stated that the reports as to DR. TURNER having resigned the Deanery at Winchester, worth £1,500 a year, which he has held since 1800, are premature. The very reverend gentleman is in his ninety-fifth year."

FOR TURNER read GARNIER, and add on forty to 1800. DEAN GARNIER has adorned the Deanery of Winchester thirty-two years. May he live a thousand to demonstrate the effect of decanal occupation at £1,500 per annum on longevity. The DEAN OF WINCHESTER is understood to be in full possession of his faculties; and we should think that the reports about his resignation of an office which he would be able to discharge completely, even if they were considerably impaired, were premature. CORNARO would not have been half such a fool if he had given up his abstemious habits at ninety-five as DEAN GARNIER would be to reject conditions far more conducive to longevity.

Worcester Sauce.

STATIONERS' HALL is the place for the Festival of the Three Quires. This Festival isn't a Moveable Feast because it's stationary.
Yours ever,
A RELISH.



“WHO’S TO PAY?”

MR. LOWE. “LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU, MY DEAR SIR, ON THE HAPPY SETTLEMENT OF OUR AMERICAN DIFFICULTY! A LITTLE OVER THREE MILLIONS TO PAY!—A MERE TRIFLE!”

PATERFAMILIAS. “YES, IT’S ALL VERY WELL! BUT MIND, YOU’RE NOT GOING TO STICK ON THAT TWOPENCE AGAIN!!”

NEW TO ME.



THE ancient Romans were right in giving the name of "impedimenta" to luggage. Historians do not tell us whether any autopsy was instituted to ascertain if the fears of the Royal Personage were well grounded who foreboded that "Calais" would be found inscribed on her heart; but I am convinced that if at this moment an examination could be made of the same organ in me, "luggage" would appear stamped upon it in legible characters.

Experience has taught me in a single lesson that no man who studies his personal comfort ought to venture abroad without being equipped with the following articles—short ladder, coil of rope, pickaxe, hammer and tacks, telescope, portable bath, salt spoon, spare knife and fork, alpenstock, large atlas, camp stool, pair of compasses, wine-bin, alarum, egg-boiler, pedometer, weather-glass, meditative chest, carriage lamp, and reading-casel. He will find no difficulty in transporting most of these little matters in the railway carriage with him, either distributed over the seats, in the netting above his head, and under his own legs and those of his fellow travellers, or strapped up with his overcoat, waterproof, rug, plaid, goloshes, life-preserver, sticks, umbrella, fishing-rod, guides, manuals, and handbooks.

Some people are colour-blind, others are deaf to all entreaties, a third section of the community have no taste, and a fourth no feeling. For my part, I think that of all the organs of perception as yet discovered the nose is the one I could most readily dispense with in foreign towns and cities. Cotton wool seemed to be commonly used abroad in the ears: I should say there are other orifices to which it might also be applied with advantage to the wearer.

It has been calculated by a professional expert, whose name is not necessarily intended for publication, that with the money annually paid by the English traveller to the foreign hotel-keeper for lights, the entire Continent might be brilliantly illuminated with wax candles during the hours of darkness from Michaelmas to Easter. If merely composites were used, the period of lighting could be extended to the whole year.

Live abroad for a month, and never as a rule sleep more than two nights in the same place. If, when you have settled down again by your own gas-stove (there can be no more firesides, with coals at the present price), you can keep distinct in your recollection all the churches, town-halls, museums, market-places, ruined castles, curiosities, antiquities, hotels, tables d'hôte, landlords, and waiters you have encountered, there is no effort of memory, no exploit of mental calculation which you may not hope, if your health continues unimpaired, to accomplish.

On this my last night abroad, with the white cliffs of Old England gleaming in the future, and rather a heavy hotel bill to discharge in the present, let me pause on this second-floor to consider whether I have learned anything, discovered anything, added anything to my stock of information in the past twenty-four days. I may not have solved any outstanding problem in Gothic architecture, or political economy, or the law of nations, as I designed doing when I left Notting Hill; but, at least, I know how melted butter ought to be served up, and I have joined in the game of German skittles. The increase of knowledge has not all been on my side. The good landlord of the "Schützen-hof" knows now to what use to put the borage which grows in abundance in his garden. This is as it should be. An exchange of courtesies between foreign nations is always desirable, and forms one of the surest guarantees of a lasting peace.

He and others of his profession have treated me well. I will acknowledge their attentions by supplying a little deficiency in their table arrangements, which has caused me some uneasiness. I will present each of them with a salt-spoon. Succeeding tourists will

bless the name of their benefactor, when they recognise it in the Visitors' Book; but in all future foreign expeditions (may I again have the advantage of your companionship, my friend from whom I part to-day!) I shall travel with my own salt-spoon.

I have planned a very compact and pleasant round for next year—Roumania, the Cis-Leithan country, Hungary, Poland, Dalmecia, and home by the Grecian Archipelago.

What is the prettiest sight I have seen? Some St. Bernard puppies. The loveliest? A sunset. The most astounding? A gaming table. The most amusing? A party of school-girls taking tea in the public room of a German inn.

If beef and mutton at a shilling a pound, and other indications of a high state of national prosperity, are leading you to think of economy in your rambles, avoid all places which have a season.

I land at Dover, which has sent two Members to Parliament since the time of EDWARD THE FIRST, with an immediate prospect of a return to Notting Hill, office hours, letter-writing, organ grinders, tradesmen's books, and vociferous costermongers. Having undergone a temporary separation from newspapers, every one will at once guess what is the first thing I fly to when my eye again travels down their columns—not the Autumn Manœuvres, not the Geneva Arbitration, not the doings of the Emperors, not the movements of the Sea Serpent, not the working of the Ballot,—but the present price of Coals. To ascertain this, can any one wonder that I repress even the natural impatience I feel to know who has been appointed CHANCELLOR OF THE DUCHY OF LANCASTER since I quitted my native shores?

And now in the retrospect, when the piano next door has resumed the tune I left it playing, what do I regret? That I did not visit that Cathedral or that Museum, or go up those 132 steps to see the fine view from the tower, or take that lovely walk? No—that I did not taste again that beer at Louvain.

IGNORAMUS.

ARDUOUS EXPERIMENT.

A CONTROVERSY has been raised in a contemporary magazine about a suggestion thus stated by the *Post* :—

"Build two hospitals, treat both alike as to science, admit the same number and the same class of patients, but pray heartily for one and not for the other, and see the result. If more are cured in the prayed-for hospital, the balance is in favour of prayer."

Having made some objections, based on cultivated veneration, to this proposal, the *Post* inquires :—

"Would a monarch, or even a learned professor, listen to a fellow-creature who first questioned his existence, and next moment wished to assay the coin he gave, and test the bread held out to him?"

This view of the case, perhaps, commends itself to the generality of reverent minds. Yet it may be questioned, even by a thinking Bishop, whether the *a fortiori* argument derived from offended human dignity is not infinitely illogical. Under the laws which govern the visible universe, the test of truth, *sine quâ non*, is crucial experiment. Is it absurd to suppose that the order of invisible things is not diametrically opposite, but rather corresponds to, the order of things invisible?

But analogy is not sameness, and the proposal to use identity of method in both natural and supernatural research may involve a blunder. Even if the latter line of inquiry ought to be pursued exactly like the former, exception might still be taken to the experiment of the two hospitals, with the object above indicated. The experimenter could not be sure of his conditions. His required difference between the two cases might not exist. He could not be certain that the prayers on one side were genuine, unless he prayed himself. On the other, he could not be assured that there was no praying. Even in a hospital of professed atheists somebody might be moved to say his prayers. To render the experiment really scientific, not to say conclusive, the only safe plan would be to let the two hospitals be veterinary hospitals. The only creatures that can be trusted not to pray in their extremity are the dumb animals.

A Claim against Claimants.

ARE the Claimants who have made good the Alabama Claims prepared to do as they would be done by? It is said that the Southern States intend to demand £6,000,000 from the North for an indemnity on account of their losses through emancipation. Will the Yankees liquidate these Emancipation Claims? Then, as Mr. O'BRIEN observes, they will be paid in their own coin.

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

THE Isle of Skye is proposed for next year's manœuvres. By all means, let the troops go up to Skye, and besiege a Castle in the Air.

AUTUMN

MANEUVRES





AN UNWISE CHILD.

Minnie (aged six, to bearded Papa, who has just returned after a five years' residence in the Australian Bush). "I DON'T LIKE YOU. YOU ARE TOO ROUGH; AND I'M SORRY YOU EVER MARRIED INTO OUR FAMILY."

"GREEN GROW THE BUSHES, O!"

CAN we believe our eyes? Are we not asleep and dreaming? Or are we five-and-twenty, yes, and even more, years younger than we were last Wednesday? Are the Corn Laws just repealed? and has the country scarce recovered from the Irish famine? Is LOUIS PHILIPPE on the throne? and are alarmists in a fright about the possible invasion of the PRINCE DE JOINVILLE? Is the Jenny Lindomania beginning at the Opera? and has the world not yet recovered from its laughter at the acting of *King John*, in *Punch's* famous Payne-tomine? We ask this while we rub our eyes, and stare again at the advertisement. Yes, there it stands, in all the newspapers, precisely as it stood there nearly thirty years ago, before newspapers indeed—at least penny ones—existed. "This evening . . . MADAME CLEMENT as *Miami* . . . at the Adelphi Theatre . . . in the celebrated drama of the (Ever) *Green Bushes*!!!"

Black and White.

THE white American people of the South, we are told, propose to try and establish a White Man's Government (instead of a Black Man's) by creating a system of separation between the two races. If this scheme were carried out, there would be "separate schools, separate churches, separate railway carriages, and separate hotels for the negroes." Perhaps there would also be separate gaols. Would there be separate cemeteries? Of course the coloured gentlemen would have separate Clubs, at which any obnoxious Nigger seeking admission would be whiteballed.

A GEM OF AN ISLAND.

It seems there is some promise of coals coming to us from Ireland. If this promise be realised, the Emerald Isle should change its name, and be called, in richer language, the (Black) Diamond Isle.

MRS. MOONRAKE ON THE MILITARY.

WELL, now, then, really, I do say,
And will confess, that I am very
Agreeably, in every way,
Astonished with the Military.

What well-conducted, nice young men!
Not like what people used to tell us.
May be 'tis true that soldiers, then,
Were wicked, harum-scarum fellows.

There's not a fox, or duck, or goose,
Or turkey, that we've yet found missin'.
The little pigs all safe run loose,
And sheep and lambs, their pastures kissin'.

The hedges are uninjured, quite;
There's not a single fagot taken.
All's paid for; food, and fire, and light:
They fairly fries their Wiltshire bacon.

And my, what spruce young men to see,
By nature part, and part by drillin'!
There's many a parent, if so be
As they'd got money, would be willin'.

I hope my little Rosy dear,
On no red coat won't set affection.
For to a Soldier, there's this here:
Mother's unanswerable objection:

He can't afford to keep a wife,
Consistent with a husband's duty,
So cheap he's got to risk his life,
And die for England, Home, and Beauty.

Would-Be Cardinals.

YIELDING to the prevailing epidemic, it is rumoured that the superior clergy of the Church of Rome are meditating a strike, if the POPE persists in still keeping all the hats he has so long had at his disposal. He is Head of the Church, that is admitted; but, even so, he cannot want twenty-seven hats.

THE LATEST "EARLY-CLOSING MOVEMENT."—The new Licensing Act.

THE LAST VESTED INTEREST.

"The Magistrates of Nenagh have resolved not to put the adulteration clauses of the new Licensing Act in force for a fortnight, the avowed object being to give the publicans time to dispose of their adulterated drinks."—*Times*.

THIS tender regard of the Magistrates for the interests of the publicans is very touching, but it may be questioned whether the Bench are showing themselves equally mindful of the welfare of the population in and around Nenagh, the most probable recipients of these "adulterated drinks." Perhaps, however, the Magistrates have been influenced in their considerate resolution by an assurance on the part of the publicans, that they are fully resolved not to sell a single drop of the condemned stuff to man, woman, or child, but intend to give the whole of it away to the pigs, whose wishes on the subject no one would, of course, think it necessary to consult.

A WORD WITH THE NOVELISTS.

TO MR. PUNCH,

SIR.—What silly names the author people choose for their new novels! For instance, I observe one lately published, which the writer has the impudence to call *A Woman's Wrong*. A woman's wrong, indeed! The idea of ever saying that a woman could be wrong! I should just like to catch my husband even thinking it, that's all!

So I remain, Sir, yours obediently (but not his, mind you),

XANTIPPE GKEYMARE (*née* TROUBIDGE).

P.S.—There's another book I notice too, entitled *Janet's Choice*. Is she, indeed? A choice specimen, I'll warrant. I'd choice her, the vain hussy, if I had her in my house!

BUSINESS AND SPORT.—Bookmakers' Saint's Day—St. Ledger.

HORRORS OF HAIR-DRESSING.



Y DEAR MRS. SMYTHE,

YOU may remember that last week, when we met at the sea-side, I complimented you upon the improved appearance of your daughters, which you said was doubtless owing to the air. It was not for me to contradict a lady, or I might have told you that, in my judgment at least, it was not the air that had embellished those young ladies, unless I could have deemed you capable of an act of such barbarity as the dropping of an H. To be plain with you, my dear Madam (and that is what you, pardon me, have never been yourself), it was the hair, and not the air, which had so beautified your daughters, and

made me pay my homage to their improved good looks.

When I had last seen them, they each wore a monstrous chignon, which, like a wart upon a nose, appeared a hideous excrescence, deforming and destroying all the beauty of their heads. But now, they are content with wearing their own hair, and do not purchase other people's to increase what Mrs. MALAPROP would call their caterpillary attractions. How vastly they and you are all to be congratulated on this happy change of hair, may be judged from a brief extract from a clever medical paper, which you probably have never seen:—

"FALSE HAIR.—M. LINDEMAN continues his investigation of the parasitic bodies (*Gregarinids*) found on the false tresses and chignons commonly worn by ladies. They are to be found at the extremity of the hairs, and form these little nodosities, visible, on careful examination, to the naked eye. Each of these nodosities represents a colony of about fifty *psorosperms*. Each *psorosperm* is spherical; but, by the reciprocal pressure of its neigh-

bours, it is flattened, and becomes discoid. Under the influence of heat and moisture, it swells; its granular contents are transformed into little spheres, and then into pseudo-navicellae—little fusiform corpuscles, with a persistent external membrane, and enclosing one or two nuclei."

Psorosperms and *navicellae*, and *fusiform corpuscles*, are not precisely words to be spoken to a lady, with a reasonable hope of her knowing what they mean. But she will probably consider they are not very nice sounding, and mean doubtless something nasty, and this would be enough to make her rather burn her chignon than suffer nasty creatures to infest her head. Nor would such a sacrifice be a whit retarded by her reading further on:—

"These pseudo-navicellae become free, float in the air, penetrate into the interior of the human organism, reach the circulatory apparatus, and produce, according to this author, various maladies—'cardiac affections, especially valvular affections, Bright's disease, pulmonary affections.'"

So a chignon is not merely offensive to the eye, but injurious to the health; and only fancy, my dear Madam, to what perils people moving in fashionable circles have nightly been exposed! Pray just look at this:—

"M. LINDEMAN calculates that, in a ball-room containing fifty ladies, forty-five millions of *navicellae* are set free; and he concludes that it is necessary to abolish false hair, which often proceeds from unclean persons."

Happily for me, my dancing days are over, and I have nothing now to fear from the dangers of ball practice. But you have your fair daughters to chaperone about, and think how your health must suffer unless chignons be abolished! Let us both then raise our voices against flaunting of false hair, with all its nasty, noxious horrors, and let us cut the company of any one who brings it to contaminate our rooms.

With my compliments to your daughters, whom again I must congratulate, believe me, my dear Madam,

Your old friend and admirer,

BENJAMIN BROWN.

HINTS ON CHEAP HOUSES.

MR. PUNCH,

AN inhabitant of Hounslow wrote, the other day, to the *Times*, "complaining of the common identification of Hounslow with the powder-mills of MESSRS. CURTIS AND HARVEY. He said that "it is quite a mistake to apply that name to them; no portion of the land occupied by the Works being even within the parish in which Hounslow is situated. The Works are in the parish of Twickenham, and should be so designated. The town of Hounslow is nearly two miles distant from these mills." From these representations it would seem that the inhabitant of Hounslow, in sending them to the *Times*, was inspired by the wish to assure the Public that Hounslow was not a dangerous place, and therefore that people need not be afraid to go and live there.

Sir, it is my endeavour not to covet my neighbour's house, even if it be an old English Manor House or mansion, situated in a park containing stags and a rookery. But, without reference to any particular person or tenement, and generally speaking, I will own that I envy any man who lives, on a comfortable independence, in any decent house at Hounslow. I envy him the abode as well as the means. A local professional person, or man in business, has obvious reasons for wishing to remove the general but erroneous idea that the town of Hounslow adjoins CURTIS AND HARVEY's Powder Mills. But any inhabitant of that place or any other, who does not live by its population, must, I should think, be glad of any mistake which would tend to keep the population under, by keeping extrinsic additions off, and so preventing the building which is going on in every safe and pleasant neighbourhood, and spoiling it.

You have dined at Purfleet, I think, Sir, and know what it is to enjoy your whitebait and other good things on that peaceful little spot on the chalk formation. Purfleet, I fancy, owes its tranquillity to the powder magazine which is thought to be there. I should be very glad to live, on a certain and sufficient income, at Purfleet. Even if there really were any danger, I should not mind, and would risk that, unless it were very great indeed; for the inevitable hour must come somewhere, and all the better if that hour, as your friend Mr. O'BRIEN would say, is a second. Anything, even a premature departure, for a quiet life.

With regard to the lone manor-house in which, as aforesaid, I would live, if I could, but can't, let me offer a hint to persons whose wishes resemble mine, but whose circumstances fall short of their

desires only a considerable way, and not immensely. Were I in their comparatively blest position, I would advertise for a haunted house. I fancy there are many fine old houses that will not let, because they are reputed to be haunted. I should think a haunted house might be had cheap. Of course it would be necessary to buy the house, or take it at a longish lease, lest, after you had lived in it long enough to dispel its bad name, your landlord should raise your rent on you. Another needful precaution would be, further, but separately, to advertise for servants who disbelieve in ghosts.

But, a no greater fool than Dr. JOHNSON may suggest, "Sir, suppose your house turned out to be really haunted, after all." Why, then I might chance to see a ghost; which I can only say I should very much like. And even if there were several ghosts in the house, and they made noises, the ghosts would not infest me in anything like the degree the people do whom the steamers and railway-trains bring down to the suburb which I reside in, and they crowd, and fill with laughter, and giggling, and tittering, and chaff, and sultriness, and smoke. But ah! there will soon be no ancient manor-houses left for me to sigh for. In a few years they will all be improved off the face of the country. Their sites will mostly be occupied by factories topped with tall chimneys smirching the sky—making the blue one black. The hatchments of their defunct owners will then speak not for them only, but for their descendants too, and likewise declare the best that can possibly ever be expected by

Yours truly,

IN CÆLO QUIET.

P.S.—In comparison with a powder magazine, a haunted house would have the slight advantage of safety. That would be something, if one were well-off, especially for the head of a family which was not an encumbrance, and not superstitious. For my own part, I am a widower without daughters.

The Recent Manœuvres.

(Extract from Private Letter to Corporal Punishment.)

"THE Artists' Corps looked as fresh as paint. The evolution, in obedience to the command 'High Lights on left cheek forward,' was beautifully managed. Their precision at the word 'Draw' was admirable. These are the boys who would like a brush with the enemy."



SOMETHING NEAT.

Customer (demurely). "HALF A QUARTER OF 'OLD TOM,' IF YOU PLEASE! AND COULD YOU OBLIGE ME WITH A BIT OF SUGAR!"

Gallant Boniface. "VERY SORRY I CAN'T SERVE YOU, MISS! BUT THE NEW ACT IS VERY STRICT: WE ARE NOT ALLOWED TO SERVE YOUNG PEOPLE APPARENTLY UNDER SIXTEEN!!"

VACATION LABOURS.

"Why, 'tis my Vacation, HAL! 'Tis no sin for a man to labour in his Vacation!"—*Falstaff (with a difference).*

MR. GLADSTONE is indulging in unusual relaxation; so much so, indeed, that, after the accustomed labours of the day, he spends as much as half an hour, three evenings in the week, in his favourite game of spillikins.

MR. GÖSCHEN is improving his nautical mind by going through a course of nautical reading. His studies have extended through a wide range of literature, embracing DIBDIN'S *Songs*, *The Pilot*, *Les Travailleurs de la Mer*, and *Mr. Midshipman Easy*.

MR. AYTON has been moving, as befits him, in the most polite society, and fostering his love of Art by reading, for the tenth time, MR. RUSKIN'S noble work on *Modern Painters*.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is engaged in a momentous and minute calculation of the saving which, he thinks, might be next year effected in the Estimates, by making Government officials all use sand instead of blotting-paper, and employ common pack-thread in lieu of costly red tape for tying up their letters.

MR. BRUCE is fully occupied in framing such a code of extenuating circumstances as will in every probability suffice for the condonement of all capital offences.

MR. WHALLEY is engaged in writing the Lives of the Popes, whereof the manuscript, as well as a presentation copy, he will probably crave leave to deposit in the Vatican.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON has been making a tour among the hop-pickers, to persuade them to abstain from gathering a crop which is grown well nigh entirely for the use of the concoctors of intoxicating liquor.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL has employed the greater part of his vacation in compiling such a series of instructions to our Magistrates as shall prevent a brutal wife-beater from being punished with more leniency than a petty larcenist.

A (TEA) DRINKING SONG.

My brethren all,
Come drink with me.
Both great and small,
Sip off your tea.
Fill up the pot.
This draught, my dears,
Inebriates not,
But only cheers.

Your nectar brown
Then freely pour
By spoonfuls down,
And call for more.
Your Gunpowder,
For all its name,
Fear not to stir;
It won't inflame.

When not too strong,
O nice Pekoe!
O rare Souchong!
O choice Kaisow!
How fond I am
Of right Chinese!
But with Assam
Content can be.

Dull care we'll kill;
Blend black and green.
We'll sit and swill
Till all's serene.
Whilst they who choose
In beer delight,
And "Burton" booze,
Until they're tight.

We won't go home
Till bedtime's near.
Hence we'll not roam,
But we'll stay here.
The gas may waste;
Who fears, may flee:
But we will taste
The old Bohea.

FORCE OF HABIT.—Recently two Bankers met abroad. They at once began to Compare Notes.

MR. CARDWELL, to keep up his military knowledge, devotes, in his vacation, above an hour a day to practising the goose-step.

LORD SHAPTESBURY, being ordered to take more active exercise, is learning, under the eye of a competent professional, to play the noble game of skittles.

MR. DISRAELI is busily employed in perfecting his notion of a "Comprehensive Church," which shall comprehend the Moslems, the Buddhists, the Hebrews, and the Christians.

MR. GILPIN has given up the wearing of "Suspenders," and, in his vehemence against hanging, has taken down the pictures that hung in his dining-room.

LORD ELCHO has been volunteering his suggestions to the War Office, with a view to their adoption at the next Manœuvres.

MR. MIALL has spent a great part of his vacation in dreaming of the day when a motion may be made to disestablish the Dissenters.

And finally, *Mr. Punch* has, as usual, nobly sacrificed his holiday in devoting the best part of it to the interests of his readers.

EQUALLY COMFORTABLE.

IN an account of an interment of which the circumstances were remarkable, a reporter states, in a newspaper, that a special funeral and a private grave were paid for by a lady, "and but for this the poor girl would have been buried on Friday last with the parish paupers." Her lot would then have been no more and no less enviable by a philosopher, even if an Epicurean, than that of anybody buried in Westminster Abbey. In any sensible respect, to such citizens as these of a necropolis, it is all the same everywhere underground. It is not to be numbered and associated with dead paupers that a thinking person would dislike, but with living.

THE (Y)EASTERN QUESTION.—Will the Bakers rise?

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



"WHEN, THAT," says my Aunt, reflectively, "is a Bonser." I regret to say that reading *Wansers* for Bonser, the fact admits no possibility of doubt.

"Let me see," says my Aunt, still with an air of meditation over the lifeless body, "what is the French for Wanser?" She is evidently preparing to encounter them in all languages.

Happy Thought.—Never met with them in French. Up to this time I had always been under the impression that they were peculiar to English lodging-houses.

I refer to the

Dictionary. "The German Wanser," I presently inform my Aunt, "is, in French, *La Punaise*."

My Aunt is immensely astonished. "Why, goodness me!" she exclaims, "that's what they called *ARN OF JOKE*—wasn't it?"

"Called whom, Aunt?"

"*JOAN OF ARC*," she replies; "they always called her *JOAN LA PUNAISE*. Now what could be the reason of that?"

Happy Thought (admitting the supposition that she was so called).—Because her name was a bug-bear to the English. I suggest that *La Pucelle* is what my Aunt means.

"Ah yes," she returns, instantly, "but it's easy to get such words mixed, for really, *Punaise* and *Punelle* are very much alike."

As regards this present specimen, I want to know if my Aunt thinks "there are many more where that came from?"

She simply answers "Swarms."

Happy Thought.—Look out "Swarm." Result, *Der Schwarm*. "That's enough," my Aunt says. "Now ring the bell for the servant."

This process is a remarkably primitive one. There is on the table a small bell, which emits, on being shaken violently, a proportionately feeble tinkle. Regarded in the light of an amusement, it might beguile a spare five minutes; but for any such practical purpose as summoning a domestic from a depth of two flights of stairs, and through a thickness of two doors, it is, perhaps, a trifle ineffective.

On some office-doors I remember having seen a brass-plate with the instruction "Ring and enter" engraved on it. Ringing seemed as superfluous as in the present case, where the direction should be, "Ring, and then shout as loudly as you can for the servant." I ring to begin with, but what am I to shout? What is the servant's name?

Happy Thought.—Being in Germany, try *GRETCHEN*.

Subsequently, after experimentalising three times, alter it to "MARIE." Voice from below answers to this, and it is evident that a spirit has been summoned from the vasty—or in this instance, judging of the place from the appearance of the person—the nasty deep, and is coming when I do call.

"Give it her well," says my Aunt, "and say that we shall leave this afternoon."

"But we can't speak German to her," I object.

My Aunt is equal to the emergency. "Tell her, then," she says, "to send Miss Whatshername here—the Frauselle or the Madelein, or whatever they call the Young Person who keeps the house. CAPTAIN QUORNTAFUS said that it was most likely she was a Belman and not a Gergian, and only talked French, and I'm sure her sister spoke very well yesterday. You'd better ring, or call again."

I do so. My Aunt is keeping her wrath up to boiling-point by looking daggers at the miserable Wanser, which she has nailed, as it were, to the pomatum-pot lid, like a bad penny to a counter.

Happy Thought (after calling again).—Look out the subject in Conversation Book. Retire with it into bedroom, and let my Aunt commence the attack.

The Zimmermädchen, however, appears sooner than I had expected. She is a slipshod maiden, fresh from the boot polish or the black-lead, with which cheerful colour she has been smearing

her face, perhaps with a sort of savage Indian's idea of frightening the enemy. The enemy being ourselves, the Lodgers. She is, as my Aunt afterwards says, exactly like that of a Flemish barmaid in any old picture of "boozers drinking." "She is," she adds, "the perfect sick family of one of those figures." (It occurs to me afterwards, on referring for "sick family" to Dixon's John-senary, that my Aunt meant *fac simile*.) Her stockings are wrinkled all about her heels, which have, apparently, outgrown her slippers. She is altogether so much like an over-boiled pudding in a cloth that she seems to be merely kept together by pins of prodigious strength stuck in at those points of her dress which are most likely to yield to interior pressure. If one of these pins were to give way suddenly, the result would be too dreadful to contemplate.

Happy Thought.—Don't contemplate it.

As to her hair, it's done up with one twist behind like the small top of a cottage loaf. With her half silly, half cunning expression, she reminds my Aunt of the Goosetied Tuff at the Zoological Gardens.

The Mädchen is evidently either an old performer in this Act of the Drama of the *Wanser*, or she is an imbecile. The former for choice. At first she pretends, much to my Aunt's disgust, not to be able to perceive the impounded insect; but incapable of sustaining this assumption of character for more than five minutes, she admits, in pantomime, that she can see it, and looking up into my Aunt's face, with an ingenuously simple grin, she asks, quite with the air of one profoundly desirous of being instructed by our superior wisdom, "*Was ist das?*"

"*Was ist das?*" retorts my Aunt, speaking excellent German in her imitative indignation. "You knowsway well enough. *Das ist Wanser, Bonser?* And what's more," she adds, warming with her subject, and finding that her mastery over the German language exceeds her fondest expectations, "*dere ist schwarms of dese Bon-sers in mein room.*"

I prompt her with the word "*Zimmer*," which she adopts, finishing emphatically with "*Ja, dere ist schwarms of Zimmers in de Bonser.*"

Happy Thought.—To make the matter clearer to the Mädchen, who at present appears to be inclined to do nothing but grin, as much as to say, "Well, you are two funny people!" Annoying this: so I say, "*Ja, so, schwarms, Wansers in mein Zimmer*" (I am obliged to say "*mein*," which is not true, as I don't recollect the German for the possessive "her," unless it's "*hern*," which I don't like to try), then on my fingers, "*Ein, Zwei, Drei*," and so on up to ten: meaning Wansers.

Happy Thought.—Recollect (while I am doing this) an absurd song about *Ten Little Niggers*, whose number was perpetually being reduced. Adapted in my mind to present occasion—*Ten Little Wansers*.

Ten little Wansers

In de Zimmer, mein,

One squashed on the pomatum-pot lid—

Then there were nine,

One little, two little, three little, four little, five little

Wanser B. o. y's.

&c.

The Zimmermädchen is more amused than ever, though I don't sing her this verse, but on the contrary preserve an austere front. "*Ein, zwei, drei*," she repeats, and positively shakes her head with laughter, as much as to say, "O, go along with you, do; you are so funny."

"Idiot!" says my Aunt, highly irritated. "That's her artfulness. She knows, as well as possible, what we've been saying to her."

My Aunt's fixed belief, with regard to all foreigners, is that they all thoroughly understand you, but pretend not, just to annoy an Englishman, and give themselves time to think over their plan, whatever it may be.

"Don't tell me," she says, pettishly, "that they don't know what I'm saying. They do. That girl does. Pretending not to know a Bonser when she sees it! Bah! I wouldn't believe her on her oath. Tell her to go down-stairs and send up someone who isn't quite such a fool, or such a knave."

This is difficult to render in German—I mean in my German.

Happy Thought.—To ask for the Landlady.

"*Vo ist die*"—so far I fancy I'm grammatical, though I am a little uncertain as to *die*—"Vo ist die"—I stick at "Landlady." I can only think of *Landesher*. Mädchen grins. "Idiot!" my Aunt again mutters. I reconstruct my sentence with a new idea, "*Vo ist die FRAULEIN FROWSTER?*"

In answer the Mädchen has a great deal to say to both of us, which, delivered with the utmost volubility, is of an apparently explanatory character. I fancy that she is giving a lecture on Wansers, containing arguments, based upon facts within her own experience, which are all favourable towards our not giving up the lodgings.

"They're all alike," says my Aunt, when the Mädehen pauses to take breath. "I know as well as possible what she's been saying, though I couldn't quite follow all she said."

Happy Thought.—To say generally, "I couldn't quite follow," when one really hasn't understood a single word.

My Aunt continues, "I'll be bound she's been saying that she's never seen anything of the sort in the lodgings before we came, and that if there are Bonzers here, we must have brought them ourselves. The idea of our going about swarming with travels of Bonzers, like the man with the Illustrious Fleas. Horrid!"

Does she really think the Maid has been saying this, I ask.

"Certainly," returns my Aunt; "that's what they'd say in England."

Happy Thought.—Patriotic Song, *What will they say in England?* Reply to this, by my Aunt, *That's what they'd say in England.*

"Do tell her," says my Aunt, impatiently, "to send FROWLEIN FROWSTER here, and get rid of her."

Happy German Thought.—"Die FRAÜLEIN FROWSTER nach here kommen machen," by which I intend to convey "Make Miss Frowster come here."

"Ja, Herr," she answers. Exit, grinning.

"I wonder what she's gone to say or do," my Aunt answers.

So do I. By the way, there's one difficulty that strikes me. It is, what is our legal position in Germany with regard to the Landlady and the lodgings?

Have we taken the rooms by the month, or week, or day, or what? Is it possible to take them for less than a month in Germany? What arrangement did FORTESCUE make? He never told us. If we go away on the first day, can they sue us for a month's rent? If sued, in what Court, and who is the best solicitor to go to? A German solicitor, who only speaks his own language, won't do. Suppose FORTESCUE, as our agent, to have made a contract for a month, do *Wansers* invalidate it? Then, if there is a lawsuit, isn't the practice in Germany regulated by the Court-Martial spirit, and isn't the loser, in addition to paying his loss, punished with imprisonment in a fortress? "A German might be," says my Aunt, "but not an English person who claimed protection under the Flattish Brig."

I suppose she's right, but there seems to be a difficulty about it somewhere.

Happy Thought.—In answer to my Aunt's despairing "What can we do?" it suddenly occurs to me that my friend DR. CASPAR will come and settle the matter in his own language. I volunteer to go out and fetch him.

CASPAR has settled it with a high hand, judging by his manner, and tone.

The Young Person quailed before him, and the grinning Mädehen became dumb and glum. From CASPAR's way of "giving it them," I can judge how a Prussian Officer could make requisitions when he wished to present the victims with a bit of his mind. My Aunt said afterwards, "that she really felt for the unhappy people in the shop, and it was only by thinking of the Bonzers that she could keep herself from Doctoring beggar CASPAR not to scold them so severely."

We won't try any more lodgings, but move over to the Grande Monarque, to which hotel I wish we'd gone on our arrival.

MORE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.

(Answers to Sporting Correspondents.)

Bullethead.—You can shoot without a licence, and on anybody's ground. Try it.

Winkle.—A shooting licence must be signed by the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

Mufti.—In using muzzle-loaders, which are now almost exploded, it is unsportsmanlike to put the wad in first and then the shot.

Upup.—The best weapon for lark-shooting is a seven-chambered revolver.

Don Quickshot.—The only gun for hares is one fitted with a hare-trigger. But why ask such a question?

Wheels within Wheels.

We had supposed that the custom of breaking on the wheel had been abolished, except in the case of butterflies (as when an educated man reviews a fast lady's novel), but it seems that in Servia the punishment is retained, and that two miscreants were so put to death in July last. They deserved that or any other bad fate. But in the interest of civilisation, *Mr. Punch* ventures "to speak to the Man at the Wheel,"—i. e., the wheel of state in Servia, and to suggest that the torturing criminals to death is an anachronism. At all events he should administer chloroform, or the English leading articles of September.

THE RIGHTS OF WOMEN.

Petition of the Belle of the Season to Mr. Punch.



UR DEAR OLD PUNCH, The humble Petition of the Honourable MARY SPARKLE, usually known as "LADY MARY SPARKLE," Sheweth,

That your Petitioner has been called the Belle of the Season, during the last summer:

That she has two sisters married; one to a banker, who has not an idea of anything beyond making money and displaying his wealth; the other to an heir to a Peerage and four estates, who bears in his face unmistakable evidence of the truth of the report that there is hereditary madness in the family:

That she believes both of her sisters to be very unhappily married: That she is a simple-minded English girl, who would do her best to make herself a good and loving wife [who'll murder old Judy?—P.] and she does not mean to lie away her heart to please anyone:

That she has been made the subject of newspaper paragraphs by newspaper reporters who have talked of her as "the charming *débutante*," and who have announced her marriage with a nobleman to whom she never said a word, and have afterwards contradicted the report:

That your Petitioner's mother and her intimate friends have constituted themselves a kind of domestic police, and have driven away every honest young fellow who would make her an affectionate husband, and surrounded her with lounging dandies, millionnaires, and young Peers, many of whom have a very doubtful reputation:

That she has been turned into a Milliner's dummy, and satiated with dresses, bonnets, and trumpery of all kinds, which she believes her mother cannot afford to pay for:

That she has been ordered about, and dressed and undressed like a doll, for morning rides, garden parties, afternoon rides, dinner parties, operas, balls, and (O, *Mr. Punch*, Sir!) churches:

That her life is a burthen to her, and she is now being carried about from country-house to country-house in Scotland, with the certainty of suffering the same penance in England when the hunting begins:

That she has a dear old Bachelor Uncle who has about a thousand a year, and who has promised her six hundred a year if she marries the man she loves, and the remainder on his death:

That the Curate of her parish, the Rev. MR. DAISY, is a thorough gentleman, and a man of noble disposition, who looks after his poor:

That the said Curate pulled Stroke in the Oxford boat, and has a small independence:

That the Curate would like to marry her, and she would like to marry the Curate:

Your Petitioner, therefore, humbly prays dear old *Punch* to save her from her friends, and give her leave to marry the Curate:

And your Petitioner will ever pray, &c., &c.

[We shall give her away ourselves on condition that we kiss the Bride, and we shall find out the Bishop of the diocese, and interfere with his shovel hat, unless he gives the Curate a comfortable parsonage immediately.—P.]

Stupid Verse on Stupid Act.

THE Germans have arrested—Who?
(You should say whom) MONSIEUR ABOUT.
What has he done, I ask of you?
Called Germany a Bug-About.

FREE TRANSLATION.—*Medio tutissimus Ibis.* The Ibis is safest in the meadow.



PLAIN SPEAKING.

Aunt. "WELL, BABY, CAN YOU SPEAK MORE DISTINCTLY THAN WHEN WE LAST MET!"
 Elder Brother. "O, YES, INDEED, AUNT! HE CAN CALL A SPADE A SPADE!"

JONATHAN'S JUDGMENT.

WAL, NOW WE'VE GAINED OUR CAUSE, AND THE AWARD.
 I GUESS WE CAN'T ACT NOHOW BUT ACCORD.
 IT IS A TRIUMPH; THAT'S A FACT; BUT STILL,
 THEY HAVE CONSIDERABLY TAXED OUR BILL.

THREE MILLIONS AND A QUARTER. COME, I SAY.
 WE AXED THREE HUNDRED MILLIONS T' OTHER DAY.
 AND, IF WE HAD GOT HALF OF THAT AIR SUM,
 OF ARBITRATION SOMETHIN' WOULD HAVE COME.

JOHN BULL! WHAT'S THAT AMOUNT TO THAT OLD HOSS?
 OURSELVES WON'T FEEL THE GAIN, NOR HE THE LOSS.
 OUR CLAIMS OUT DOWN AS CLOSE AS MADMEN'S HAIR,
 I GUESS WE SHAN'T MAKE MUCH BY THAT AFFAIR.

ROUND IF WE HAVE TO BE BY OUR OWN RULES,
 WE SHALL HAVE MADE OURSELVES TARNATION FOOLS
 WHEN WE AIR CALLED ON TO, IN ARIER YEARS,
 KEEP FILLIBUSTERS BACK, AND PRIVATEERS.

BUT THEN WE MAY REPUDIATE THE CASE;
 NOT DO WHAT WE'D HAVE DONE, BUT THE REVERSE.
 MEANWHILE TOGETHER IN A LOVIN' CUP,
 COLUMBIAN AND BRITANNIAN LIQUORS UP.

Two Sides of the Shield.

UNDER the above title MR. HAMILTON N. HOARE, in a letter to the *Times* of Sept. 18th, enters into a controversy about the first ascent of Mount Colon. MR. HOARE claims the honour of the first ascent for himself and another gentleman. As far as we can see, some one in going up Mount Colon came to a full stop; so, for the future, we shall name it Hoare's Bank, so that whenever the artistic traveller comes to a check, he can sit down and draw upon it.

BRIDGE'S TRIGGEROMETRY.

(Latest Edition.)

"To go about armed with pistols, for the purpose, or pretended purpose, of fighting a duel, renders offenders rogues and vagabonds." So, and most properly, said MR. BRIDGE, HAMMERSMITH BEAK; and by way of giving a lively colour to his remark, he sent a couple of Frenchmen, MM. MOISE and VINX, who had been quarrelling about their "honour," to prison for fourteen days with hard labour. Parisian journals, please copy, if the Editors understand sufficient English to translate. How JULES, ALPHONSE, and VICTOR will scowl and sputter at the news, over their halfpenny cigars and dominoes, in their *café*! English duelling was really killed on the day the barber winged the linendraper's apprentice—we, of course, forget the names. The "hard labour" will be the fatal warning for our foreign visitors. Still, it is better to pick hemp than to have hemp picked for you by *le SIEUR CALCRAFT*, "MONSIEUR DE LONDON."

Traveller by Coach.

THERE is a certain Act, the which right through
 Be driven a coach-and-six, thank goodness, can.
 What is that permeable Act, and who
 To permeate it, think you, is the man?

That Act's the Licensing Act. O, what fun!
 A great success, if riots framed to stir.
 The man is you, or I, or anyone;
 To wit, a *bona fide* traveller.

PRIZE RIDDLE.

WHY would a Novel written by CHARLES READE and any other fellow be like pitch?
 Because it would be *Bi-tu-men*.



THE LOVING CUP.

"IN THIS WE BURY ALL UNKINDNESS!"—Shakespeare.



SCANDALOUS OLD SOLDIERS.



W. When a Waterloo Veteran is a gentleman, in the enjoyment of a handsome pension, in addition, perhaps, to a private fortune, he is an ornament to the land which has given him birth, and given him not only that, but also a reward for his services. But a Waterloo Veteran, who fought at the battle of that name as a common soldier, and still exists in the condition of a labourer forced to earn a scanty living, at an advanced age, is a Disgrace to his Country. Only, that he is so is his country's fault.

The *Times* of Wednesday last week contained two letters from two several clergymen, each proclaiming the existence of a Disgrace to his Country in the person of an aged Waterloo Veteran.

DISGRACE No. 1.—SAMUEL SPOTIN, Waterloo Veteran, aged seventy-nine. Resides in the parish of Terrington, Lynn, Norfolk. Has a daughter who has

been bed-ridden for the last fifteen years on a parish allowance of 2s. 6d. a week. Can earn but small wages, and is in daily expectation of getting past work. Is, on the testimony of the Rev. C. KNIFE, Vicar of Terrington, thoroughly respectable and industrious, and a most necessitous and worthy object of charity.

DISGRACE No. 2.—JAMES HOLMES. Served at Waterloo in a regiment of Horse Artillery. Dismissed at the reduction of the Army in 1816, too early for him to be entitled to a pension. Is now in his eighty-first year, and, from failing health, unable to earn any more than a few pence at a time. Has no relations to assist him, so that, in the words of the Rev. HENRY PARR, Vicar of Yoxford, Suffolk, "the much-dreaded workhouse threatens to be his home."

It is highly probable that public subscriptions will very soon practically redeem these two Waterloo Veterans from the beggarly position of being Disgraces to their Country. But whilst such meritorious old Cocks remain unprovided for, they will always constitute Disgraces to their Country's Government.

A Triumph of Spiritualism.

THE London Correspondent of a respectable country paper states that "it is rumoured that Mr. AYRTON has turned Spiritualist." We are not only in a position to confirm this report, but further to add that the Chief Commissioner of Works has, as the American Spiritualists express themselves, "developed right away" into a Medium. From a source which is perfectly, as they also say, "reliable," we have moreover ascertained that the Right Honourable Gentleman has, whilst under spiritual influence, laid out a market-garden, carved a statuette, painted a picture, made a copy of verses, and dictated (in the trance-state) a courteous official letter.

FEELING REMARK.

"HAPPY is the country that has no history," as the Schoolboy said on being flogged for the third time for not knowing who was HENRY THE SIXTH's wife.

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

IN the interval which has elapsed since last we invited our readers to wander hand in hand with us down the flowery slopes of Literature, Science, and Art, which, for convenience, will in future be cited as L., S., and A., if the abbreviation does not too much savour of Railways, Literature has been resting on its oars, and Art reposing on its laurels. Science alone has been making great strides, wending to "fresh woods and pastures new" (MILTON, *Lycidas*, line 193) at Brighton, and Social Science wandering as far as Plymouth and Devonport.

The time, however, has now arrived when shortening days and falling leaves and falling purses will bring the slaves of the pen and the votaries of the paintbrush back, by the ordinary modes of conveyance, to their haunts and homes; when the study and the studio will team with bright creations of the fertile brain and nimble hand, "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks in Vallombrosa" (MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, book I., line 302); and the air be full of rumours of new poems, new pictures, and fresh substitutes for butchers' meat.

A few words as to our own preparations for the hour when L., S., and A. will again wake up to life. We have made arrangements with newspaper correspondents who rank "in the foremost files of time" (TENNYSON, *Locksley Hall*, near the end), with the office-bearers of all the learned Societies and Academies whose transactions are to be found on the shelves of the Library of the British Museum, with savans in every corner of the globe, "from China to Peru" (JOHNSON, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 2), "or by the lazy Scheld, or wandering Po" (GOLDSMITH, *Traveller*, line 2), wherever, in fact, L., S., and A. are not unknown to fame; with the leading publishers, the most eminent painters, the greatest chemists and druggists, to supply us, in the first instance by telegram and then with fuller details by post, with all that is new and interesting in their respective walks of art and branches of knowledge. Thus, our readers will be the first to hear from the ardent astronomer, when on the watch "in some high lonely tower" (MILTON, *Il Penseroso*, line 86), "a new planet swims into his ken" (KEATS, *Sonnet ix.*); the first to share the ecstasy of the rapt poet enriching his native dictionary with "thoughts that breathe, and words that burn" (GRAY, *Progress of Poesy*, line 110); the first to participate in the happiness of the painter when with his "mind's eye" (*Hamlet*,

Act I., Sc. 2), he catches the earliest glimpses of the glorious inspiration which is hereafter to augment his fame and increase the annual revenue of the Royal Academy; and the first to applaud the patient investigation of the philosopher, when he discovers another lustrous metal, another iridescent dye, or teaches persons with small incomes and large families how to economise fuel in open grates.

As an earnest and foretaste of what we mean to do, weather permitting, we had hoped to have been able to give some authentic and final information respecting the Sea Serpent, his dimensions, diet, amusements, &c., but he has again eluded our grasp; and as the season is now drawing to a close when he finds it most convenient to appear in American, Irish, and Scottish waters, another year will probably be ushered in with the usual bell-ringing before the Zoological Gardens are able to advertise the great Ophidian as amongst their more recent additions. Meanwhile, it might be desirable that funds should be collected and an expedition organised and equipped to proceed in search of this and other creatures—the mermaid, phoenix, unicorn, griffin, &c.—of whose existence the naturalist and the man of science still entertain some doubt. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could hardly refuse to aid so important an object with a grant out of any surplus he may happen to have, after providing for the payment of three millions in gold at Washington by September next.

Speaking of the Zoological Gardens, visitors proceeding to that popular and pleasing resort, and lingering by the way to admire the sylvan scenery of the Regent's Park, should not fail on their next visit, or at the very latest their next but one, to make themselves acquainted with the most recent additions to the mammals, marsupials, raptorial, rodents, and quadrumanæ.

The taste for Aquariums is rapidly spreading. No large town can possibly remain long without one, if it means to be in the van at the next Census. We have the pleasure of announcing that the Corporation of London have expressed their readiness to present a live and lively turtle to any Aquarium Company which will give a written guarantee that it shall never be diverted to the pleasures of the table. The animals will be sent down, free of all expense, in charge of the Sword and Mace Bearers, and for the first year they will be visited every quarter by an Alderman who has not passed the chair, to see that they are comfortable and have everything they require.

MR. MOUNTATNE MUMS is understood to be busily engaged writing his autobiography. It will include some very interesting details of



MASKS AND FACES.

OUR TALL YOUNG MAN HAS BEEN BOWING TO LADIES ALL THE FORENOON; BUT WHO THE DICKENS ANY OF THEM ARE, HE HASN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA.

his ancestors, and the part they played in the invasion of Britain, the Crusades, the Wars of the Roses, the Great Rebellion, and the "O. P." Riots; many exciting reminiscences of his childish sports and pursuits; and a fac-simile, now for the first time given to the public, of his earliest literary effort, a Valentine, composed by Mr. Mums in his eighth year, which has long been one of the most highly-prized treasures amongst the family muniments at Mousehurst.

Literary Circles are on the tiptoe of expectation respecting a forthcoming volume of Essays by an unknown author. By those who have been privileged to see the proof-sheets, they are pronounced to possess the *sagesse* of BACON, the *savoir faire* of MONTAIGNE, the *tendresse* of COWLEY, the *esprit* of ADDISON, the *naïveté* of SHENSTONE, the *chic* of LAMB, the *gaieté* of LEIGH HUNT, the *élan* of EMERSON, and the *cerve* of SIR ARTHUR HELPS.

The publishing season will now soon be inaugurated with the usual dinners. On all sides the poets are tuning their lyres, the historians are whitewashing their favourites and blackening their *bêtes noires*, the travellers are heightening their adventures, the novelists are winding up their plots and disposing of their troublesome characters, the philosophers are busy in their museums and laboratories, and the professors of the culinary art are testing and tasting the dishes which will appear in the new editions of their cookery books. We shall have something very particular to say shortly about the Christmas publications which in their literary attractions, their illustrations, their binding, their paper, and their unusually handsome gilt edges, are likely to surpass everything which has hitherto been produced.

A new Monthly Magazine will brighten the gloom of November. The opening number will contain the commencements of four novels by as many of our most thrilling novelists; but what will specially distinguish this periodical from all others is, that it will invariably appear with the same number of articles—thirty-nine.

Some new benches of tasteful appearance, and with comfortable sloping backs, have been placed in Hyde Park. As these seats enable visitors to view the Memorial with greater ease, a reference to them cannot be considered out of place in a column devoted to L., S., and A.

THREE MILLION AND A HALF OF SOLDIERS.

ACCORDING to the *Berlin Post*, the three Emperors who have recently met for some purpose—possibly for a game of three-handed cribbage—have under their control, in round numbers, three millions and a half of soldiers.

When the august Trio pondered over the reports by the Special Correspondents of our mimic warfare in Wilts and Dorset, they ought to have borne in mind the fact, that all the world who could get away, rushed down to Salisbury to see thirty thousand men under arms, that being a greater number of soldiers than had ever been seen within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. The rarity of the sight is occasioned by there being no necessity for a standing army in England. A foreign invader would find, instead of imaginary foes, such as the paper armies who harassed the little band in the west, the British fleet round our surf-beaten island, and—with the exception of a few ruffians from foreign countries, who are abusing our hospitality by marching about with red caps on a Sunday, and the blockheads who are led by them—a whole nation in arms.

Good Fellowship.

THE Huntingdon Agricultural Society have been holding their annual exhibition. At the dinner which followed the Show, Mr. FELLOWS in the chair, LORD KESTIVEN proposed "The Ladies," for which Mrs. FELLOWS responded, and was—the Huntsmen fully appreciating the favour so graciously done to them—"received with much cheering." The report does not of course pretend to tell us all that passed, but we conclude the company did not separate without joining in a stave of a good old-fashioned chorus, with the burden, for this special occasion only, "For she's a jolly good FELLOWS"—an assertion which we venture to affirm "Nobody will deny."

SCIENCE IN SEASON.

THE weather, this year, was very suitable to the proceedings both of the National Association for the Promotion of Science, and the Social Science Congress. It was remarkably dry.



AN IRISH DIFFICULTY.

Secretary of Mendicity Society. "WHAT'S YOUR NAME, MY GOOD WOMAN?"
(Answer unintelligible.)

Secretary of Mendicity Society. "PERHAPS YOU'LL SPELL IT FOR ME?"

Applicant. "SHURE, AND HOW COULD I SPELL ME NAME WHEN I'VE LOST ALL ME FRONT TEETH, YOUR HONOUR!"

CRIMINAL MAGNETISM.

"Gus did it." Did what? Shot, from jealousy, first his sweet-heart, and then himself, dangerously if not mortally wounding both. The reporter who chronicles this attempt at murder and suicide, in a paragraph of several lines (at a penny a-piece?), calls it "another tragic occurrence"—an actual murder having been lately committed in the same neighbourhood. He mentions that, after Gus and his victim had been removed in a cab to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, still "thousands of persons surrounded the house" that had been the scene of the occurrence which he calls tragic. Fancy, *Gus*; a *Tragedy in One Act*. You can, perhaps; and you can fancy spectators of its performance; of such quality as the audience of the tragedy in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. But can you, Reader of *Punch*, fancy yourself one of the "thousands of persons" above-mentioned who "surrounded the house"? Can you enter into their feelings, and think, for a moment, their thoughts? No; the mysteries of the Popular Heart are too profound for even you. The house which thousands of your kind surrounded, when the tragic occurrence which had taken place inside it was over, stands in Hoxton. Hoxton must send a very large contingent to Earlwood.

Notice to a Non-Contributor.

MR. PUNCH, in respectful imitation of his daily contemporaries, has dispatched a Special Correspondent to Harrogate. The young man (old, however, in objectionable courses) has not only sent up no description of the place, but excuses himself by saying that he cannot bear to approach his inkstand, as the ink smells exactly like the Chalybeate he is ordered to take. This excuse shall serve him this week, but our Solicitor shall serve him the next, unless repentance be manifested in manuscript.

ON SWALLOWING NATIVES.

THE *Madras Times* complains that any sort of native of India can make his way, here, into society which he would not dare to approach with his shoes on, in his native country. We are like mackerel, we are caught by any bit of coloured rag and tinsel. Our *Madras* contemporary suggests that all natives going to England should be obliged to register themselves, so that their status might be comprehended here. At present, Indian shopkeepers, it is alleged, are received, in blind faith, by gushing Duchesses and cosmopolitan Comtessees. But, after all, what harm is done? A lady adds the coloured person to her party just as she adds any other novelty that can amuse her guests and incense her rivals, and if *RAM SING JUGGERNAUT POTTALAH NAUTCH* comes in his pretty dress, and makes a feature in the group, he has earned his supper, and the party has seen a real live "heathen." The fact that the poor Indian may have an untutored mind, and have drowned his aged grandmother in the Ganges, do not seem to the purpose. It is more so, if he verifies the eternal telegram from India, "shirtings unchanged," but this point is not raised. Please, *Madras Times*, do not help to make our parties stupider; you would not if you knew how dull they are, with Indians, dowagers, and all.

A Cry for a Crozier.

WANTED: A BISHOP.—A number of Clergymen of High Church principles contemplate, in a certain eventuality, Secession from the Establishment. In order, of themselves, to constitute a True Church, and subsist as such, they require an Episcopate. If any validly ordained Bishop in Christendom will undertake to supply their want of a Spiritual Head in his own person, they will make it worth his while, so long as he governs them in accordance with their own ideas. A retired Colonial would find this a good opportunity. No objection to a member of the Abyssinian Episcopacy. For further particulars wait; or apply to the Rev. H. B. P., or ARCHDEACON D., 85, Fleet Street.

Babylondom.

PROTESTANT controvertists are accustomed to apply the name of an ancient Asiatic capital to Papal Rome. But it is London which, under the restraint of such nursery legislation as the Anti-Sunday Excursionist Licensing Act, deserves to be called Baby-lon.

THE SABBATARIAN BORE.

THE thanks of all people accustomed to take walks, or go on excursions, and require refreshments on their way, on Sundays, will be voted to MESSRS. NICHOLSON and LEMMITT, Magistrates of Highgate Police Court, for dismissing a summons taken out by the Commissioners of Police against the respectable landlady of the Flask public-house, Mrs. REBECCA DICKENSON, and a number of decent persons, charging the former with serving, and the latter with being served with, "intoxicating liquors" at twelve o'clock noon, of a Sunday. The landlady said that her customers, the other defendants, had declared themselves *bona fide* travellers, and they, for their part, said they were. The Bench believed they had a discretion in cases such as the one before them; and accordingly they exercised a wise discretion in a question created by unwise legislators. Yet the plight of the Public remains this; that the Public cannot use their public-house, even on the true plea of being *bona fide* travellers, without exposing themselves to the danger of being pulled up by officious and perhaps bribed Policemen, before a Justice, possibly a Justice Midas, and a Sabbatarian hypocrite or bigot; when the Bench would, because it could, use no discretion at all, and, for obtaining needful refreshments at their own time, would punish them with a penalty of forty shillings! How long is this nuisance to be endured?

A Novelty to Talk About.

"The new piece, *Babil and Bijou*, is certainly in one respect a most decided novelty, for it comprises altogether above forty speaking characters." "FORTY speaking characters!" muttered Mr. FENNEMORE, laying down his newspaper. "Well, no wonder that the play is called *Babil and Bijou*."



SEASONABLE.

Wife (returning from Shopping). "HULLO, GEORGE! WHAT'S THIS! HAVE YOU BEEN ORDERING COALS?"
 Husband (greatly elated). "NO, MY DEAR; BUT A NOTE FROM BLOGGINS—ACTUALLY—MOST KIND—HAD NO LUCK ON THE MOORS. SO, AS HE CAN'T SEND US ANY BIRDS, BEGS OUR ACCEPTANCE OF HALF A TON OF COALS!!"
 Wife. "HOW NICE! NOW WE CAN HAVE THAT LITTLE DINNER-PARTY!"

HORSE-STEALERS AND HEDGE-PEEPERS.

"We are a great people entirely." Let England make that Irish boast. The Ballot is enacted, and we are all bound to carry out the law. At an important Parliamentary election, that for Preston, the clever Conservatives devised a plan which utterly destroyed the secrecy of the vote. Nothing has been done to anybody, and the Conservatives are rather complimented, even by the Liberals, on the neatness and boldness of the dodge. At a two-penny Local Board election for East Bacon, or West Ham, or some such place, there was a tampering with voting papers, and a medical gentleman of large practice has been sent to gaol for fourteen days. There is an old saying about its being as well to be hanged for a sheep as for a lamb, but this is stuff. Steal the lamb, and you will be punished heavily: steal a flock of sheep, and you will be applauded mightily. Our "Revised Code" of morality is one of the triumphs of an enlightened age.

From a Competitive Exam.

Q. Give what you know about Papyrus?
 A. He was a King of Egypt, who established a paper currency instead of the sheeps' heads which had up till that time been passing for money. This was issued by the Nile Bank, and on the reverse side were the words *Ex Nilo*.

IMMINENT EARTHQUAKE.

His Holiness the Pope persists in calling Italy, united under VICTOR EMMANUEL, the Subalpine Kingdom. Those who coincide in their persuasions with the Holy Father, and believe in Papal excommunication, have cause to wonder that it has not, long since, become the Subterranean Kingdom.

PATTERN STATES.

"HIGH PRICE OF PROVISIONS.—We have just learned that the Governments of Belgium and Germany have, in consequence of the increased price of provisions—which is fully felt upon the Continent—increased the salaries of their employes. We understand that salaries of less than £300 have had 15 per cent. added to them, while incomes of above that amount have been increased by 10 per cent."—*Civilian*.

Sept. 18, 2:15 P.M. (somewhere in Scotland).
 (By Telegram.)

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was so affected by this paragraph, when he read it to-day in the *Times*, that he immediately made a memorandum in his pocket-book, to propose, at the first Cabinet Council after the holidays, an addition of 10 or 15 per cent. to the salaries of all persons in the employment of the Government of this country, to be made known to them in a complimentary letter on the morning of the twenty-fifth of December next.

Epithalamium.

PÈRE HYACINTHE abjures monastic vows;
 The childless Father has become a Spouse.
 Blest with his Consort in their nuptial bower,
 Behold the Hyacinth a double flower.

A HINT.

PRINCE ARTHUR has opened a new Park at Leeds. It is called "Roundhay" Park. We beg our Leeds friends not to corrupt the word into "Rowdy," lest mistakes might occur; as we have, thanks to patriotism, a Rowdy Park in the Metropolis, W. District.



WAGES AND WIVES.

Philanthropic Farmer. "WELL, TOMKINS, AFTER THIS WEEK, INSTEAD OF PAYING YOU PARTLY IN CIDER, I SHALL GIVE YOU TWO SHILLINGS EXTRA WAGES."

Tomkins. "NO, THANKY, MASTER; THAT WON'T DO FOR ME!"

Farmer. "WHY, MAN, YOU'LL BE THE GAINER; FOR THE CIDER YOU HAD WASN'T WORTH TWO SHILLINGS!"

Tomkins. "AH, BUT YOU SEE I DRINKS THE CIDER MYSELF; BUT THE OW'D 'OOMAN 'LL 'EV THE TWO SHILLUN'!"

THE TOURISTS' REMEMBRANCER.

(For this Year only.)

The Tour continued.—Don't omit the Isles of Greece. As the proverb says, "Greece is Greece, be it never so Greasy;" and you can't possibly meet with a more slippery lot than those inhabiting the Isles of Greece. The names of the Isles are Lamp Ile, Pollux Ile, Caster Ile, Paraffin Ile, and Colzas Ile. You can lay out a pot of money in pictures, as the insular artists all paint in Isles. Greece, mind, is not much of a place for sport, so don't be disappointed if, at the very hottest season of the year, Greece isn't Melton. Notice the curious customs of the people, especially when Greek meets Greek. As the poet has justly said,

When Greek meets Greek,
They bow and speak.

Of course you'll call on the Greek statue, if only as a mere form. Notice, too, the Albanian costume. This was what used to be worn by everyone who lived in the Albany; a custom and a costume that have, we regret to say, been utterly dropped.

You will notice a strong family resemblance between Albanians, Fair Circassians, and unfair Greeks; but don't confuse them, or the affairs of Greece will get into another muddle; and if they're in a difficulty while you're on the spot, they might insist upon your becoming king. No doubt you'd be a very becoming king, only you'd get nothing for it, except to be shot, like rubbish, whenever they should be tired of you.

Now we've no more time to loiter here, as the Vacation is gradually drawing to a close, and we haven't yet visited

SERVE THEM RIGHT.

In a leader on the Strikes impending or threatened, and especially on the Bakers' Strike, the *Post* makes some remarks appropriate to the breakfast-tables on which it lies in proximity to muffins and hot rolls:—

"The sympathies of the Public were entirely with the men in respect of the inordinate amount of labour which they were required to perform. But in jumping from the extreme of quiescence under acknowledged hardship to that of uncompromising dictation, they have forfeited those sympathies, and should the people of London be put to serious inconvenience by the strike, they will not forget to whom they owe that inconvenience, and they will witness the sufferings of the men on strike with indifference."

No; not with indifference. Now that Combination Laws no longer exist to punish even the most unreasonable of strikes, the sufferings of the men on strike are the only protection against Trades Unions the Public have. If the Journeymen Bakers, without just cause, deliberately determine to deprive the public of bread, it is with quite another feeling than indifference that the Public will see them, through their own act, served with their own sauce; namely, nothing to eat with nothing. Complacency is rather the feeling with which we see those who have annoyed us rightly served.

Sweet Innocent!

THERE was a Young Lady of Tenby,
Who wrote to her *confidante*, "N.B.
I don't want to wed,
No such thought's in my head;
But—where can the eyes of the man be?"

Ultramontane Protestants.

By intelligence from a Continental Capital where the Government has asserted its supremacy over Ecclesiastics, we are informed that:—

"A numerously attended meeting of Ultramontane Catholics has been held here, who protest against the decisions of the authorities in the name of religious liberty."

The same name is invoked by the same party amongst ourselves whenever their leaders encounter any opposition in their attempts to override the law. The Dangerous Classes, perhaps, will next protest against flogging garroters, in the name of humanity.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.—Enforce the Licensing Act, and read the Riot Act.

Algeria.—To the Tourist-joker, merely to come here for twenty-four hours, will be worth his while, if he can find anyone to whom he can say, and who will enjoy his saying it, that "he only went for one Dey to Algiers." He must take care on whom he lets off this witticism, as, on account of its antiquity, it is a dangerous jest, and even the Algerine Pirates won't take it. The man who last made it, hadn't uttered it two seconds, before he was forced to run for his life. Had he been killed, England could not, in conscience, have looked for redress at the hands of a justly irritated Government.

If you go any farther East, go to Jericho; but at this point you had better do what the beer does in very hot weather, viz., turn. Having turned, do the Simplon.

The Simplon.—You will commence with Martigny, then go on to Tourtemagne and Visp. Stop at the latter place in order to see, at the Hotel, the celebrated Ostler, who used to attend to all the horses of the Old Diligences, endeared to everyone as WILLIAM or VILL OF THE VISP. Visp is a mysterious place. The inhabitants, the Vispers, are all people of a very low tone. The Visper Bell calls the people to their evening devotions, and warns the traveller that it is time for him either to be going to bed or continuing his journey; and at

Brieg he will commence the ascent of the Simplon. The first object of interest is the Hospice, i. e., a monastery, which, if not actually founded by a Cardinal, is at all events built on an eminence. If you get tired of your hat and coat during the journey, you can always hang them up somewhere in the passage of the Simplon.

This will do for the present. In two weeks' time at the most you'll have to come back again. Packets of letters including circulars and bills are waiting for you in Chambers.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



COMFORTABLY housed in Hotel.

"No Bonzers here," says my Aunt, who has not yet entirely recovered her serenity. "I thought they were in those lodgings when I first looked at the lobster in the bed."

Happy Thought.—Remember the game of words played with ivory letters. "Bolster" and "Lobster" composed of the same letters. New phase of Dixon's Johnsonary.

Happy Thought.—What is the difference between a bolster and a lobster?—One you can sleep on, the other you can't. Put this down as a brusque saying of ABERNETHY'S.

Happy Thought.—The beauty of going to a well-ordered hotel like MADAME DREMEL'S Grande Monarque, is, that everybody appears to have expected

you for the last month, and to have got everything ready for you whatever it was. Within an hour, we are installed, with a reasonable "arrangement," and with ten times the comfort of Lodgings.

My Aunt wishes me to show her all the town before I leave. [*Mem.* By the way, mustn't forget that my object, while here, is to see a German Farm.] Having told my Aunt that I remember my way about the place perfectly, and the names of all the principal streets and churches, I rehearse by myself, and find that somehow most of it appears new to me. Odd.

Happy Thought.—Buy a Guide Book, in French, for practice. (On analysis of motives for this proceeding, I fancy I detect obstinacy and false pride. Being in Germany, why study French? why insist on speaking French? When in France, though, one can come out with a few words of German, and apologise for badness of French accent. By the way, dangerous just now to speak French in Germany, or German in France. Might be arrested.)

Happy Thought.—When one wants to be understood in a foreign land speak English. When in the presence of natives adopt the language of the country for secrets.

My Aunt at once picks out a page in the Guide Book, prefacing her showing it to me with the remark, "How odd that I should just have fit my punger on this particular place. Look!" I take the book and read as follows: "*La Ville d'Aix-la-Chapelle est une des plus animées de la province rhénane.*" "That," she observes, "must mean Bonzers, for I don't see much animation about." I continue: "*La plupart des rues sont larges et bien bâties.*"

"Ah!" she interrupts, "they daren't say anything about what they are pleased to call the pavement. Why I'm sootfoore already, and a boot of pairs won't last three days, I'm certain. Go on."

I proceed: "*Les Entomologues sont étonnés de l'immense variété d'insectes.*"

"Ah! I should think so, indeed," says my Aunt, with a sniff of indignation, "That ontolomogue evidently had a lodging, and was étonné'd by Bonzers. Yes, that's all I wanted you to notice, except that they call one of their favourite places near here the Lousberg. Ugh! Disgusting! But then," she adds, with an air of resignation, "I suppose the suppur has something to do with it, and as I've come for rheumatism I must take what I can get, and be rid of it as peck as quissible."

The objection to the *Guide des Etrangers* which I have purchased, is, apart from its being of very little use at the present day, having been written more than fourteen years ago, that it is the work of one DR. JOSEPH MÜLLER, evidently the German for JOE MILLER.

Happy Thought.—JOE MILLER'S Guide Books. All information wrong.

Arrival of Letters.—News of little Uncles JACK and GIL. Very happy, and don't miss us. One from ENGLEMORE. He writes, in his usual telegraphic and abbreviated style—quite the Incomplete Letter Writer:—

"This'll find you at P. O. Reste. Can't come self, wish could, but under circs, not poss. No £ s. d. Mr. Furniture collars the lot. Don't forget Major Sideboard. If you see him I'm on. R. M. D. and cheque. I Shropshired t'other day. Saw Colonel

Farm. Do for you if terms suit. 100 per an. premium 5. Mr. Fish on premises; Major Fox six miles off. Wire if yes. Town dull. B. Duke'd and chopped yesterday. Five minutes with you when back. Mr. German dinners all right? Seedy to-day; ate too many figs for sup. last night. Must dry up now.

"Your little

"ENGLEMORE."

I gather from this, on reading it carefully over two or three times, that ENGLEMORE'S still furnishing his house, that he's been to Shropshire to see a farm for me, that circumstances (circs.) prevent his joining us here, that somebody whose initial is B took a shop with ENGLEMORE at his rooms in Duke Street, and that, finally, he is not particularly well, in consequence of having partaken too freely of certain fancy dishes. Also that if I purchase a sideboard here for him he will send me Ready Money Down (R. M. D.). Must write and ask further particulars about Colonel Farm.

Another letter, forwarded under cover. Directed to me with name misspelled. Hate my name misspelled. No Tradesman ought to be paid who misspells one's name. Direction looking as if it had been written with a thin skewer dipped in thick ink, under the guidance of a person with a wandering eye. From external evidences, a bill. Like the name of SMITH, I've heard of such things before. Shall I open it, or not? Very foolish of the servant (in charge of the house and the Uncles) to send such a thing as this on to me.

If I don't open it, I can always say "I haven't seen it," and (in reply to stern application) "it must have come while I was abroad."

Happy Thought.—"Under circs." remain abroad.

Decide upon opening it.

"Sir,—Will you Oblidge me on Wensday morning nex with A check for Bill delvd. £15 3s. 6d. I will Call on you and Oblidge
"yr. Reply
"THOMAS CASKER."

Happy Thought.—I am several hundred miles away from CASKER'S neighbourhood. How surprised he has been by this time when he called and "oblidged"! Dare say he didn't believe the servant who told him I wasn't at home. Can fancy what CASKER'S face would be (I don't know CASKER by sight) when, in answer to his further inquiry as to when I should be at home, the servant told him, "Don't know. p'raps not for Months."

Poor CASKER. He'd be quite sorry he called and was oblidged—to do without his "check for Bill delvd."

The use of the French Guide has evidently struck my Aunt as a valuable hint. "I shall," she says, "read nothing but French while I am here. I must take up French History from the time of FORTY THE LOUENTH. I wish you'd ask them if they take in the *Beldépandance Inge*, and I'll have it every morning."

MILBURD seizes this opportunity to address the waiter thus: "*Kellner, quand vous pouvez come across the Indépandance Belge, roudes-vous bringen sie it here bitter?*"

The Kellner replies, very distinctly, "Yes, Sir," and exit. Subsequently he returns with the journal in question.

MILBURD having retired to consider whether he shall take his sulphur bath, or not—this hesitation being apparently part of his own treatment of himself—I am writing letters, and my Aunt is becoming deeply interested in her French study. "Good gracious!" she exclaims, presently, "Well, I thought he'd have been a man of more sense."

"Whom do you mean?"

In a tone implying that she is annoyed at my being inattentive to what she has not been saying, she replies, "The WIMPERON ELIAM." Then she continues, "Would anyone imagine that he could be a spiritualist!"

What makes her think so? I ask.

"Why," she says, emphatically, "it's in the paper among the *Nouvelles d'Allemagne.*"

She hands me the *Indépandance*, and I read, "*Il y aura une grande soirée. On croit que L'Empereur y fera une apparition.*"

"There!" she exclaims, triumphantly, "Apparition!" There's going to be a *soirée*, which, I suppose, is the same as a *séance*, where they sit round the table, and then the Apparor is to make an Emperation appear."

I point out, delicately, her mistake.

"Well," she says, dubiously, "you may be right." In a few days she will pretend that the mistake was mine. On some points my Aunt is a little trying. I resume my correspondence. Presently she interrupts me with, "At all events I am right here. And," she adds, with a complacent air, "I'm very glad to hear of their having any religion at all."

"Who? The Germans?" I inquire.

"No," she replies—"at least I mean the Germans on the stage, the performers who dance—dear me!"—(she is at a loss for a word, but finds it unexpectedly)—"I mean girly bala, of course."

How have the German ballet-girls been distinguishing themselves, I want to know. That is, I don't want to know, as I really would prefer being allowed to continue my letter-writing in peace; but as

the information is inevitable some time or another, I may as well take it now, and have done with it.

She indicates this paragraph: "*Les Coryphées du parti Catholique se sont réunis*," &c.

"I confess that I do not see anything about the religion of the ballet-girls in this sentence.

"My dear," says my Aunt, in a tone expressive of pity for my ignorance, "Aren't the ballet-girls *always* called *Coryphées*? I'm sure it *was* so at the Opera-House when I went regularly, and heard BALACHE, JENNY LINI, and TAMBOURIND. I do know something sometimes of what I'm talking about."

Happy Thought.—Drop subject till calmer times ensue.

COAL ON LYTTLETON.



HIS we read in our excellent contemporary, the *Yorkshire Post*:—

"**LORD LYTTLETON**, speaking at a harvest festival at Hagley, compared the conduct of the workmen of the Black Country very unfavourably with that of the agricultural labourers. The former squandered all their means."

We are almost afraid to speak of a Black Countryman, for the moment that, on the strongest evidence, he is hinted to be a little lower than an angel, *Mr. Punch* is assailed with the most furious abuse by the Black Countryman's admirers. But if we may remove the venue, and talk of a Northern pitman

(to whom **LORD LYTTLETON**'s words will equally apply), we ask how is it possible for this noble-minded and frugal artisan to save his means? He has only a house found him, rent-free, all the coals he requires, medical attendance and medicine when he or any member of his family is ill, and, at the lowest, seven shillings a day. For this miserable wage, and for these trumpety advantages, the artisan of the pit is expected to do, actually, six hours' work daily. How, thus crushed and starved, can he save anything? If a malignant aristocrat suggests that many an educated gentleman manages on far less, working, moreover, twice as hard, bringing up a family in the right way, and even paying for life assurance, *Mr. Punch* scorns to argue with a bloated Dives, who would compare a white-handed swell with Nature's nobleman, the hardy son of toil, and the real strength and glory of the nation. Heave a coal at the head of the insolent cynic.

LICENSING ACT MITIGATION.

THE Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police has power to mitigate the vexatious tyranny of the "Intoxicating Liquors Act." Accordingly **COLONEL HENDERSON** has licensed several of the taverns situated near theatres and other places of amusement, to remain open on working-days until one A.M. The *Times* expects that this concession will, as regards all public-houses so situated in the British Capital, become general. At Oxford the Mayor and Magistrates have resolved to extend the hours of closing on week days to 11:30 and to 10:30 on Sundays. They had good reasons for so doing besides those contained in petitions addressed to them by University students, licensed victuallers, and the general public. Petitions alone will perhaps suffice to bring all other Mayors and Magistrates to their senses.

"Would they were Here!"

We never thought to respect the Spanish Carlists. But we read that "they threaten an attack on the Railways, and it will probably go very hard with the unlucky officials." We begin to think that there is some sense in Carlism, after all.

AN AUTUMN-MANŒUVRING CRICKET-MATCH.

Reported by a very Old Friend as taking place between the Eleven of Colwell Hatchney and the Sixty-four of any other place.

THE Last Match of the season (which came off on Monday, and was put on again by the Carpenter) was struck on its own box, a fortnight ago, come next Tuesday three weeks, in the lovely cellars of Colwell Hatchney College, and nothing except loss of life, which I suffer from occasionally in the fall of the ear, has prevented me from sending you the annual account which you asked for every half-holiday.

The Game was very wild, but we made four braces and one waistcoat.

Well, Sir, our password was—but this I must not tell you, or it will be used against you at your trial.

As the Poet says,—but no matter what *he* says, no one believes him,—not a sound was heard, not a funeral note, as we pitched the wickets at each other for half an hour! Lovely! The sun-dial went in for ten.

At the word "Over!" we drew our swords and were upon them!

The ground between the wickets had been carefully undermined overnight with tooth-powder (bless the **PRINCE OF WALES** and all the Royal family, not forgetting the Welsh Fusiliers and yours to command) and there would have been a glorious massacre. But alas! she is another's, and never, as at present advised, can she be mine. **ADAM** was the first man, and he scored sixty on a slate, but we got him out again with spades, pickaxes, and hydraulic pressure. It was a narrow escape, which we always keep by the river's side in case of any one's setting the Thames on fire. Luncheon was then handed round by Obsequious Troglodytes, and great praise is due to **HAROLD HARFAGER** for the Peppermint drops which were served out in rations all round. Then our hearts were in the Highlands as we cheered Old Reekie, who, however, wasn't there. He returned his thanks to their original owner, in a neat speech without any water. And yet they say he is cousin to the Grand Pumpkin of Pump Court! We had a blister on the ground to draw the stumps which began to ache dreadfully. The bats were flying all over the place. The Grand Llama, who was on the field, but hidden in cotton wool, on account of the geraniums, scored six thousand in one innings, while the other side were unsuspectingly having luncheon. Such were the tactics which have won us the respect of all Europe. Afterwards we retired gracefully for two miles backwards, and walking towards morning, we regained the College. All was calm and superfluous.

Ah, how dull is poetry of what is Ferrugineous and Conjunctive in nature! Tell me not, thou child of clay, who grovellest in recent tumbrels, how—but to my storey, which is on the third floor, all among the barley, and the celery beds.

On being appealed to by our Resident Visitor, **DR. FORBES WINSLOW**, the Refractory Rays disclaimed all knowledge of the malicious people with their heads under their arms, who had caused so much annoyance to the Metropolis by eating our fireworks. After this they were counted out. The Court-martial was held as usual over a gas-burner in the lobby. The verdict was that Lobby meant a little Lobster, and rhymes with Constantinople. There will be no more cricket, because the other day I unlocked an organ-pipe with the key of C, in order to look for a tune which I had very nearly caught on the piano, but lost on the organ. I'm having one fitted up inside my head. You shall have an invitation, my dear old friend, on the opening day. You shall play a solo on the drum of your own ear. No heel-taps. I hate you.

'Tis mine! mine!! I sleep on the rugged ship-boy when he's on the topmast; but I must insist upon his wearing spectacles in order to keep the wind out. Adoo! adoo! and coek-a-doodle-doo! my only Love, wherever you may be. My heart, my heart is only thine, Beneath the Zuyder Zee. Remember me to the Bootjack. I loved him once, and gave him lessons on the Shoe-horn. Poor boy! I was like a father to the *Frying-pan*; and a portrait of me still may be seen on application to the Wharfinger of Vinegar Yard, where the Conundrums are kept.

I met one of the younger pupils, the other day, going to lecture, and as he was behind time, I wound him up. Boo! Ha! ha! He hasn't been seen again. I'm the Gladiator bold, with my tra-la-la. . . . The Tyrants are hiding in my boots and watching me through black glasses. If I catch one, I'll put him into a microscope and make him sing small. So caution. I LOVE (hate) them. I am so FOND OF (detest) them. There! that's my secret cypher. Put it into the fire and eat a lemon, then you'll be able to read it. Now for the ladder of ropes and the roundabout. Off!—

I struggle with him for a second. He allows the light to remain as a Signal to her from my window that I am

Yours ever,

THE REAL SIR JELLYBOY JAMPOT.
(In the Cupboard.)



SEA-SIDE DRAMA.

Mrs. de Tomkyns (otto voce, to Mr. de T.). "LUDOVIC, DEAR, THERE'S ALGERNON PLAYING WITH A STRANGE CHILD! DO PREVENT IT!"

Mr. de T. (ditto, to Mrs. de T.). "HOW ON EARTH AM I TO PREVENT IT, MY LOVE!"

Mrs. de T. "TELL ITS PARENTS ALGERNON IS JUST RECOVERING FROM SCARLET FEVER, OR SOMETHING!"

Mr. de T. "BUT IT ISN'T TRUE!"

Mrs. de T. "O, NEVER MIND! TELL THEM, ALL THE SAME!"

Mr. de T. (aloud). "AH! SIR, YOU'D BETTER NOT LET YOUR LITTLE GIRL PLAY WITH MY LITTLE BOY. HE'S ONLY JUST RECOVERING FROM—ER—SCARLET FEVER!"

Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins (together). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR!—SO'S OUR LITTLE GAL!"

BAKERS, STRIKE HOME!

THE Working-Men, we used to hear,
Though mostly given to gin and beer,
And strangers to the R's all Three,
Our Masters ought, by right, to be.
For every Platform Charioteer
Sang "Glory to the Working-Man!"

The Working-Man might be a sot;
Ah, yes; but wean him from his pot,
Poor fellow, and enfranchise; then
Horn-handed, honest Working-Men
Will put all right by common-sense
Inmate, infallible, immense.

"Stick to your lasts, ye cobblers!" cried
The bloated progeny of pride.
And now the men of horny hand
Obey, in substance, that command—
Stick to their trowels, plumbs, and saws,
And care but for Protective Laws.

Strikes follow strikes; the reason why,
High wages rendered prices high;
Then Working-Men for wages higher
Struck, and to still more pay aspire.
Such aspiration what will crown?
It is "Excelsior!" upside down.

The Working-Man—the Wright, or Smith
Of other days, becomes a myth.

A Working-Man that man you call,
Whereas he does not work at all.
The fittest name whereby you can
Denote him is "The Striking Man."

Now, Striking Men, of course you like
The notion of a Bakers' Strike;
Shoulder of mutton, onion sauce,
And baked potatoes, none, what loss?
No bread! What's that? On strike, friends,
 roam;
And "Bakers," sing meanwhile, "Strike Home!"

The Golden Age.

GREAT news from across the Atlantic! The problem which has baffled so many heads through so many ages has at last been solved (in the autumn season) in America. A lucky and mysterious individual, in California, has discovered the long-sought art of transmuting the baser metals into gold, and asserts his ability to supply it by the ship-load. The news is not without its interest for us, for, with bullion to any amount within her reach, America cannot possibly think of taking the (comparatively) few sovereigns Mr. Lowe was going to send over, by a Treasury clerk, between now and next "Fall."

PLAGIARISM FROM PARADISE LOST.

MILLIONS of certain insects crawl the earth
Unseen, some when we wake, more when we sleep.



“STRIKE HOME!”

BAKER. “NO BAKING TO-DAY!”

WORKING-MAN. “WHAT! YOU ON STRIKE, TOO! NO SUNDAY BAKING, AND NO BREAD!—THEN, WHAT’S TO BECOME OF ME AND MY DINNER, I SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW?”



AUTUMN MUSINGS.



to their constituents on the blessings of the Ballot and the Scotch Education Bill, and their speeches may be perused on an exhilarating October morning by anyone who can command a penny. The Theatres and the Gallery of Illustration re-open their doors; the winter fashions ornament the windows of mercers and modistes; the oyster exchanges his damp and dreary bed for the life and animation of great towns and cities; game, both feathered and furry, tempts the drooping and delicate appetite; "Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn, Old Towler leads the cry;" whist and bézique pass the evening hours agreeably; the various learned and scientific Societies recommence their weekly meetings; and the butter resumes its natural consistency.

Michaelmas Day ought to be one of the happiest in the whole year. On it the "Liverymen of the Worshipful Company of Coachmakers and Coach-Harness Makers," and other famous guilds, whose hospitality shone through the darkness even of the Middle Ages, meet, on the summons of their beadle, to elect a Lord Mayor for the ensuing year; and geese ("ordained to bleed at Michael's shrine") constitute the principal dish at the dinner-tables of all classes both in London and the country, recalling vividly to the mind the critical moment when the fortunes of ancient Rome were retrieved by the voices of those opportune and succulent birds. But the feast of St. Michael is also one of those swiftly recurring periods which law and usage have set apart for the payment of rent; and so long as that irritating custom is kept up, the day cannot be one of unclouded enjoyment, except to landlords.

It is a tradition (see the publications issued under the direction of the MASTER OF THE ROLLS) that QUEEN ELIZABETH was eating her Michaelmas Goose when a telegram was put into her hands announcing the destruction of the Spanish Armada. It is an historical fact, which can be vouched for by many persons now living, that on the 29th ult. Miss LIZZIE DARLINGHAM, a young lady of great personal attractions and force of character, was on the point of being helped to roast goose at the six o'clock family dinner in Clarendon Street, when a note was placed in her hands which had that moment been brought by a private messenger. She at once gently but firmly declined the seasoning that invariably accompanies the bird of which she was then partaking. Her unaccountable behaviour was a puzzle to all her family and friends until tea-time the same evening, when Mr. CHARLES EDWARD MARBLETT, a rising young stockbroker, was announced in the drawing-room.

The season of Autumn is particularly favourable to poetic inspiration. The public will be glad to hear that Mr. BYRON RYMER is busy putting the finishing touches to his epic poem, in twenty-four books, entitled *Charlemagne*; that Mr. GLANFORD WRAGBY never allows a day to pass without adding another to his *Sheaf of Sonnets* (those headed *Twilight on the Embankment* and *To a Glowworm* are said to be perfect bijoux); and that Miss EMMELINE AISLAHIE ARMADYCE finds the falling leaves in Kensington Gardens congenial to the completion of her *Songs for the Sedentary*.

On a wet afternoon in Autumn, happiness would hardly be found in Leicester Square.

THE PROPER HOME RULE.—Full Measure.

THE PLEASURES OF A PLAY-GOER.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,

As the note of preparation, to use a penny-a-linerian, is now sounding for the winter theatrical campaign, it may be worth while to inquire whether Managers have made good use of the recess to add to the attractions of their places of amusement, and to lessen the discomforts, expenses, and annoyances which have hitherto attended a visit to the play. English people as a rule are comfort-loving creatures; and now that he dines late, it needs no small persuasion to prevail on Mr. FAMILIAR to leave his glass of claret and perhaps, too, his cigar, in order to escort his wife and daughters to some theatre or other, where the chances are, he reckons, that he won't be much amused. At any rate, if there are obstacles, he is apt to make the most of them, and to forge the most astounding excuses for not shunning even the least of any hindrances that may beset his path.

Now, as there is certainly a dearth of real talent on the stage, and as the taste for things dramatic is in consequence decreasing, one would fancy every Manager would do his very utmost to make his house attractive in its audience arrangements, and to ensure the ease and comfort of every one who entered it. But is this so, in truth? Are play-goers all secured against extortion and annoyance, and supplied with such soft seats and superfluity of leg-room as may possibly suffice to tempt them from their dinner-table, and even their cigar-box? Let us see what sometimes happens if a patron of the drama conceives the happy thought of taking a party to the play.

Mr. TOMKINS, let us fancy, being charged with the offence of dining at his club, and of coming home at midnight smelling horribly of smoke, is sentenced by his wife to escort herself and daughters to see something at some theatre—as she rarely reads the newspapers, she can't say what, or which. Mr. TOMKINS makes selection of that which he opines will be the pleasantest performance, and on his way to business goes a mile or more clean out of it to book himself four stalls, for which he pays some six or seven shillings each. He, besides, is sometimes asked to pay a shilling fee for booking; for, unlike business men in general, your Manager is prone to get a premium for prompt payment, instead of giving a small discount upon money that is paid before it properly is due.

When the happy day arrives, Mr. TOMKINS swallows hastily a dinner served two hours before his usual time of appetite, and then rattles off, perhaps upon the box, so as not to crush the flounces which fill the whole inside. Avoiding, by gross over-payment, some bad language from the Cabman, Mr. TOMKINS, after traversing a dimly-lighted passage, through which his better half (in drapery) finds it difficult to squeeze, gains at length the actual entrance to the stalls, which, at sundry famous houses, is guarded by a civil brigand in a stylish suit of black, who, before escorting Mr. TOMKINS to his seats, presents a folded playbill, like a pistol, to his breast, as who should say, "Deliver up your shilling, or your wife's."

Smothering his wrath at what he thinks a second act of gross extortion, Mr. TOMKINS tries his best to enjoy what it has cost him so much to go and see. But the seats are rather narrow, and he is rather wide, and the house gets rather hot, and his legs get rather cramped, and, as his stall unluckily is next to the big drum, his ears get rather deafened and his head begins to ache. So on the whole he is not sorry when the curtain falls, and he leaves the theatre with something like a vow that he will not in a hurry be caught going there again.

Next morning he sums up the cost of his amusement, and finds that it stands thus:—

| | £ | s. | d. |
|--|---|----|----|
| Four Stalls | 1 | 4 | 0 |
| Fee for booking same | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Paid stall-keeper his charge for a penny playbill | 0 | 1 | 0 |
| Hire of opera-glasses, having left mine in the cab | 0 | 5 | 0 |
| Bouquets and white kid gloves, and damage to wife's dress .. | 1 | 8 | 6 |
| Cabs, and coppers for "POOR JACK" | 0 | 10 | 8½ |
| Total | 3 | 10 | 2½ |

When to this amount is added the loss of precious temper, expended on the annoyances endured, Mr. T. is surely justified next morning in reflecting that he has paid too dearly for his evening's entertainment; and who can wonder if, when next he comes home late from dining out, he compounds for that offence by some less costly expiation than going to the play?

The Grovelery, Belgravia.

COCKNEYUS EXPECTANS.

A Jubilation on a Judgment.

THE Court on the Award
Were not of one accord.
Shout, all who dwell in Holborn,
And elsewhere—"Bravo, COCKBURN!"



"THE LAST STRAW."

"TIRED OUT, ARE YOU? TRY A DROF OF BRANDY! EH!—WHAT!—CONFOUND— BY JINGO, I'VE FORGOTTEN MY FLASK!"

HEBRON OR JERICO.

THE subjoined portion of a telegram lately received from Geneva has perhaps astonished the weak minds of some, if there are any weak-minded persons, among our Papistical fellow-subjects:—

"The Council of State has adopted rigorous measures against the CURÉ MERMILLOD. The *Journal de Genève* contains two decrees, dated yesterday, the first removing M. MERMILLOD from his bishopric (*in partibus infidelium*) of Hebron; and the second forbidding him to exercise his episcopal functions anywhere within the Swiss territory, and warning the Curés of the Canton to conform to these decrees."

From the foregoing particulars, unexplained, it would appear that M. MERMILLOD is now a simple Curé, but was a Bishop of Hebron *in partibus infidelium* exercising episcopal jurisdiction in Switzerland, until the Swiss Council of State removed him, first from his nominal bishopric of Hebron, and next from his position as acting Bishop at Geneva. If they were able to do the first of these two things, the second, one thinks, would have followed as a matter of course. Had M. MERMILLOD been deprived of his bishopric *in partibus infidelium*, and reduced from a Bishop to a Curé, of course he could not have performed episcopal functions *in partibus Helveticorum*. The See of Hebron, however, is one to which not only the Swiss Government, but the British Legislature itself, would evidently be quite unable to cancel an appointment made by the authority, in this case passably infallible, of the POPE. Probably the rulers of Switzerland, instead of wishing to depose M. MERMILLOD from his See *in partibus infidelium*, would be only too glad to recognise him as Bishop of Hebron, and get him as soon as possible to go to that remote diocese—and stay there.

Scientific Jotting.

A DISTINGUISHED Chemist has made the remarkable discovery, that the Cattle Disease is owing to the prevalence in the atmosphere of a noxious principle, which also constitutes the cause of the Strike epidemic. This element is imponderable; and its presence is indicated only by the effects it produces on unthinking creatures.

A WALK IN HOT WEATHER.

THE following jocosse remarks on the most vexatious part of the Licensing Bill occur in a *Times* leader:—

"We do not wish to advocate harshness, but we suspect that people taking a stroll, or even a brisk 'constitutional,' are not the class of travellers for whose comfort it was the intention of the Legislature to provide. A person who walks for pleasure from London to Highgate may very well be left to quench his thirst on his return."

The *Times* has heretofore ever approved itself *strenuum pro virili libertatis vindicem*. The preceding observations, therefore, and particularly the last sentence of them, are of course ironical. But, as Justice Midas is slow at taking irony, it may be as well to point out to stolid Magistrates that, if any traveller can be conceived really to require a glass of beer on his way, it is precisely the man who has walked from London to Highgate, and is going to walk back again. If a man in those circumstances were prevented by penalties from getting any beer on a Sunday afternoon, it would be a high joke indeed.

New Music.

ONE of the novelties at the Norwich Musical Festival was MR. MACFARREN'S *Outward Bound*. A Chorus in it had this burden:—

"Then heave and ho, sing rumblow,
Yo—ho, yo—ho, and off we go!"

Such an appropriate reference to the British Sailor's favourite liquor cannot fail to make MR. MACFARREN'S spirited composition a favourite with our Navy.

CONCEIT BY A CABMAN.

THEY says you should put by somethin' agin a rainy day. But that 'ere 's the wery time wen I takes most money.



THE HEIGHT OF COMMERCIAL MORALITY.

"O, I WANT TO BUY ANOTHER OF THOSE PRETTY TRAPOTS, LIKE THE ONE I BOUGHT LAST WEEK, YOU KNOW!"

"SHURE AN' WE'VE GIVEN UP KEEPIN' THEM INTIRELY, MY LADY! FOR AS SOON AS EVER WE GOT THEM IN, WE SOLD THEM OUT!"

HERETICAL HOAX.

THERE is perhaps a particle of truth in the following statement which has appeared in the *Genevan Patrie* :—

"A lady of Bourg (Ain), MADAME T—, lately bequeathed to the parish church a sum of 3,000 francs, on condition that forty masses should be said every year; twenty for the repose of her own soul, and twenty for that of her husband's. The ecclesiastics, considering that the price of masses has risen like all other commodities, that it will still augment, and consequently that the work imposed by the legacy will one day be greater than the advantages derived from it, have refused to accept the money."

It is too probable that the *Patrie* of Geneva is a Protestant, if not a Secularist journal. Heretical bigotry or unbelief alone could suggest the idea of Masses "to be sold," of "Mass Market Intelligence," Masses "looking up," or "down," being "lively" or "flat," and "briak" or "dull," and "tight" or "easy;" Masses quoted at such and such "figures," and so on. "So many Masses at so much per Mass, how much for so many more"—nothing but either fanaticism or irreligion could prompt the idea of such a sum in the Rule of Three. No; the halfpennyworth of fact to all the above intolerable deal of fiction evidently is, that the good priests of Bourg, having had 3,000 francs bequeathed them, under the superstitious belief that it would get the testatrix and her husband prayed out of Purgatory, conscientiously "refused to accept the money." Yes, DR. CUMMING, "Sootus;" yes, WHALLEY. Even the most hopeful of Priests themselves would be very sanguine to expect, in these times, anything but the reverse of a rise in the price of Masses.

Probatum Est.

OUR friend the Stereoscopic Company (whose annual bit of new magic has become a Christmas institution) appears to have been cheated by somebody who, being engaged to manufacture a fresh trick, let out and sold the secret. MR. FLOWERS, the Beak, gave it the fellow "hot." We have no doubt that another clever device will be ready in good time; but if the Company has any difficulty in finding "a howling good trick," let application be made to the ingenious Americans who invented the Geneva Juggle.

WEDDING THE SHANNON.

'Tis a wedding that I sing,
Of a bride without a ring,
Such a wedding as was seldom seen before;
You think I may be frantic,
But the Bride was the Atlantic,
And the scene was on the noble Shannon's shore.

In Limerick, I'm told,
Is a custom very old,
'Tis the wedding of the Shannon and the sea:
Far as the Mayor can aim
A dart, the people claim
To levy for their port their little fee.

So the Mayor and many more,
With meat and drink galore,
Steamed out to spend at Shannon's mouth the day.
'Twas just to "throw the dart,"
And secure, on Limerick's part,
From the City to the ocean the full sway.

But the Mayor, good MR. CLEARY,
Of all Limerick most leary,
Says, "My boys, there is a trick, I'll let you know:
We'll add a little more
To Scattery-Island's shore,
By shooting off our arrow from a bow."

Then he drew a good long bow
—Like many more I know—
And the arrow flew away into the waves,
And the boys all laughed and cheered,
Though a few "wet blankets" jeered,
And talked about the people being slaves.

Then down they sat to lunch—
And I'll go ball the punch
And groceries were never left behind—
And they threw off all asperity,
And talked of their prosperity,
And scattered all their troubles to the wind.

Then up jumps BUTT, M.P.,
"Only view our shipless sea!
'Tis so because you feel the Saxon chain."
One would think that at Point Scattery
The Saxons had a battery
To drive the ships from off the Irish main.

Him followed a bold priest,
Whose tongue—to say the least—
Was dangerous and rude: upon my word
I believe, when he preached peace,
'Twas only a caprice,
And he hinted at the dagger and the sword.

O, Ireland! there are such
As never knew the touch
Of bread procured by sweat of brow or brain;
Whose stake in your great nation
Depends on agitation,
And who'll bring the bad old times to you again.

Don't talk about your woes,
But take your spades and hoes,
And put your hearts and souls into the soil;
And don't be led away
By what idle people say:
"The Free" are those who live by honest toil.

Anti-Canard.

THERE is a precaution against the receipt and publication of false intelligence which might possibly be taken by MR. REUTER and other telegraph agents, but does not appear to have occurred to anybody but a buffoon. To a telegram of doubtful veracity we often see appended the note:—"This report requires confirmation." In order that every report requiring confirmation may be duly confirmed immediately on being received at a telegraphic establishment, some zany has proposed that a Bishop, out of diocese, could be kept at the office.

Of course this arrangement could be practised only by private telegraph masters. Government would be precluded from adopting it by fear of offending the Dissenters.



"NOT SO FAST!"

Old Gent. (soliloquising, in the Wilds of Glenmuckie). "Ah, well, this is very jolly! Wealth's a great blessing—not that I'm a rich man—but after the turmoil and worry of business, to be able to retire to these charming solitudes, the silence only broken by the grateful sounds of the rippling stream ('Burn,' I mean, Ah! I nearly had him then!), and the hum of the bee! To be able to leave London and its tiresome millions, and forget all the low——"

Voices from the Bridge (the ubiquitous "Arry"). "Could yer 'blige us with a worm, Gov'nour!"!!

POLICE FOR THE PEOPLE.

WHERE are the Police? Echo answers not "where," *pace* BYRON, but "leece." That, when the cry of "Police!" is raised in a case of outrage, is the answer of Echo; and too often there is returned no other. But just now there is quite another answer to that question. Where are the Police? Why, they are paying domiciliary visits to public-houses, and haling landlords, and the private guests of landlords, before Magistrates on the accusation of serving and being served with refreshments during prohibited hours. We shall soon have Policemen authorised by paternal legislators to intrude themselves likewise into Clubs and private houses, in which naughty grown people are sitting up and drinking more than Parliamentary Papa considers to be good for them, at a time when they ought all to have gone to by-by; and perhaps in due season Bobby will be empowered to pop upon all such adult offenders, and put them to bed.

October Fashions.

"There is nothing particularly new to chronicle in the bonnets this month, with the exception that they are a little more reasonable in shape."—*Le Follet.*

PATERFAMILIAS says he should have taken more interest in this announcement, if the chronicler had been able to add that the article, which is called (in Dictionaries) "a covering for the head worn by females," was also "a little more reasonable in"—price.

ARMA VIRUMQUE CANO.

DESCRIBING another idiotic French duel, the papers say that "one of the combatants was unhurt, and the other sustained a wound in the arm of no importance." Which arm is this? Idiocy seems contagious.

AN AWAKENING CONSCIENCE.

BETWEEN a small paragraph headed "CONSCIENCE MONEY" (acknowledging the receipt of some), and another small paragraph headed "MR. LOWE," the following intermediate small paragraph appeared the other day in the *Times*.—

"A HOPEFUL SIGN.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER received in the financial year 1871-2 sums amounting to £7,132, forwarded to him for conscience sake. This is nearly double £3,662 received on the same account in the preceding year."

Ah, yes; this is a very hopeful sign indeed. It is a sign that the Great Untaxed are opening their eyes to the injustice of the partial taxation inflicted on the direct tax-payers. The former were the contributors of the £7,132, every farthing of it; and the whole amount was Conscience Money sent "for Income-tax omitted." It is gratifying to see so much Conscience evinced by the Striking Classes.

A Fool's Paradise.

"The Washington Treaty promises to inaugurate a new and blessed era, when force and fraud shall be alike unknown," &c.—*Ministerial Organs.*

WHEN the Millennium was DEAN MILMAN's theme, He briefly labelled it "a Jewish dream." Of our Millennial Treaty, COCKBURN, rude, Says, "Statesmen dreamed, and JOHNNY BULL is Jew'd."

THE FINAL STRIKE.

It was unthinking of JEREMY TAYLOR to describe the Arian controversy as a dispute about a vowel, when all the difference in the world between two words may be made by a single letter. You can manage to tide over a Bakers' Strike; but what would you do in case of a Bankers'?



A COLOURED CLERGY.

Uncle (can't see so well as he did, and a little hard of hearing). "WHO DO YOU SAY THEY ARE, MY DEAR!—CHRISTIAN MINISTERS? 'NOON'LY KIND OF 'EM TO GIVE A CONCERT, TO BE SURE! FOR A CHARITABLE PURPOSE, I'VE NO DOUBT, MY DEAR!"

THE FREEMAN OF GLASGOW.

YOU'RE a sharp man of business, indeed, ROBERT LOWE: For a principal partner of GLADSTONE & Co., You seem just a fit man to a critical sight, When that Firm's viewed in simply a mercantile light.

You've a head on your shoulders, from some of your talk To conclude, above what waiters use to call "chalk." But while that must be granted, there's this to be said; You've a chiefly chalk heart, if a partly chalk head.

In framing a Budget you'd challenge compare, Impartial to render its weight did you dare, And cease, in imposing taxation, your plan To make it unpleasant as much as you can.

But need you, because at a Budget you're pat, A Bagman's view take of your place, for all that? There is more in that office, by many degrees, Than the work of a saveall and parer of cheese.

Let forest and open space, rather than cost The Nation a farthing, be sold off and lost; Let a Traveller perish; a Livingstone rot, If his rescue would lessen a surplus one jot.

Such views are the views of a Bagman, sweet BOB. And a Bagman of Bagmen. Beguiled by what Snob Officially down have you let yourself drop, Mere foreman to be of the national shop?

A shop in the retail line, ROBERT, as though A firm of small grocers were GLADSTONE & Co., Who sacrifice, popular aiming to be, All else to the end of reducing their tea.

A LARGE FARM.

THE new Sheriffs have bound themselves by oath "not to 'let to farm' the shire of Middlesex or the gaol of Newgate." At first sight this seems a superfluous precaution against any possible abuse of their office on the part of the Sheriffs; but there may have been good reasons, which the Corporation and the Livery think it best to keep to themselves, for pledging Mr. ALDERMAN WHITE and Mr. FREDERICK PERKINS not to convert the county of Middlesex (including Newgate) to agricultural uses, or turn it into grass and arable land. We should, however, feel more comfortable if, next Michaelmas, steps could be taken to guard against the possibility of the Sheriffs turning the area of the Royal Exchange into an orchard, or laying out Billingsgate as a croquet ground, or transforming the Guildhall into a winter garden, with opportunities for music and dancing in the evening—any one of which projects is as likely, some wet morning, to enter into the heads of the Sheriffs, perhaps even of the LORD MAYOR himself, to the destruction of all peace and happiness in the City, as the farming designs on the soil of Middlesex and the site of Newgate to which we have thought it our duty to refer.

A Word on Strikes.

(To my old friend P.)

HANG it, Old P., let's ALL strike. Why not? It will equalise matters generally. After a time, when we want bread, beef, and beer, we can all begin *de novo*. And when we do begin *de novo*, we'll settle to be satisfied with Necessaries, and we shall be Every Man his own Butcher, Every Man his own Baker, Every Man his own Washerwoman, Every Man his own Bootmaker, &c., &c., &c. Then gradually we shall work round to a rational state. Britons, let's all strike. In the meanwhile I shall go and live quietly in Russia.

Yours truly, KNOTT.

Title by Prescription.

It has been stated that SIR ROUNDELL PALMER, on his approaching elevation, would take the title of "Lord Mixbury," from his birthplace. There must surely be some mistake here, for SIR ROUNDELL is a great Lawyer, not a great Doctor.

Say some public money's abnormally spent
To rescue a hero, or loss to prevent
Of land reclaimed, open space, common, or wood,
What's the harm, after all, as compared with the good?

Is a breach of your *doctrinaire's* doctrine a sin,
That silex you so perseveringly skin?
Posterity, sure, at museums will view
Certain "flints in the drift," that have been skinned by you.

O hark how the people your colleagues abuse,
Because you and another are two such dire screws!
By a too parsimonious AYTON and LOWE
Why should ill-will be raised against GLADSTONE & Co.?

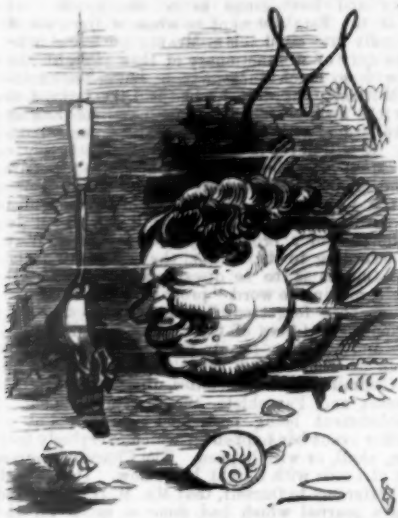
QUESTIONS TO BE SETTLED BY CONGRESSES.

1. WHEN is the Season at Islington?
2. What sort of fishing is there at Ball's Pond?
3. By the last Census how many Hop-pickers were living at Kentish Town?
4. Country gentlemen are often on the look out to "pick up an animal to suit them." Would this opportunity be offered when a Horse falls down? If not, explain how you can pick up what hasn't fallen down.
5. Has it yet been decided who was the first performer of the tune the old Cow died of? If still a doubtful matter, is it not probable that it was OLD BULL, the Celebrated Violinist?

HEARTLESS CONDUCT.

AN Elderly Gentleman, while comfortably enjoying the warmth of his own drawing-room fire, turned his toes out. No reason has as yet been assigned for this barbarous cruelty.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Y Letters finished, we descend to the court-yard of the Grand Monarque, intending to go out, and call on the MOMPSONS. To myself I acknowledge that I am a trifle anxious about seeing BERTHA.

Happy Thought.—Dissemble before my Aunt. Say carelessly, "Let me see! How many MOMPSONS are there? I forget their names."

Aunt falls into trap. Somehow, when she comes to speak of BERTHA, I like to hear her mentioned, and ask questions about her. In the court-yard we come upon MILBURN and his wife, who, with CAPTAIN

FORTESCUE, and a natty little German gentleman in very tight trousers, very square-toed boots, and the usual eye-glasses, are seated listlessly at one of the small tables. We are introduced to the German. He is HERR KOPFEN, and is immediately enthusiastically polite to my Aunt.

The waiter is pouring out a fizzing beverage for MILBURN. FORTESCUE is regarding the operation despondently.

My Aunt inquires of MRS. MILBURN if this is part of the medical course which her husband is supposed to be undergoing.

I suggest that brandy-and-soda, at half-past eleven A.M., is not a good thing.

"It's a very good thing," replies MILBURN. "It's nature's restorer."

"But," I put it to him, "if you're here for health" (at which notion FORTESCUE laughs sarcastically) "you ought to go in regularly for the waters."

"I tell him so," says MRS. MILBURN, "but he won't."

"My dear fellow," returns MILBURN, "the waters are all humbug. Old Thingummy the Doctor says so. Some of the medical men believe in 'em, and some don't."

My Aunt, who has been listening intently, suddenly breaks in upon the conversation in a frightened manner—"But, MR. MILBURN, you don't mean to say that, having come all this way from England, the waters are no good for rheumatism! Why, my nephew" (turning towards me reproachfully) "told me that three years ago he was cured here."

"Very likely," says FORTESCUE, regarding us with melancholy compassion; "but it makes you worse afterwards."

I deny it warmly. I feel that my Aunt has come here at her own request, it is true, but to a certain extent through my representations, and that now my, as it were, professional opinion is at stake.

Happy Thought.—Adopt the safe system in betting, and "hedge." Say that, of course, a great deal must depend on the constitution of the individual; a great deal, also, on diet; much, too, on change of life, change of air, regularity, and so forth.

Happy Thought.—What a capital Doctor I should have made, as far as giving advice is concerned. With a knowledge of three medicines, and with a place to send patients to when troublesome, one might get on capably for years without being found out.

Medical Happy Thought (as a rule).—Let the Patient prescribe for himself, unconsciously. My idea of being a Doctor is this:—*Rule.* Talk to Patient, humour him or her, prescribe one out of the three medicines with which you are acquainted. I've often noticed a smile on a chemist's face when I've given him a prescription, written by some celebrated man, to be made up. He reads the first two or three items, and at once knows who has ordered it. Then he smiles, as much as to say, "Here's the old prescription again." Become confidential with the same chemist years afterwards, and he'll probably tell you, smiling as usual, "O, yes, I know that prescription. It's old Snooks's" (for example). "It's a very good one. Can't do any harm." Very good. No injurious results, but Patient not any better. Patient, being fidgety, harks back to Doctor again. Doctor (e. g., myself) coquettes with the second fee,

but, being pressed, takes it, and orders another visit in a week's time, after presenting Patient with prescription "No. 2 in the books." Chemist again. Same smile. Same confidential communication years afterwards, D.V., i. e. *Doctore volente*.

Another week. Patient back again. Myself still as Doctor. Yes, has been better, but thinks that he now feels it (whatever it is) rather more on the left side than the right. Loss of appetite after meals, despondency in the rain, low spirits when in pecuniary difficulties, nervous irritability in a four-wheeler when going to catch a train, and so forth. Doctor meditates. Question to him is, shall I give him No. 3 or repeat No. 2. If Doctor's hands are very full, out comes prescription No. 3; if business is slack, No. 2 is repeated. Same business with fee as before. Call again in ten days. Patient calls again. "Doesn't," he says, "know what it is, but he gets so tired when he walks, and so hot, that he's always obliged to take a cab. Can't sleep at night, though intolerably drowsy immediately after dinner and in the middle of the day. Forgot to mention last time that his right foot appeared to be a little swollen, and that one of his ears has a peculiar tingling in it." Account received with gravity. Questions asked, which, being founded upon the patient's recent information, only lead to a recapitulation of symptoms. Useless, but something must be done for the money. Deliberation in Doctor's mind as to whether it's any use keeping this idiot here, or not. Decision, send him away. Recommend thermal springs on the Continent. Patient looks a bit frightened, but promises to be off next day. Being slow in producing his fee, it is evident to the Doctor's quick mind that he is reluctant to part with it. Doctor [myself still in practice] at once positively refuses to take it. Patient doesn't press it. Exit Patient. Doctor, alone, is satisfied that he's seen the last of him for some time to come. Patient goes away, takes baths, changes air and diet, becomes so fresh that he returns to England full of the praise of the Doctor (I am supposing myself to be the Doctor) who advised him to go there. In return, he tells everyone, no matter what may be the matter with them, to go to his Medical Adviser. Fortune made for Medical Adviser, out of three draughts, and letting Patient prescribe for himself.

By the way, mustn't broach these opinions to my Aunt, who has come here to be cured of rheumatism and neuralgia by baths and galvanism. Odd that it never occurred to her that galvanism in England would be the same as galvanism in Germany. But no, to be able to say "I was obliged to go abroad for my health," gives a sort of importance to an invalid, and if it does not enlist sympathy, it secures at least a certain respect.

Happy Thought.—Under the "cires," hold Mister Tongue.

It doesn't seem to me that MILBURN's system will be of any great benefit to him. Being here, he says he's going in for the whole thing. His idea of this course is to rise rather later than is his custom in England, and, after having had a cup of chocolate while dressing, a process that occupies him generally a considerable portion of the morning, he takes, at twelve o'clock, a light and airy repast, called a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, consisting of about fourteen courses, including dessert with cheese. It is evident, as he argues, that he can't do the sulphur bath immediately after this, and as to drinking the sulphur water, that he is assured by his Doctor, he says, is all nonsense. The newspapers, a few pipes, and a drink of what he terms "fizzical force," engage his attention for an hour and a half after the above-mentioned meal, at the expiration of which time it occurs to him that a drive would be a nice thing for his wife. This amiable lady at once accedes to the proposition, and the Monarque is commanded to furnish its guests with a carriage and pair, which order the Monarque executes in truly Royal Continental style. The carriage looks as if it were spick and span new, the brass harness gleams in the sun, as does also the Coachman's patent varnished hat with its doubly polished cockade on the right side, the whole thing being made of the same material, I fancy, as the Prussian soldier's helmet, only, of course, without the brass spike at the top, which would not look well sticking out of the crown of the hat, although it might prevent people sitting on it when left, by accident, on a chair. As to the Coachman's collars and stock, they are simply wonderful for shape, whiteness, and supernatural stiffness. I should say that the entire framework, concealed from view by linen, is of the strongest steel. Out of Aix, where unfortunately the equipage is familiar to the inhabitants, the whole turn-out might be taken for something Ducal, especially when drawn, as it often is, by four horses. He invites us to join them. My Aunt, who I think is rather captivated by the shininess of the foreign turn-out, accepts with pleasure, observing to me that we can call on the MOMPSONS when we return. Very well. I should like to see, in fact I think I am longing to meet once again, BERTHA MOMPSON, and yet I am not sorry for the postponement. Evidently nervousness.

We seat ourselves in the carriage; then, amid the admiring glances of the spectators (strangers who don't know who we are), and the obsequiousness of the waiters, with a great jingling of the brass harness, a rattling over the courtyard stones, and a sounding smack of the whip, we start for our drive.

OUT OF DANGER.



T the recent Disestablishment Conference at Birmingham, whilst Mr. MIALI was speaking, a voice cried out, "Extinguished." Reminded by this of the Cartoon in which he was a prominent figure, not long ago, in *Punch*, Mr. MIALI is reported to have gone on to say, with much good humour, but with one enormous error:—

"Extinguished! Yes, when even that publication which has diffused so much entertainment and amusement over the circles of English society shall have been forgotten, then this movement, which they deemed to be extinguished by a few speeches in Parliament, and by a few statesmen who have not yet made up their minds, that movement will probably have realised its object, and history will record it as one of the greatest triumphs of humanity and of Christianity."

Take heart, ye Deans!
Ye Canons, be comforted!
O incumbents of rich benefices
with small parishes!
O fathers now hesitating
to go into the market and
purchase advowsons and

next presentations for your male offspring at present slumbering in their cradles!
O array of ecclesiastics, from best paid Bishop to worst paid Curate! O army of prebendaries, precentors, chancellors, surrogates, beadles, bell-ringers, bellows-blowers, organists, sextons, apparitors, vergers, clerks, choristers, lay

vicars, and archdeacons—cheer up, all of you, and dismiss, now and for ever, your gloomy thoughts, your misgivings and forebodings as to the security and stability of the Establishment in whose welfare you are so profoundly interested. Mr. MIALI, for once undertaking the duty of a functionary of that Church which fills him with so much uneasiness, has rung the knell of his own Motion. The date he has had the imprudence to fix for the disappearance of the Church of England must take order with the Greek Kalends and Latter Lammas. It will never be inserted in any dictionary, or *memoria technica*, or chronological tables. No tormented schoolboy or distracted schoolgirl will ever be called upon to commit it to memory. No Member of Parliament, or platform orator, or public lecturer, will refer to it as a part of the past or a probability in the future. Why? Because, according to Mr. MIALI, the best of all authorities, the Church is to be disestablished—he had the caution to throw in the word "probably"—when *Punch* "shall have been forgotten;" and, as that can NEVER be, the friends and foes of the Church may discard all their fears and quakings for its perpetuity, the foes and antagonists of the Church may abandon their Conferences, Committees, and Societies, their Subscriptions and Speeches and Pamphlets, the disestablishment of the Establishment being postponed *sine die*, put off until another event has happened, which everybody feels never can, shall, or will happen. The Church Congress may meet at Leeds with a light heart now. It was with a graceful reference to Ourselves, that Mr. MIALI predicted that when a journal which had done so much for the delight of mankind should be no more, the anti-Church effort would be regarded with admiration. We are quite satisfied with the date he fixes, and as his agitation is thus proclaimed to be hopeless, we affectionately advise him and all rational Dissenters at once to become subscribers to the Thirty-Nine Articles and to *Punch*.

TO ARTISTS, AMATEURS, AND OTHERS.

LOGICIANS tell us that two Negatives make an Affirmative. Will somebody say how many Negatives make a Photographer?

WHAT HAVE THEY ALL BEEN DOING?

MR. LAZIERONES has spent his long vacation chiefly in his easy-chair, and in going through a course of reading in French novels.

LORD THOMAS NODDY has been yachting round the Scilly Islands.

MR. SCAMPER, having barely three weeks at his disposal, made a rush to Russia, coming back by Copenhagen.

MESSERS. BACKWATER and BICEPS have, as usual, spent their holiday in developing their muscles, and, in the brief interval between their spells of rowing, have been indulging in the dumb-bells and in underdone beefsteaks.

MRS. DODGER, with her daughter, has been heir-hunting in the Highlands.

MR. BOOBIE, having a spare day at his command, joined MESSRS. BLUNDERHEAD and NINCOMPOOP in killing sparrows from a trap, with a view to the improvement of his skill in pheasant-shooting.

MR. HUNTER TUFFE has been profitably spending his vacation on the Continent, in acting as the courier and errand-goer of LORD SKYFLYNT.

MR. COZIE has most sensibly enjoyed his autumn holiday by staying with his family in his own comfortable home, rather than undergo the martyrdom of travelling.

CAPTAIN FLUKER has devoted a great portion of this autumn to practising the spot-stroke, and learning dodges of the marker.

MR. FREERLE, JUNIOR, has been playing on the flute for more than five hours daily, and has now returned to business in a prostrate condition.

MR. LATHEBYED went to Scarborough for the benefit of sea-air; which, however, he inhaled chiefly in the smoking-room and billiard-room.

MISS GADABOUT, since Midsummer, has been to Tunbridge Wells, and Cowes Regatta, and the War on Salisbury Plain, and Worcester Festival, and Inverness, and Bath, and Tipperary, and is now enjoying a tour in Transylvania.

MR. SPRIGGINS, having a day's holiday conceded him, spent a part of it in making the ascent of Primrose Hill; accomplishing the feat without a guide, or accident, except that his hat blew off, and that he nearly tumbled down in his hurry to recover it.

MR. GANDER passed a pleasant week at Homburg, and lost a good deal more than he could well afford, in his attempts to break the

bank by a "system" of safe gambling, which he thought he had discovered.

PROFESSOR MUDDLEBRAIN has spent a most instructive holiday in studying the habits of the common Cockroach.

MRS. PRANCER has been profitably passing the last two months in besieging MR. GOLDMORE, the Australian millionaire, who has at length proposed to her.

MR. TAGG, accompanied by MR. WRAG and MR. BOBTAIL, took their "daws" to Hampstead on Sunday morning last, for the purpose of enjoying a private exhibition of their combative propensities.

MR. FLASHER has been yachting down at Dover, as his friends are all informed, though the fact is that he never once went out of harbour.

MR. GLOOMIE has devoted at least half of his holiday to examining his tradesmen's books, and calculating how long, if the price of coals and beef and mutton rises yearly as it has done, he will be able to exist upon his present income.

MR. TEMPLE CHAMBERS went this autumn to Chamounix, in the hope of falling in with those jolly girls the FLOUNCERS, who chanced to tell him they were going there, and whose father, as he knows, has influence with solicitors.

MR. FLITTER took advantage of a half day's holiday that was taken by his landlady, by removing all his traps and taking himself off without paying for his lodgings.

MASTER HARRY LARKER has enjoyed a jolly holiday, as usual doing his utmost to drive his parents crazy by the row he has been making.

MR. PADDLEY has achieved a most successful canoe voyage on the Serpentine.

MR. SWETTER, being kept in London this vacation, constructed a small mound of chalk in his back garden, and getting up it daily with his alpenstock in hand, has endeavoured to imagine he was in a foreign climb.

MR. WILLIAM MUGGINS, having prospered in a speculative purchase of stale cat's-meat, spent a portion of his profits last Monday afternoon in treating his old misers to an airing up the Monument.

CAPTAIN DRUCKRACK, with a view to the winter club campaign, has been keeping in his hand by playing treble dummy.

MR. JEREMIAH DIEDLER has been spending his autumn in cooking his account-books, which he means shortly to exhibit in the Court of Bankruptcy.



THE NASAL ORGAN.

Superior Being. "Now, THEN, EFFIE, WHY DON'T YOU JUMP!"

Effie. "'CAUSE IF I JUMPED I MIGHT TUMBLE DOWN; AN' IF I TUMBLEDOWNED, I MIGHT BREAK MY NOSE!"

Superior Being. "POOH! WHAT'S THE GOOD OF A NOSE TO YOU? YOU NEVER BLOW IT!"

AN AUTHORITY ON AN ART-TREASURE.

HE stood—the Chief Commissioner of Works—in Leicester Square, And contemplated the remains of British Sculpture there. Where once a Horse and his Rider stood—but the Horse now stands alone.

A chasm gapes wide in his forehead; of the Rider all is gone.

"Ha!" cried our gracious Minister. "Fine relic of the antique. Like Greek and Roman statues, but particularly Greek. 'Tis mutilated very much, and so are most of those; Some want an arm, and some a leg, and some have lost a nose.

"At Athens had it been dug up, or the River Tiber nigh, The Papers would have said it was a thing we ought to buy. On images much money to lay out I'm not inclined; But still one may preserve them when one has the luck to find.

"To save it from destruction, now, suppose I send it hence. It will not put the nation to a very great expense, If put in the Museum—in the British, which contains So extensive an assortment of like classical remains.

"There are the Elgin Marbles, at which I could never play. There it can keep them company, for people to survey. 'Tis true that for an *Edile's* post I'll own I'm not the hand; But I flatter myself that's a work of Art which I do understand."

Who is the Party?

MR. BUTT has made a speech in which he compares Ireland to "blind SAMSON in chains, making sport for the Saxon Philistines." DEAR MR. BUTT, how came SAMSON to grief? Was it not through abject devotion to a certain DELILAH, MR. BUTT? Who is your SAMSON'S DELILAH, MR. BUTT? Has she an *alias*, and is it the Scarlet Lady?

QUOTATION IN THE CITY.

"CERTAIN, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all." This remark, although originally made by *Justice Shallow*, will perhaps bear a comparison, in one particular, with the subjoined observation for which we are indebted to ex-Sheriff BENNETT. In the course of a humorous address on quitting office, SIR JOHN BENNETT, speaking at Guildhall of himself and his colleague, said that:—

"He was quite sure they had improved on the maxim of the Psalmist; they had filled the hungry with good things, without sending the rich empty away."

Not for a moment to liken SIR JOHN BENNETT to *Justice Shallow*, it may nevertheless be allowable to point out that the passage referred to in the foregoing extract from a report of his speech is, in the first place, not a maxim of the Psalmist, and secondly, not a maxim at all. It is a statement of a fact made, indeed, in a psalm, and therefore by a personage describable as a Psalmist, but quite another than the one generally understood to be denoted by that name preceded by the definite article. On due reference, the worthy ex-Sheriff will find that the practice extolled by an occasional Psalmist in the words which he supposed to be a maxim of the Psalmist who wrote the Psalter, was one on which it would be bold to imagine the possibility of improvement. It may be remarked that, in the delivery of a retiring speech, the *Nunc dimittis* would have seemed more suitable for quotation than the *Magnificat*.

"As it Fell."

THE Holborn has not been a very fortunate Theatre of late, but having reopened with a new piece entitled *Miss Chester*, we hope soon to hear that the *Chester* is a hit, and not a Miss. If the Management can then add "*Chester draws*," it will have turned the tables on ill-luck, and possess a valuable piece of furniture.



LEICESTER SQUARE!!!

A-K-T-N THE (B) EDILE. "HA! NOW THAT'S A STYLE OF ART I FLATTER MYSELF I REALLY DO UNDERSTAND!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

On this occasion he addresses the Respected Editor, after a visit to the Doré Gallery.



was told that I ought to go and see DORÉ'S great—or if not great, at all events big, picture, now being exhibited at his Gallery in Bond Street. There were other pictures there, it was added as an inducement to me to lay out my shilling, which I also ought to see. You may recollect, Sir, how, on one occasion, when I suggested to you that I should go to the Opera officially—I took care to emphasise "officially," meaning thereby that I intended to occupy a Stall as agent for your office, as, in point of fact, Your Representative—I say you may recollect how heartily you slapped me on the back, and exclaimed, "By all means, my dear boy, go, and tell us how you like it." It was a delicate point. I couldn't broadly say, "Well, the expenses of this official visit will be so much,"—firstly, from native modesty, which would rather have prompted me to send you in the items afterwards; secondly, because I felt that your answer would be jocose, and not—from my point of view—to the purpose. Therefore, Sir, I wrote that article about the Opera, which was highly praised for its extreme Impartiality. I admit now that I did

not go to the Opera on the occasion in question. But as Your Representative I have been to see the Gustave Doré Gallery, and with admission and catalogue I represented you up to eighteenpence.

I represented you at the entrance of the Gallery, and paid a shilling. I further represented up-stairs that, as you, I was entitled to a Catalogue gratis. The boy smiled, and said, "Sixpence." Sir, I kept up your dignity, and paid him the money. I know how you comport yourself when you visit exhibitions; and while representing you about that Gallery, I improved on you to a great extent. Sir, you would scarcely have known yourself again. Well, Sir, I assumed a thoughtful attitude, and among the crowd I stood regarding that Great Picture. I was becoming contemplative, and I was giving myself up to silent and rapt meditation, when a serious-looking, respectable Gentleman said to me, in a low tone, "A very fine picture, Sir."

As Your Representative, and as having paid one shilling and sixpence, I knew my business too well to go into ecstasies hastily. I replied, dubiously, "Hum—well—" and frowned. (You, Sir, all over; only better and more artistically done. In fact, you must take lessons from me.)

The seriously civil Gentleman seemed a little surprised at my reply, and continued, in a low, gentle, murmuring-stream-kind of tone, as if he were speaking in church, and under the eye of the beadle, "You're not in the best position to see it." I knew this, of course, and said so. "Of course," he continued in return, and echoing my words; "and the more you study it, Sir, the more you'll appreciate it." A pause. Then he went on in my ear, as if this were a secret which not a soul must know except ourselves. "We're going to have it engraved." I felt that, as myself, I ought to have been staggered, that I ought to have slapped my hand on my forehead, and exclaimed, "Good heavens! No!!" But as you, Sir, I merely raised my eyebrows (with much more significance than you manage what you call your eyebrows), and said, quietly, "Indeed!"

"Yes," he continued, in the same whispering, seductive tone, like an eminently respectable Ophidian on two legs tempting a person—(myself representing you, Sir, and her)—"our cleverest engraver is going to do it. The picture will be this size." Here he led me (that is, in politeness, as you, I was bound to follow him while, like KING CHARLES, he walked and talked) to a sort of desk at the side, on which was a large book, and over which was a blank piece of paper framed. To this last he pointed as he resumed, "It will be this size." And now he raised his voice very slightly, just for the benefit of an old Clergyman who was standing at my elbow, but who did not, however, appear interested. "The figures," my tempter went on, "the figures will be to this scale"—(indicating an engraving on the wall), "and we can" (this most confidentially in my ear, and on no account to be repeated by me to a living soul) "we can procure you one of the first impressions—" (I thought, Sir, that he knew I was representing You, and I smiled benignly "one of the first impressions—artist's proof" (certainly I would

accept it with some diffidence (on your account), and was preparing to say so when he added, insinuatingly, "if you'll just write your name down in the *Subscribers' Book*." As myself, and on your account, to think how You had been trapped, artfully trapped, into this conversation, I was indignant, but remembering myself—I mean myself—I simply thanked the showman (he was, after all, only one of the showmen), and said, as I always reply to my hair-dresser's young man when he inquires as to my needs in the matter of pomatum, &c., &c., that "I didn't want anything to-day; but perhaps when I had seen the picture several times, I might be inclined," and so forth.

Long before I had got to the end of my well-chosen sentence, the man had evidently lost all interest in me, and was selecting, with a keen eye to business, his next victim. I should have liked (in your interest) to have asked him various questions about the other pictures, but he had already quitted my side, and was insidiously approaching a very young-looking gentleman, who seemed to be frightened on being addressed by a stranger, and who, if caught at that moment, might, before he knew what he was about, have been beautifully landed—name and address and all in full—in the *Subscribers' Book*.

"No," said I to myself, as yourself, "I will now be contemplative. Let me see where I shall begin. Say the background. Now—" and I was falling into a critical reverie in an attitude which is a vast improvement, though conscientiously founded upon yours, when an elderly Gentleman, of a retired Indian military appearance, addressed me genially with, "I suppose you've seen this before?" In an instant I, too, was genial; that is, You were genial. "No," I said, "I had not. It is a work," I added, "that demands close attention." The genial Indian Colonel admitted this, and approved the sentiment. He then commenced pointing out with his spectacles what appeared to him to be the special beauties of the picture. "Doré was five years over this," he informed me; "five years. The war interfered with the work; but after the war he completed it. The central figure is quite an inspiration—quite an inspiration. It's a picture that grows upon you—that really grows upon you. It's a picture one likes to think of and to remember." He was becoming enthusiastic, and I allowed you, Sir, to go with him to a certain extent. Finding me so far in accord with him, the Indian Colonel sank his voice a little, and said, "Have you heard that this is going to be engraved?" In one second I saw it all. He, the disturber of my (and your) reverie was Tont Number Two. As this flashed across me, he motioned me towards the right wall, and following the direction of his hand, I then saw in a corner a similar desk, a similar blank sheet framed, a similar engraving, and a similar *Subscribers' Book* to that at the other end of the apartment.

Thenceforth I became suspicious of my fellow man. I debated within myself, and with You, of course, whether I should not invent a name and address for this book. Suppose (I said to myself as yourself) I write down Count Jellicski, *Enton House, Macclegrave Square*, how pleased the Indian Colonel would be, how delighted the exhibitors would be, and even M. Doré himself might like it. Then imagine the day when the Proofs had to be sent out. Imagine all the address books, Court Guides, City and Suburban Directories, that would have to be ransacked. Sir, I reasoned with you whom I was representing, and showed you that a practical joke was unworthy of you, and you gave in; that is, I didn't do it. But my interest in the pictures was gone, and was now centred in that Retired Colonel. He was down on everybody, one after the other, never insidiously or stealthily, but genially to men, and most courteously to women.

He picked out the old Clergyman who had been by my side before. With a certain reverence in his manner, but still genial, he expended three minutes in directing the good old parson's attention towards the scriptural bearing of the characters in the picture. "How," said the Colonel, piously, in conclusion, "it brings the sacred narrative before us! By the way, we're going to have it engraved, and here—"

At this point the old Clergyman, who had appeared scarcely conscious that he was being addressed, turned quietly to the Colonel, on seeing him move, and said, politely, "I beg your pardon. I'm afraid you've been speaking to me; but I'm quite deaf." The Colonel bowed and retired. Neither holloaing nor pantomime was in his line.

A very upright, squirely-looking Gentleman, with two sons, was looking at the picture. The Colonel was at him, assuming a frank Old-English-gentleman-kind of heartiness that must have been quite a relief to him after his subdued religious tone with the Clergyman. It was, to put it profanely, coming from Texts to Turnips. "Fine picture," he said. "Well," returned the Squire, abruptly, "I don't like the central figure." The Colonel is aghast: he is sure that there is some mistake: he is certain that, if the visitor studies it longer, he will be charmed with it. "No," says the Squire, bluntly, and his sons are evidently listening in admiration, "I don't like the central figure," and he looks sternly at the



THE "IRREPRESSIBLE" AGAIN.

Gent in Knickerbockers. "RUMMY SPEAKERS THEM 'IGHLANDERS,' ENERV. WHEN WE WAS TALKING TO ONE OF THE 'ANDS, DID YOU NOTICE 'IM SAYING 'NOZZING' FOR 'NOTHING,' AND 'SHE' FOR 'E'?"

Colonel, as if he expected him to reply, "Well, I'm really very sorry you don't like it. I'll go and rub it out at once." The Colonel, however, is quite ready for all comers with all objections. He is at him with quotations to show that the artist has taken the correct view. The Squire becomes more positive, but admits that there is something in what the Colonel says. The Colonel sees his way to his object at once. He says, as if he had conceived a very high opinion of the Squire's judgment, "Ah, you must see the Engraving." The Squire asks, simply, "Is there an engraving of it?"

The Colonel motions him towards the right wall, whither he is followed by the Squire and his sons. I notice the change on their faces when the Subscribers' Book is mentioned. I notice (for you) how people edge away from these corners after they've once been caught, and how part of the visitor's time is engaged in dodging the genial Colonel and his talented assistant. If safety is sought in flight, there is a third assistant at the door, sedentary and not itinerant, who fixes you as you go out. I represented you, and was not to be fixed. Now, Sir, speaking for you, I ask, couldn't this be done in an office at the side, without these Talkative Gentlemen (excellent persons, no doubt) in the exhibition room itself, where the spectator should be left in such peace and quiet as he can find in the studios throng. An advertisement could tell the public about the intended Engraving, and "This way to the Office," &c., could be placarded in the passage.

Now, Sir, I have done my duty, as You, at the Doré Gallery. The next time I visit that exhibition I shall go as—myself.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

One to Rome.

LIBERAL AMADEUS reigns in Spain, and lightning falls upon his palace! If infallibility does not make the most of this palpable miracle, infallibility had better throw up the sponge, and subscribe to GALILEO's blasphemous assertion that the earth goes round the sun. A more manifest celestial interference in favour of the Church has never occurred since the appearance of Our Lady of Salette in the night-dress of "a zealous lady of the neighbourhood." We heartily congratulate the Vatican on a firework worthy of S. Angelo.

WATER AND WOLF!

THE following extract from the *Metropolitan* is no fun, but, on the contrary, must excite very serious thoughts in the minds of dwellers in the districts which bear the denomination of that journal, and are subject to the Water Act of the same name:—

"All the great Water Companies resisted to the utmost the introduction of filtering-beds, and the effort to compel them to take their supply from pure sources; but their resistance proved futile, and they were forced to yield. Last Session they, or some persons in their interest, succeeded in foisting into the Act provisions which impose upon unhappy householders a large outlay for the reception of a constant supply, while there is no security that such supply will be served. Moreover, the charges are grossly extortionate; and in the suburbs it would often be cheaper for the inhabitants to sink their own wells."

As if meat and coals were not dear enough, as though metropolitan householders, many of them, were not sufficiently fleeced by the partial Income-tax, and by highway rates paid on account of other people's carriages and horses: they are now condemned to be enormously mulcted by the Water Companies under pretence of affording them a constant supply of a fluid so called, whether they do or do not want it, and whether they get it or not—in short, whether, in a twofold sense of the words, they will or no. It was the other day announced that the new Water Act, which may perhaps be called the Water Companies' Extortion Act, was about to be immediately tried on at Fulham. Peradventure it will be found not to fit. Already most householders can hardly keep the Wolf from the Door. What will they do when the Wolf shall have been reinforced by the Water Companies?

Gibe from Geneva.

AN American friend says that the presence of Eight First Class-men in the Ministry accounts for its absence of "pluck."

THE PESSIMIST'S POSTULATE.—All's for the worst.



A DOOMED MAN!

Frail and Delicate Individual (with much Pathos). "Ah, Miss Brown! I SHALL NEVER MARRY!" *Miss Brown.* "WHY?"

Frail and Delicate Individual. "BECAUSE I'M CONSUMPTIVE!—QUITE CONVINCED OF IT! ONLY DON'T TELL MY POOR MOTHER!—IT WOULD BREAK HER HEART!"

A STOPPAGE AT SALFORD.

THE Sabbatarian statute called the "Lord's Day Act," passed by tyrannical fanatics under CHARLES THE SECOND, has lately been invoked, at Manchester and Salford, against certain barbers, by a set of people who call themselves the "Sunday Closing Association." According to the *Manchester Guardian*, five barbers were fined under this preposterous Act of Parliament, at Manchester, on the 20th ult., for shaving customers on a Sunday. Salford, however, happens to be blest with a Magistrate who is no fool, MR. HIGGINS, Q.C., Chairman of the Salford Hundred Court of Quarter Sessions. A barber, charged with the same offence as that for which those others were fined, was, on Tuesday last week, summoned before him. The informer who thus sought to injure his neighbour, had thought, as also had other informers in Manchester, that an Act of 1871, practically suspending the Act of 1677, had by this time expired. MR. HIGGINS, however, was better informed. He had found that the suspensory Act was continued by an Act passed in the last Session, and would continue in force until September next. The informer, therefore, and his associates were put out of court; but it is to be regretted that no law empowers the people to put sanctimonious meddlers under the pump.

MR. HIGGINS, let it be repeated, is no fool; and the other Magistrates, who fined the five barbers in their ignorance of the law, and perhaps in their sympathy with asinine Sabbatarians, are respectfully recommended to take to heart the words of wisdom which that wise Magistrate uttered on dismissing a vexatious summons, and sending a vile informer about his business:—

"MR. HIGGINS remarked, apart from the legal question, 'that it was not a matter to be tolerated that people should associate themselves together for the purpose of coercing their fellow-traders, and invoking the aid of the criminal law to carry out their purpose.'"

Note, all good people whom it may concern, that in September

DISCOVERIES FOR A DISCOVERER.

MR. STANLEY having discovered DR. LIVINGSTONE, the fashion seems to be commencing of setting him to work as the Universal Discoverer. When not better occupied, let MR. STANLEY set to work to discover

The Lost Pleiad.

The first Joke. When made, and who made it.

Perpetual Motion.

The Missing Link in the Last London Fog.

What becomes of all the Pins.

Who takes the Umbrellas.

Several mysterious cases of undetected crime.

Who sends Conscience Money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER.

What becomes of the Postage Stamps given as change by Club waiters and put into your waistcoat-pocket.

The mode of paying a cabman his exact fare without a row.

MR. AFFRON's good taste.

Oh, STANLEY, oh, there's plenty of time before you.

Turning the Tables.

FROM information received from Hamburg, it appears that a M. BUJEGA, a wealthy Maltese, has been winning such enormous sums at the tables, that M. BLANC could not stand the run upon the bank, and was obliged to limit M. BUJEGA's stakes. We are not sorry to find that *Rouge et Noir* have at length proved too strong for M. BLANC, though we do not compliment the Managers of the gambling-table on their courage or fair-play in knocking under directly they find a customer who is not a pigeon. M. BUJEGA has the credit of winning by calculation fairly; if we thought otherwise, we should have styled him the Maltese Cross. Most people who gamble, draw blanks and lose their stakes, and it is refreshing to find the tables turned; and we congratulate the lucky Maltese—much as we hate gambling—on drawing a BLANC every evening and filling his pockets.

"No Rule," &c.

We have all got into the way of thinking and saying that no man likes to be paid in his own coin. The assertion is rather too sweeping, for there is one person, at least, who would not make the slightest opposition to such a proceeding—the MASTER OF THE MINT.

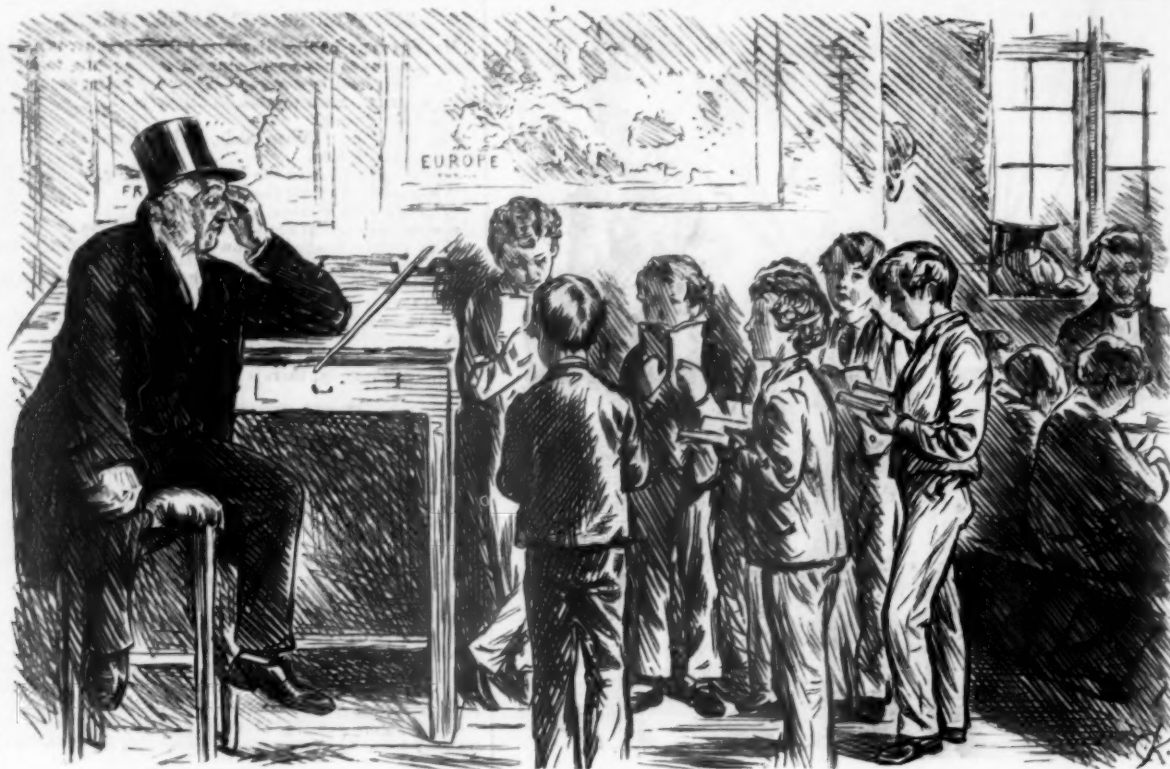
next the pseudo-Pharisees' Act of 29 CHARLES THE SECOND will revive in all its odiousness, unless it be repealed, or have its suspension again renewed. For the Sabbatarians are likely to master in the House of Commons, in order, if possible, to defeat any motion tending to prevent their enforcement of it by conspiracy and information. Did they not succeed in managing, at the end of the Session, to form a majority for that injurious, wholly unnecessary, and otherwise simply sectarian clause of the Licensing Act, which closed refreshment-rooms for an additional hour during excursion-hours on Sunday afternoon?

Rectification.

A BRITISH artisan has availed himself of the foolish trustfulness of his employers, and having surveyed LORD RUSSELL's house in Richmond Park, has plundered it of several hundred pounds' worth of jewels. We have not yet read any report of the speech in which this "re-distributor of aristocratic wealth" has vindicated his conduct, but it will be quite in accordance with the doctrines of the day, should he allege that, considering how the BEDFORDS obtained Woburn, the reprisals at Pembroke Lodge were perfectly justifiable. Much worse teaching may be read in the "people's papers" any Sunday.

In Error.

THE Theatrical Entertainment given by the Mechanical Figures at St. James's Hall, is not in any way operatic, nor are there engaged in it any of the youngest members of the family of the most renowned Italian Tenor ever seen in this or any other country. The mistake has probably arisen from the name. But we are hereby authorised to declare that the name *Marionettes* does not mean the Little Marios.



"COLOR DETERRIMUS ALBIS."

Schoolmaster. "WHAT COLOUR, ACCORDING TO VIRGIL, IS THE WORST IN A HORSE?"

First Boy. "BROWN."

Second Boy. "CHESTNUT."

Third Boy (favourite). "BLACK."

Schoolmaster (meditatively). "WELL—BLACK! YEP, LIGHT BLACK; YEP, GREY. WELL—LIGHTISH GREY, IN FACT, WHITE. YES, GO UP!"

MORE EX POST FACTO.

It has been suggested, in irony by some educated writers, in stupid earnest by some ignorant speakers, that the builders of the Alabama should be "invited" to contribute enormously towards payment of the Geneva imposition. The idea is not so outrageous as it appears. It is certainly logical. If England is to be amerced in a great sum for doing what at the time she did it was perfectly lawful, why not carry out the principle, and inflict a penalty on Messrs. LAIRD for doing what was not only lawful at the time, but is lawful now? But let us go on. Nobody will say that it is unlawful, however unpleasant, for a person to be ill. The illness of a Government adviser prevented certain action in the case of the Confederate vessels. Pass a law that no person shall be ill when his services are required, and give it a retrospective action. Make it include the doctors, who ought to have cured the official in time to leave him fit to do his duty. One way and another we shall manage to pick up a good many contributions towards the big fine, if we will only follow up the noble rule initiated at the Geneva Juggle.

Past and Present.

PRINCE BISMARCK has stopped the BISHOP OF ERMELAND's salary because that Ultramontane and Infallibilist illegally excommunicated certain "Old Catholics." Nevertheless the Bishop, we are informed by telegram, "unreservedly adheres to the position assumed by him on the question of excommunication." Such Bishops as the BISHOP OF ERMELAND are anachronisms. The time for excommunication is gone by. This present era of railways and electric telegraphs is an age of communication.

MEM. FOR BATMEN. — Cricketers will remember this year as "The Year of GRACE 1872."

A FULL DESCRIPTION.

"Widow of a Lieut.-Col. of H.A., daughter of a Lieut.-Gen. of Cavalry, mother of a Lieutenant of Hussars, mother-in-law of two Staff Officers, and aunt of one Lieut.-Colonel, one Colonel, and one Major."

THE foregoing has nothing to do with the *Army List*, but is just the little history of herself which a lady appends to her signature to a letter, which one of our evening contemporaries has published, with other correspondence about that perpetual topic, "Our Servants." The signature itself is "GERSHOMA." *Bellona* would have been far more appropriate.

The City Morals.

AMONG the recent Civic ceremonies the attention of the public has not been sufficiently attracted towards the "Swearing in the Sheriffs." Now Swearing in anybody is bad, and, by degrees, worse, according to the rank of the offender. Our Sheriffs should set good examples. If Swearing in the Sheriffs is permitted, nay, sanctioned, how can we stop Cursing in Coal-heavers? We trust that Our Present LORD MAYOR will not countenance such immoral proceedings, and will check all Swearing in Sheriffs at the rate of five shillings an oath at the very least.

Lines on Leaders.

THE Alabama Claims are set at rest,
Now drop the subject which has grown a pest.
Write off the loss, and never pipe your eye,
Spilt milk! Spilt milk! O'er that in vain you cry.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR. — *The Natural History of Selborne.*



AN EXTENSIVE ORDER.

"O, PLEASE, MISS, WILL YOU GIVE US TWO 'A'PENSIES FOR A PENNY, AND GIVE ME A DRINK O' WATER, AN' TELL US THE RIGHT TIME! AN' FATHER WANTS A PIPE; AND LEND MOTHER YESTERDAY'S 'TISER.' !!!

AN ASCENDING STORY.

SOME hosts have entertained angels unawares. Others have entertained guests of quite another description in disguise. From a case of information under the Licensing Act, which came, the other day, before Mr. KNOX, at Marlborough Street, and from many other such cases, it appears that the Police, by direction of their Superintendents, are accustomed to enter public-houses during prohibited hours, and call for "intoxicating liquors," thus officially tempting publicans, in order that they may inform against them, to break the law. This vocation of Tempter is distinctly the reverse of angelic, and when Bobby is employed in it his name obviously expands itself into *Roberto il Diavolo*.

He, not Roberto, but the personage from whom Roberto derived his "addition," was, we know, the Father of Lies. It is remarkable that the method whereby Bobby, in the character of *Roberto il Diavolo*, Tempter of Publicans, proceeds, is altogether that of lying. Roberto takes exactly after his reputed sire. He goes into a public-house in plain clothes, thereby representing himself to be what he is not—an honest private person. He asks to be supplied with "intoxicating liquors;" and perhaps he tells the direct lie of saying that he is a *bona fide* traveller.

Bobby lies by order of his Superintendent; his Superintendent by order of whom? For doubtless the Superintendent who gave Bobby the informer's office had the office given to himself by somebody above him; and the lie ascends. Let us say story, rather; euphemisms are and ever were commendable. To whom ascends the story above the Superintendent, and to whom above the Superintendent's superior? Who is the primary story-teller? It were not too curious to inquire, but it were too painful. The Superintendent is an abstraction; but when we go above him we get into the region of the concrete and the personal. He whom the story-teller's cap fits, let him wear it.

If any Policeman lays an information against any Publican for having illegally supplied him with liquor, and Mr. Punch is the sitting Magistrate, Mr. Punch can only say that, for his part, he

THE MARCH OF REFINEMENT.

PURISTS frequently are heard complaining of the progress and the prevalence of slang, and it is certainly distressing to a sensitive ear when a young gentleman speaks of his papa as either "governor" or as "the relieving officer," and still more when a young lady talks of having had "an awfully jolly caper" at the recent county ball. Still, a little lower in the social scale, there is noticeable nowadays a very marked refinement and elegance of language. One hardly would expect this in the gallery of a theatre, and yet the cry of "'Ouse bill on'y a penny!" has been improved, of late, to that of "Programme or Hop'ra glass!" In certain minor temples of the drama, as their *habitus* no doubt euphemistically term them, beer is still the usual nectar provided for the "gods;" but we have vastly little doubt that in a very little time rhubarb wine and Seltzer water will be, instead of beer, provided. We entertain, moreover, a confident opinion that fans will, on warm evenings, be on hire for the fair goddesses, and we shall not be surprised to see them bringing big bouquets to throw to the performers. Doubtless, no long time will pass ere Eau-de-Cologne and other scents are likewise freely sold to the fair patrons of the drama who occupy the highest portion of the auditorium; and, possibly, next Christmas, a social law may be in force, prohibiting the "gods" from appearing in their shirt-sleeves, even upon Boxing-Night.

Mouthfuls for Millionnaires.

WHEN Oysters cost thrice less than now
They formed a frugal dish,
And people used to wonder how
Pearls grew in such cheap fish.

If Oysters rising keep in price,
Soon, years, that o'er us whirl,
Will make the Oyster, morsel nice,
More precious than the Pearl.

DECIDEDLY WRONG.

WOULD it not be misleading a foreigner, or a countryman, in search of some one to carry his luggage, to tell him there was a place close at hand which announced that it had "the best Porter in the neighbourhood?"

will forthwith simply convict Mr. BOBBY, under the new Licensing Act, of having been, by his own confession, served in a public-house during prohibited hours. He will, accordingly, fine BOBBY forty bob, and, for the rest, dismiss the case.

BUTT ME NO BUTTS.

MR. BUTT, M.P., is also a Q.C.—in other words, one of Her Majesty's Counsel learned in the law. Speaking at Limerick of the offences of which some of the Fenian Military prisoners, who had sworn to serve the QUEEN and to be true to her colours, were convicted, he says:—

"It was never shown that these poor soldiers had ever committed any offence against the trust reposed in them as military men, but that in a loose moment they consented to take an illegal oath."

If the learned Gentleman had any sense, he might have urged in mitigation of their sentence, that the probability was, that when these unhappy men violated their soldier-oath they were "tight" at the time.

The Mouser.

THE *Times* Correspondent informs us that the Prussians have invented a most destructive gun called "the Mouser," which is far superior to the Henry-Martini and all other deadly weapons. He adds, that there is much mystery about it. Perhaps it is intended for private use. If so, will the Prussians be kind enough to try "the Mouser" on our garotters, if they catch them in Germany, and thereby save us the trouble of applying the Cat.

PEDESTRIANISM EXTRAORDINARY.

A PUBLISHING friend says, that the exercise he likes best is a run upon a book.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Royal Progress through the town (much to my Aunt's repressed disgust), only removing it to place to his lips a small flask, frequent applications to which, he says, the treatment renders absolutely necessary.

He carries with him a Conversation Book so as "to talk to the Coachman in his own native tongue," a pocket compass ("Always like to know where I'm going," he explains), a Guide Book with maps, "which," as he informs us, "is the Duchess's department; she's told off to Geography, having been brought up at school where she learnt the use of the Globes," and so many wraps, waterproofs, sticks, and umbrellas that it looks as if he were travelling about with a "job lot" in order to dispose of them at a sacrifice.

"Gracious!" exclaims my Aunt, on seeing all these paraphernalia. "I wonder he doesn't carry guns and swords, and have a boat to follow him in case he comes to a river. It's quite an Expiot Arkedition."

He now addresses himself to the Coachman. While in Germany he thinks it necessary, in order to make himself intelligible, not to learn the language of the country, but to intersperse his English with finishing touches of German, which serve the intelligent foreigners as landmarks to his meaning.

"Kutscher!" says he, with a wink at me indicating, apparently, that he considers this word a surprising triumph over the difficulties of the language, "Wir wollen to go nach the first *Schwizle-haus*," the Coachman, who has evidently been out with him before, touches his hat, and MILBURD continues, "Look here, I don't want to be out more than *Eine Stunde* and *eine halbe*, then back to the *Grossen Monarchen*—Grand Monarque. All right. *Ja wohl. So.*"

Schwizle-haus, he explains to us, is his own particular German for a place of Refreshment.

During our drive, which is through rather pretty scenery, we are struck by the number and variety of the small flies and insects which investigate us as strangers for a second or two at a time and then fly off to give their less adventurous companions the results of their observations.

"Ugh!" says my Aunt, shuddering. "Bonsters!"

"No," says MILBURD, who has heard our melancholy story, "these are simple *Fliegen*, they're not *Wanzen*."

My Aunt wants to be back in good time, as she has promised to meet the MOMPSONS and the GLYMPTYS, CAPTAIN FORTESCUE having undertaken to escort the entire party to a festive place called *Bernart's Local*. "Here," the enthusiastic HERR KOFFEN has informed them, "it will be a beautiful sight! O you must go, my dear Madam. There is fireworks, and a gross balloon, and music!"

In fact the party has been evidently got together under the direction of HERR KOFFEN, who prides himself on his English proclivities, and the number of his acquaintances among our countrymen.

"Here's a programme," says MILBURD, reading it out to us. "*Grosses Gartenfest bei festlicher Decoirung und brillanter Beleuchtung des Gartens. Grosses Garten Concert. That means a Grocers' Garden Concert, very nice too; then Aufsteigen eines grossen Ballons—Hooray!—and Grosses brillantes Feuerwerk und bengalische Beleuchtung des Gartens. Quite a Cremorne! Here's Eine Lerche!*"

FEEL, on going out for a drive in the carriage of the *Grand Monarque* with the MILBURDS and my Aunt, that, as far as the ladies are concerned, we might pass for Serene Transparencies; also, that as far as I am concerned, I am perfectly ready to take off my hat with the suavity of an Excellency, but MILBURD will come out in what he calls a comfortable hat, which is of limp material and of no particular shape, its merit being that it is equally adapted either for the head or the coat-tail pocket. Added to this, MILBURD, who, in keeping with his peculiar views of combining the medicinal courses with the Customs of the Country, has taken to smoking violently all day, persists in lighting up a shabby old wooden pipe, which he puffs during our

"What, MR. MILBURD?" asks my Aunt.

MILBURD explains. "*Lerche*, German for Lark. Here's *Eine Lerche!*" Translation evident.

This view of it rather startles my Aunt, who doubts whether Ladies can go.

"O, of course! Quite the correct card!" exclaims MILBURD. "We'll all go, and say 'O!' to the *Feuerwerk*." Here he winks knowingly at me. MILBURD, I fancy, attaches a great amount of importance to a wink. Winks serve him, I notice, instead of witticisms.

Happy Thought.—Subject for essay, *The Theory and Practice of Winking*.

HERR KOFFEN, having promised to meet us punctually at half-past seven, does not make his appearance.

"Just like him," observes CAPTAIN FORTESCUE, always languid and desponding. "It's German all over. He said he'd do everything for us. I dare say he's met some other people he likes better, and has gone with them." Then to the Ladies, "It doesn't matter. I know the way."

"I suppose," says MRS. MILBURD, "this will be quite a *fête*?"

"A tea-garden affair," says FORTESCUE, sarcastically. "That's their idea of liveliness. Tea and squibs."

Over pavement like that of a London mews (the best streets in Aachen are no better), with a gutter and an odour on either side, we arrive at *Bernart's Local*. We pay fifteen *gröschens* apiece, and receive the comforting intelligence that the tickets would have been ten *agr.* each if we had taken them before six o'clock.

In the distance we hear a band.

Happy Thought (but a little disturbing).—Shall once again meet BERTHA MOMPSON here. Wonder if she remembers. Wonder if she really—"We met, 'twas in a crowd" (at *Bernart's Local*), "and I thought she would shun me!"

"Why!" exclaims my Aunt, standing stock still, with her hand out, like a pointer, "it is a Tea-Garden!"

Nothing more nor less. Note this (for *Typ. Dev.*, under G., Germany or Garden, and T. Tea). From a military point of view, Germany is one vast Barrack. From a pleasure-seeker's point of view, it is a Tea-Garden.

Happy Thought (as descriptive of Germany).—A Barrack in a Tea-Garden.

MILBURD, directly we are seated at one of the thousand little wooden four-legged tables, calls out loudly, "*Kellner, bringen sie mir some Kalbscotelete for drie persons*"—this he explains on his fingers—"some *Rheinwein*—O—um—yes—and some *Blumenkohl*. Quick as you can, as I'm quite *fertig*." Presently he isn't satisfied with the table, and calls out, "*Kellner, let's have another Tische, if there's one free*." Attention is being drawn to us. MRS. MILBURD says, "O don't be so silly," to him, but laughs.

My Aunt is looking about for the MOMPSONS, and so am I.

Happy Thought.—To tell MILBURD not to go on like this, as every one of these waiters is either a private soldier or an officer in the Prussian service, perhaps the latter, and if so he'll call him out.

CAPTAIN FORTESCUE corroborates me unexpectedly. "The Oberkellner," he says, "is decorated."

Happy Thought.—Make an excuse to get away. Say "I'll look for another *Tische*," and go to do it.

Why is it that MILBURD, who would be well-behaved enough at any place of amusement in England, seems here to consider himself at liberty to act more like a bold buccaneer than a civilised Englishman? The garden is not a large one, and, indeed, with the exception of a few dull flowers and a couple of miserable-looking trees, it has as much right to be called a garden as has Leicester Square in its present condition. There is a stage at the end of the garden, and the whole place is overlooked by the backs of very second-rate-looking houses.

By standing in a corner I can see all round *Bernart's Local*, which is now becoming crowded.

Seated at a table not far from me are MRS. MOMPSON and her daughters, with our German acquaintance KOFFEN. I rather think KOFFEN is a Baron, a Brewer, and of course more or less a Soldier.

He is sitting next the elder Miss MOMPSON. A Prussian officer is sitting next BERTHA. Intuitively I hate him. He is in uniform, the everlasting uniform, without which I do believe they are not allowed to sleep, except by special permission from the CHOWS PRINCE. On my approach he brings his *pince-nez* to the front, and inspects me superciliously in a military fashion, as if to see whether I'd come on parade without the proper number of buttons, or with a shoe-string untied.

KOFFEN jumps up, he is delighted to see me, as an old and dear friend, he welcomes me to the table, implores me to be seated, all this with great impressment, as if this present company were his party. His friend CAPTAIN HERMANN rises stiffly to be introduced. He salutes me with his right hand to his cap, his left by his sword, jerking his head out forwards and his coat-tails out backwards, like a mechanical figure that doesn't work easily. This being done I am allowed to salute MRS. MOMPSON and her daughters.

The next difficulty will be to get near BERTHA, with whom CAPTAIN HERMANN is conversing in so low a tone as to suggest flirting on both sides. Flirting! Bah! With a German officer too! I wonder MRS. MOMPSON allows it.

BERTHA gives me one glance. It penetrates me. Evidently she has not forgotten . . . but why this German Officer?

THE NEXT GENERATION.

The next generation will possess an army properly clothed.

The next generation will all be able to read and write.

The next generation will wear light clothes in summer.

The next generation will remove some of the public statues and edifices which their predecessors have erected.

The next generation will find life supportable without so many Venetians.

The next generation will not make calls.

The next generation will ride to and fro in decent cabs.

The next generation will have other sorts of fish in daily consumption besides red herrings.

The next generation will speak French and German, and, possibly, know something of their own language and literature.

The next generation will not wear high black hats in the month of July.

The next generation will see the officers of the army walking about the streets in uniform.

The next generation will have other public places of amusement open to them on Sundays, besides public-houses.

The next generation will be better cooks.

The next generation will have no theatres with fees.

The next generation will leave the table with the ladies.

The next generation will not avoid Hotels.

The next generation will find they can get on pretty comfortably without the Lord Privy Seal, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the Judge Advocate General, &c.

The next generation will not be ashamed of Leicester Square.

The next generation will be able to cross the Channel with less bodily discomfort.

The next generation will journey by railway more safely and more punctually.

The next generation will still have the National Debt, duns, dentists, domestics, humbugs, quacks, impostors, absurd fashions, adulteration, swindlers, and the Income-tax.

A NONCONFORMING LOGICIAN.

At Birmingham, addressing the "Disestablishment Conference," Mr. MIALl is reported to have thus spoken of the religious "efflorescence" likely to result from the abolition of the Church Establishment:—

"I don't believe that will be worse than a state of apathy and indifference. (*Applause.*) Philosophers may believe that, but I am not a philosopher. (*Hear, hear.*) I only profess to be a Christian, and so far as I can understand, and so far as I am able to judge this question, it has been thus: that if Christianity is not to be killed by the Establishment, Christianity must kill the Establishment."

MR. MIALl is not too modest in saying that he is not a philosopher. But no philosopher, except such an one as VOLTAIRE, would imagine the possibility of Christianity being killed by anything. MR. MIALl appears to be a rather unphilosophical believer.

Among the Cutlers.

CASTRO, the Claimant, has been trying it on at Sheffield, and, according to the *Sheffield Independent*, with very indifferent success. The Hall in which he exhibited himself was nearly filled as full as it could be with empty benches. MR. CASTRO has found the Sheffield blades much too sharp for him; they most of them cut CASTRO.

GRATIFYING.—The Man who Ran up a Bill has come down again.

THE POLICE AT RICHMOND PARK.

(Special.)



OUR Pedestrian Contributor on Sunday last week was stopped by a Policeman posted at the Sheen Gate of Richmond Park. The Policeman informed your Pedestrian Contributor, whose dog, Crab, accompanied him, that, by order, dogs were not to be admitted, unless led. This excellent regulation has always existed, and never been enforced within your Pedestrian Contributor's memory, and probably not within

that of the oldest inhabitant. But, ha, ha! there are Policemen to enforce it now, placed on purpose.

Crab is a little dog, to be sure; no bigger than Toby. But, as the saying is, "little dogs have long tails." Besides, if little dogs were admitted into Richmond Park loose, great dogs would also have to be. It would be impossible to draw the line between little dogs and big. Some of the big dogs might sometimes attempt to run after the deer; and though most of them would be instantly called off, and would come, no doubt, a few might persist for perhaps two or even three minutes in chasing a few deer a few yards, and would thus seriously injure the deer, though indeed without biting them or frightening them quite to death.

The little dogs at the present season would, it is true, do no such great mischief to any of the game in Richmond Park as the large dogs might to the deer. Even in the breeding-months, when their masters were sometimes invited by the Park Keepers to lead them, they never, to be sure, did worse than occasionally snap up a diminutive stray rabbit. But, nevertheless, Sir, you know they would scratch the turf in places, and so deface it, although invisibly, and at spots extremely far apart. They might even do microscopical damage to the thistles and ferns; and though all the buttercups are now gone, they would possibly, here and there, ruffle a daisy.

Your Pedestrian Contributor, at the Policeman's bidding, summoned Crab to be secured. He takes a cord and a collar out with Crab generally. Crab, being acquainted with his tether before, knew what was intended for him, and, being an animal as disobedient as sagacious, immediately ran ahead into the Park. The Policeman did not attempt to pursue Crab, and was graciously pleased not to arrest me, or prevent me from following him.

How happy, Sir, are we in living under a Government so extremely paternal that it now stations Policemen on the look-out for a purpose of comparatively so little, but positively of such immense, importance to the Public, as that of preventing dogs from frisking about for a few yards in Richmond Park! The mischief which has been done there by those animals is probably almost equal to that which poodles and bull-dogs, suffered to accompany their masters, do in the open and public parts of the New Forest. There are no deer at all now in the Forest; but there are very many more flowers growing there than all that are to be found anywhere, at any time of the year, in Richmond Park, which is not like Kensington Gardens.

We fail sufficiently to appreciate the blessing of that freedom which we have come to enjoy in having a Policeman awaiting us at each step, to direct or check our proceedings and regulate our conduct, and we are not as yet duly awake to the delightful prospect of very soon being placed under Police supervision as much as ticket-of-leave-men, kept in order equally with the dangerous classes, and controlled by the Constabulary in every act of our lives.

PHYSIC GRATIS.

OUR Dispensaries, our Hospitals, our Infirmarys, are all excellent institutions, and deserve the utmost support and encouragement; but we cannot suppress a feeling of satisfaction at observing that the means of alleviating the many maladies which flesh is heir to, can now be obtained without a ticket, without attendance at any of the charitable establishments to which we have referred—without, in fact, any formalities whatever. By what mechanical agency a seemingly insuperable difficulty has been overcome we are not at present in a position to explain; but one thing is certain, that there are philanthropic Chemists at whose shops "Medicine can be obtained at any time, by ringing the bell."

Would that the same obliging facilities were offered by our butchers, our bakers, our grocers; and, above all, by our wine, spirit, and beer merchants!



A WARNING TO ENAMOURED CURATES.

Young Lady. "AND SO ADAM WAS VERY HAPPY! NOW, CAN YOU TELL ME WHAT GREAT SORROW FELL ON HIM?"
Scholar. "PLEASE, MISS, HE GOT A WIFE!"

A RAILWAY COMPANY'S QUESTION.

(Chairman sings.)

AGAIN there's one collision more!
 Lots killed and maimed; I say,
 My Colleagues, what an awful bore!
 There will be much to pay.

The damages for limbs and lives
 Will heavy prove, dear friends,
 And, howsoever business thrives,
 Reduce our dividends.

An Actuary should compute
 What loss, from year to year,
 We from those accidents, the fruit
 Of overwork, may fear.

Whether 'twere cheaper in the end,
 Those frequent fines to bear,
 Or cash enough in wages spend
 To make collisions rare?

We want more skilled hands; there's
 no doubt;
 Each pointsman no mere clown:
 How little could we give without
 Our having them break down?

Prodigious!

OUR friends the Priests at Lourdes are accused of not showing themselves equal to the situation. They have wrought only a couple of twopenny miracles, each in the case of an old woman. We think the Priests are unfairly treated. They have drawn forty thousand "superstitious" to a place where nothing supernatural happened. Is not that a miracle, wrought in the country of VOLTAIRE?

NO END OF STRIKES.

A STRIKE, my Masters, and my Men, is a game at which not only two can play, but likewise three. Besides the Workman and the Employer, who strikes by looking-out, there is the Consumer, whose strike consists in going without. He goes without that which he can least inconveniently do without; thus a man redresses the balance of his butcher's bill by striking, if a bachelor, against his tailor; if a husband, against his linendraper as much as possible, against his jeweller altogether. Accordingly, Trades-Unionists of all sorts, please to observe, that one trade eventually suffers for the strike of another; and that, in so far as you are consumers, when you strike as producers you may strike against yourselves, and oblige yourselves to strike again by-and-by against some one particular class of producers or other. Then these or those, in their turn, strike against you, and thus of striking there is no end.

An Infallible Guide.

APPEAL to history from the POPE is treason,
 Tells you an Ultramontane, categorical;
 Before Authority lay prostrate Reason:
 Be both irrational and unhistorical.

A Good Crew.

A CORRESPONDENT has reminded the *Times* "that with the acceptance of the Seals by SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER, there will be eight Oxford First Classmen in the Cabinet—MR. GLADSTONE, MR. LOWE, MR. CARDWELL, the EARL OF KIMBERLEY, VISCOUNT HALIFAX, MR. CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, MR. GÖSCHEN, and SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER." A short and familiar name at once suggests itself for this large proportion of the Cabinet—"The Oxford Eight."

TWO PRESIDENTS.—GRANT, R.A., and GRANT, U.S.



MUDDLEBY JUNCTION.

OVERWORKED POINTSMAN (*puzzled*). "LET'S SEE!—THERE'S THE 'SCURSION' WERE DUE AT 4'45, AND IT AIN'T IN; THEN, AFORE THAT, WERE THE 'MINERAL,'—NO! THAT MUST HA' BEEN THE 'GOODS,'—OR THE 'CATTLE.' NO! THAT WERE AFTER,—CATTLE'S SHUNTING NOW. LET'S SEE!—FAST TRAIN CAME THROUGH AT— CON-FOUND!—AND HERE COMES 'THE EXPRESS' AFORE ITS TIME, AND BLEST IF I KNOW WHICH LINE SHE'S ON!!"



OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He takes an Evening from Home, and addresses the Editor after visiting the Lyceum.)



ow, the other evening I represented You, Sir, at the Lyceum in order to see *Charles the First*, in which play Mr. IRVING, as the Representative Man of that ill-fated Monarch, has made almost as great a hit as he had previously done in *The Bells*. With better material he could and would have done far more, but it is greatly to his credit that he has done so much. His make-up was admirable, his playing of the first and last Act well-nigh faultless; but between these two Acts the actor was left to make the best bricks possible out of the scantiest wisps of

straw. He has triumphed over difficulties, and Mr. BATEMAN can honestly announce another success.

I was pleased to see MISS ISABEL BATEMAN as *Henrietta Maria*. She seems, like Mr. IRVING, to be fitted by nature for the part. "The Queen is" (says one who knew her well) "very little of stature . . . of a pleasing countenance, if she be pleased, but full of spirit and vigour, and of a more than ordinary resolution. With one frown"—when she wasn't pleased—"she drove us all out of the chamber." When *Henrietta* parted with *Charles* for ever at the Lyceum (it might just as well have been the Lyceum as Whitehall, where she wasn't, nor anywhere near, on that melancholy occasion), and embraced her children, there were very few dry eyes throughout the theatre. As Your Representative (you have a hard heart, I believe), I looked around and smiled on the sobbing folks about me. It cost me an effort to represent you, Sir, on this occasion, and it made me very thirsty. I think I should have broken down utterly, and given you up as a bad job when *Charles* uttered one of his last farewell speeches (he has, I think, three of them, which struck me as a mistake, dramatically, though, really, if I were condemned to execution, I should perhaps be inclined to spin out my time by talking until they took me off by force)—I say I should have burst into a fit of *hysterica passio* on the second of these touching occasions, had it not been for a bald-headed man, not three seats from me, who, after wrestling, in contortions, with his nose and lips for a few seconds, suddenly gave the most terrific sneeze I ever heard. The effect on the house was electric. The sentimental chord had been too tightly strained, and the sneeze relaxed it with a jerk. The Stalls *solvuntur risu*, and as *Charles* hadn't a chance against the bald-headed man (in whose place I wouldn't have been for sixpence, specially if Mr. BATEMAN had seen him), the sooner he went out and got executed the better.

I have no hesitation in saying that the Last Act, seen without the sneeze (as I did on the following night), is as affecting a spectacle as anything I've ever seen on the Stage. But there's just five minutes too much of it. I am aware that "KING CHARLES walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off," but this King couldn't have done it, as he was evidently exhausting himself previous to the execution.

Charles the First is called by its author an "Original Historical Play"—the Original largely qualifying the Historical. The author further goes on to say, in the playbill, that "he feels it unnecessary to confess or enumerate certain historical inaccuracies" in his play, and Your Representative flatters himself that on this principle he could (and will, too) give the public such an Historical Drama as hasn't been seen for some considerable time. As, evidently, not much research among the authorities will be required, I should be able to bring it out in a few days from this time. On referring once more to the playbill, I find that the "scenery" has "been prepared with the intention of giving reality to a reproduction of the actual period during which the incidents are supposed to have taken place."

Now this is very craftily worded. You're all right up to the

words "are supposed," and those floor you. If the whole thing is a hypothesis, what matters the accuracy of scenery and costume? If the author doesn't care twopenny about historical truth, why should the manager, the scene-painter, the property-man, or the costumer? Admit the principle, and let every actor dress for effect; and, to begin with, let *Charles the First* come on as the Grand Turk, whose dress, I have been always led to believe, is truly magnificent. The scenic painters must have had a jovial time of it when they learnt the principle of "History be blown!" on which the drama is founded, and have, though still sticking a trifle too closely to traditional truth, made a gallant effort to break their fetters in the last Act. It was a cold and dismal day in January when *Charles* went from St. James's to Whitehall to be beheaded; but if ever open windows showed a bright, cheerful, and verdant Park in full summer, they were those windows of "Whitehall at Daybreak" which Your Representative saw, the other evening, at the Lyceum Theatre. This was a triumph of Imagination over Conscientiousness, and must have been deeply gratifying to the author of the drama.

I was pained, on my own account, though you, Sir, perhaps might have enjoyed it, to see *Oliver Cromwell* represented by a low comedian—an excellent actor, I do not deny, and capable, too, of parts as strong as *Romney* used to play; but still, professionally and ordinarily, a Low Comedian. This *Oliver* who, before the bloody massacre at Drogheda, spent a whole day in secret prayer, who, after this, refused quarter to all in arms, who left two thousand corpses strewn upon the ground—this *Oliver*, Sir, was a stern, unflinching fanatic, with a marvellous amount of method in his madness, but he was never on the stage of life a paltry sneak and a low comedian. I was greatly consoled, however, by finding that, after the execution of *Charles*, which, I suppose, took place on the fall of the curtain (unless the author is keeping him alive for some other "Original Historical Drama"), his remorseless but comic oppressor, *Oliver Cromwell*, had not ascended the throne, but having been tempted from his puritanical simplicity by bright colours, had invested in a startlingly brilliant wig and such neat things in trouser patterns that not the loudest gent, who hadn't gone mad on the subject, would have dared to wear even on a bright Saturday afternoon in Houndsditch. It also appeared that, his natural drollery getting the better of him, he had assumed the name of *Turazacum Twitters*, perhaps to escape detection; and in this character, having disposed advantageously, probably, of the Great Brewery at Huntingdon, he had descended to keeping a Chemist and Druggist's shop, of a very second-rate description. Here, having become painfully nervous, so much so that he generally received strangers by jumping about with his hands under his coat-tails, the formerly stern Puritan allowed himself to be insulted by a grinning apothecary's assistant, and to be bullied by a buxom maid-of-all-work who banged the table with her clenched fists so violently as to make the recent representative of the Lord Protector of England jump up, and cry, "Don't!"

The way in which one *Farmer Wheatear*, who, having previously been a Cavalier nobleman, probably owed him a grudge,—I say the way in which this old agriculturist treated the fallen *Oliver* was brutal in the extreme. He thumped him in front when he said How d'ye do, he thumped him in the back to put him straight again, the first blow having doubled the unfortunate Protector up; he thumped him whenever he wanted him to see some point in his conversation, *Oliver* having become painfully obtuse considering what he used to be in his best days; and finally, when one *Tom Trap*, who had been his old friend *IRETON* in the previous piece and of whom better things might have been expected, pretended to shoot him with a blunderbuss, I could bear the sorrows and sufferings of poor *Oliver* no longer, but taking up my hat, and putting on my coat (You, Sir, are a bit of a Molly-coddle) I sallied forth to moisten my parched throat with the smallest and freshest Natives, and their congenial liquor, stout, at Mr. RULE's in Maiden Lane, where, Sir, with much enjoyment, I represented you, treating a friend, too, up to four-and-sixpence.

What, however, bothered me and cast a damp over me as Your Representative was this,—I did not know whether you liked your oysters opened in the deep or flat shell. You must tell me these things before I go out. Also, do you take pepper and vinegar, or Cayenne and lemon, and if either, at what point of the entertainment? After the first dozen, later or earlier? If you are passing RULE's just look in and give your directions on this subject. As I am going a round of the Amusements, I shall be there again very soon, and whatever you say shall be strictly attended to by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Another Extinguisher Wanted.

THIS is too much. Here's Vesuvius wanting to break out again. The seismographs supply most unpleasant information. We do not want to be rude, but if the peace of the Continent is again menaced by an inflammatory action, appeal will lie to M. VON BISMARCK.



ON THE GRAND TOUR.

SCENE—Staircase of the Palazzo Bianco.—(Enter the JONESSES of London.)

Chorus of Maidens. "O, Ma, dear! O, Papa! do look! Isn't this charming? Isn't it delightful! Only fancy—THE BRAGGINGTON SMITHS WERE HERE LAST MONTH!"

A SLIGHT TO A SAINT.

MR. WHALLEY, perhaps, does not read the *Post*. Very likely MR. NEWBEGATE does. The Member for Peterborough may therefore have missed, but the Representative of North Warwickshire have had, the pleasure of perusing the subjoined announcement:—

"LADY SINGERS IN ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCHES.—The 'edict' which ARCHBISHOP MANNING published some twelve months since with reference to his wish that the employment of females as singers in the church choirs of the Metropolis should cease, has at length been put rigorously into force. Although boys and men with well-cultivated voices have been substituted at the various services, still at the principal churches, such as the Church of the Jesuits, Farm Street, Berkeley Square, St. Patrick's, Soho, and other places, the loss of the ladies' voices is very much regretted."

The enforcement of DR. MANNING's edict against soprano and contralto voices will be a fine thing for Exeter Hall. DR. MANNING's Propaganda will find itself opposed in Exeter Hall by a force much more formidable than that of the Platform. Exeter Hall, to recall stray sheep from the tinkle of the Mass bell, has now only to reproduce MOZART's Masses, and HAYDN's, and the two of BEETHOVEN (especially his *Mass in D*) sufficiently often, and effectively sung as they will not be in the Roman Catholic Chapels. Protestants will no longer go to those places to hear music much better given elsewhere by the Sacred Harmonic Society. Then, perhaps, the TITULAR OF WESTMINSTER will discover that he made a great mistake in discarding his Sirens. Controvertists may tax ARCHBISHOP MANNING with hagiolatry; but there is one Saint to whom, considering her sex, and her specialty, he appears to pay very scant honour, namely Saint Cecilia. It may well be that he will have had cause given him to fast on her next feast day, and do penance. May he relish the red herring, or skillogalee, or whatsoever other description of low diet he may feel bound to stint himself to on the twenty-second proximo.

TO OUR BETTERS.—The Best Course is to avoid all Race-meetings.

PARLIAMENT OUT OF SESSION.

"PARLIAMENT out of Session." Such is the pleasant title which almost daily the eye encounters at the top of a long column, or two columns, or more, of print, which, running down, it nearly always discovers to consist of the dreariest possible verbiage on the driest of all droughty subjects, about which the less that is said, if as much as needs to be said, the better. Parliament out of Session. Sweet announcement that, however. Parliament out of Session can only talk. Parliament out of Session is merely stumping constituents, or the country. Parliament out of Session is not as yet employing itself in paternal legislation. Parliament out of Session is at present not voting Sabbatarian Prohibitory Sunday Excursion Bills. Parliament out of Session is not voting away the liberties of Englishmen.

Romanesque Dissenters.

ARCHDEACON DENISON has threatened the Established Church that unless certain parts of its Liturgy are let alone, he will ask to be admitted into the Liberation Society. If the Establishment declines a whit, even in semblance, from orthodoxy, ARCHDEACON DENISON will make common cause with Nonconformists. If he does, Orthodoxy will have acquainted a man with strange yoke-fellows. The word will go forth in Little Bethel, and Ebenezer, "Is DENISON also among the Dissenters?" Perhaps, when some of the tenets advocated by the Venerable Archdeacon, DR. FUSEY, and others of their persuasion, are compared with some of the Thirty-nine Articles, there will appear more than sufficient reason for the answer:—"Yes, he is."

BREACH-LOADING CONUNDRUM.

WHEN is a Tailor a successful Sportsman?—When he cuts out and makes "bags."



A BLOW AND A KISS.

BANE AND ANTIDOTE.

MR. COMMISSIONER KERR, who frequently uses from the bench an apostolic "great plainness of speech," which might well be imitated by other Judges, had to sentence a banker's clerk, convicted of forgery. The unfortunate man pleaded that he had been led into bad speculations by trusting to "high names on prospectuses." In giving judgment, Mr. KERR said:—

"As an officer of a bank, the prisoner ought to have known perfectly well that high-sounding names were not to be trusted, and that in the monetary world those names were used merely to induce people to enter into speculations, and eventually to ruin them."

So much for the morals of the monetary world, and *Punch* thanks the monetary Judge. But now a word to honest people, not, therefore, citizens of the monetary world. High class journalists are, justly, either indignant with or contemptuous touching the papers that publish quack advertisements. Not to go lower, the Press which promulgates the lies of folks who announce that their medicines are remedies for every evil, from consumption to corns, is deservedly despised. But what is to be said about publishing the sort of prospectuses described by the above-mentioned forger, and denounced by the above-mentioned Judge? It will be said that "business is business," and this is an answer to everything, and is like unto the "barber's chair," alluded to by a certain Shakesperian clown. So be it, in a commercial country. But suppose that at the head of each column in which such prospectuses appeared, the high-class Press were to print, in bold type, the above utterance by Mr. COMMISSIONER KERR. That would be a standing protest against swindle, and with that notice staring folks in the face, why, *qui vult decipi, decipiatur*. Happy is Mr. *Punch* to act as usher to Mr. KERR, and to shout out his words, for though Wisdom crying out in the street is not regarded, she may be heeded when she speaks from the judgment-seat.

Results of Tight-Lacing.

THE truly Intoxicating Liquors Act is very stringent in shortening hours, during which it therefore impels persons of intemperate habits to drink while they can. Thus this pedagogue's enactment is not only tight in itself, but also the cause of tightness on the part of toppers. Suppose we call it the Liquors Intoxicating Act.

SOUVENIRS AND THEIR SEQUEL.

(An *Expostulation*.)

MONSIEUR, of BISMARCK you complain
For making Alsace and Lorraine
As German as perforce he can.
How should he help himself, poor man?

Think, good Monsieur, how often France
Has had the supreme complaisance
To do the honour, on occasion,
To Fatherland, of an invasion.

That honour is, indeed, extreme.
But those droll Germans do not seem
To see it in that point of view
Wherein it shows itself to you.

The blessings, by your troops diffused,
From owning they would be excused.
And choose to give themselves the pain
Of making kind intentions vain.

Two eras two Cities raised, you know,
One each, two years and more ago.
"To Paris!" answered "To Berlin!"
Which City shouting did begin?

Who, suffer us that we inquire,
Did after "Glory" so aspire
That neighbours all, in constant fear
Of war, were kept for many a year?

Who, vain a little, with some pride
Elate, "When I am satisfied
Europe was tranquil," used to say?
Of arrogance a slight display.

Who always bragged herself to be a
Nation that fights for an Idea;
Ideas most often annexations
Of provinces of other nations?

No wonder 'tis, if that was France,
Now lying prostrate by the chance
Of her own war, that now the foe
Who has her down should keep her so

In self-defence; repaired in might
Lest, rising, she resume the fight.
Monsieur, your neighbours don't admire
Renewed attacks with sword and fire.

So BISMARCK, with a grief profound
No doubt, pins crippled France to ground,
And must, completely, to Almain
Reclaim all Alsace and Lorraine.

Meanwhile, Monsieur, the less that's said
About revenge, the foot will tread
So much the lighter on the poll
Which now lies underneath its sole.

ANOTHER OUTBREAK.

THE *Hampshire Independent* gives a description of one of those astounding services, of a Popish character in a Protestant church, which have, unfortunately, almost ceased to be regarded as startling novelties. Still it is to be hoped that the Bishop of the Diocese in which the service in question was held, will have something to say about this fresh contempt of law and honesty by another benighted clergyman of the Church of England. We make no further reference to what was witnessed at St. Michael's, Southampton, on the 29th ult. except to note that as the name of the Incumbent is GREGORY, and he appears to have taken a principal part in the proceedings, the remark in the newspaper that "the service was chiefly Gregorian" seems superfluous. It certainly was not Church of England.

ATHLETIC SPORT IN IRELAND.

A DONKEY-RACE was run the other day on the Curragh, at Ballybanagher. The competitors were priest-ridden Irishmen. The cry was "Devil take the foremost!"



MIND AND MATTER.

Augustus (poetical). "LOOK, EDITH! HOW LOVELY ARE THOSE FLEECY CLOUDLETS DAPPLIED OVER THE——"
Edith (prosaic). "YEE. 'XACTLY LIKE GRAVY WHEN IT'S GETTING COLD. ISN'T IT!'!"

A COMPANION TO THE BULL'S-EYE.

AN inquest was held on Wednesday last week on the body of an old man named COONEY found dead in a police-cell. COONEY had been locked up on the previous Monday night by a police officer on a charge of drunkenness—because he had found him lying insensible in the street. The insensibility of the deceased, whose drunkenness had been taken for granted, was found, on examination *post mortem*, to have been caused by a fracture of the skull, which had been broken in two places, evidently by assault. It is bad enough to be drunk and incapable, but incapability combined with sobriety is too bad; at least when a sober but incapable person is entrusted with duties which seriously affect other people, duties like those of a Policeman. A Policeman who cannot distinguish between the insensibility of drunkenness and that produced by a fracture of the skull broken in two places, must, if not himself very far from sober, be very incapable indeed. Can no ingenious medical mechanician devise a what-shall-we-say—methysometer—an instrument whereby to measure drunkenness, for the use of sober but incapable Policemen?

Military Intelligence.

THE War Office is advertising for tenders for the supply of "American Drill." Are we going to make our Army, in its training, a copy of that in the United States? If so, Honorary Colonels and others, who are averse to change, will be glad to hear that "the Secretary of State for War does not bind himself to accept the lowest or any tender." (N.B. The Italics do not appear in the Advertisement.)

UNPROVOKED ASSAULT.

THE conduct of the Navy does not appear to be altogether unexceptionable. A report has reached us within the last twenty-four hours, of an officer high in the service—in fact, an Admiral—so far forgetting himself as actually to *strike his flag!*

DRAWING THE LINE.

"Ladies' United Service Club, for Widows, Wives, and Daughters of Officers of the Army and Navy. Age of admission not to exceed 39."

WHY this cruel restriction to "thirty-nine"? Why exclude forty—dear "fat, fair, and forty"? *Mr. Punch*, who has thousands of admirers of the only sex worth thinking about, who, he fears, will never see thirty-nine again, pauses for a reply, and will only wait a certain time for an answer. At its expiration, he intends to "apply personally" "for particulars" at the address indicated in the advertisement, and if the explanation as to this preference for the figure "39" (can it have any reference to the Articles?) is not satisfactory, he will at once "promote" a rival Club with no limitation of age—*Mr. Punch* gives no such assurance as to capital—where forty will be as welcome as thirty, and fifty as forty, where youth, and age, and "a certain age" will all be equally admissible for Ballot; where, in a word, no one connected with the management will ever be so indiscreet as to ask any questions at all on such a delicate point as a lady's age. *Mr. Punch* would like to know how many of the candidates for admission to the "Ladies' United Service [? Matrimony] Club" will be found, on their own confession, to be thirty-nine!

Teach the Teachers.

LORD HOUGHTON is a good friend to Ecclesia, in spite of a certain clever saying about "that department of the Civil Service called the Church of England." At the Congress at Leeds, where everybody was suggesting everything for the benefit of the Establishment, LORD HOUGHTON gently proposed "The general Education of the Clergy." *Rem acu.*

AN EMERALD.

SAYS DENNIS:—"I carry me purse in me hat;
 And I'd like to see who'll pick a pocket like that."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



LL the Brilliant fireworks, which the programme had so magnificently promised us, turn out to consist of a few coloured fires, three or four rockets, something else in the Catherine-wheel line by way of a finish, and, I think, two extra gas-jets in the gardens.

The balloon of which such anticipations had been formed—MILBURN, indeed, frightening his wife by informing her that he was intending to try what a terrific ascent was like—the balloon I myself discover, hanging like a crinoline outside a shop, on a hook in a side wall. It is simply a toy fire-balloon of tissue paper, with the usual tow on a bit of wire underneath to be steeped in spirits of wine and ignited, that's all.

At the Mompions' table.—KOFFER is talking to AGATHA: CAPTAIN HERMANN to BERTHA. I am, I feel, as the fifth person at a rubber.

Happy Thought.—Ready to cut in.

The difficulty is to know *when* to cut in. I don't like to join the conversation without being invited. I should have thought that BERTHA would have put aside the Prussian officer and have exclaimed, "O, I'm so glad you've come," and have motioned me to a chair by her side. But she doesn't. I don't exactly see my way. The last time I sat by BERTHA I was full of conversation, in much the same tone as that which this Captain Thingummy is employing. Sometimes I notice them both glancing furtively at me, and smiling. What at? It flashes across me that they are laughing at my costume. Hang it, why? Let me consider. As I can't join in their conversation, I may as well occupy my time in considering.

Happy Thought.—Think it out.

Thinking it out.—It has been a warm day, but begins now, in the evening, to be a trifle chilly. I feel this when it is too late. My present suit is, it suddenly occurs to me, rather out of character with even an *à fresco* evening gathering like the present. It is a remarkably light attire, of one pattern up and down, and all round, which seemed to be the very thing, when the stuff first caught my eye at the tailor's, and I was struck by the

Happy Thought.—Order an entire suit of it.

It seemed to me also the Very Thing (this sort of pattern generally does seem "the very thing" if you stroll into your tailor's on a bright day in early summer) for the sea-side. And so it was, that is, for any sea-side where there was nobody except myself and my Aunt; and, now I come to think of it (and I can't help coming to think of it in these Gardens, on account of its startling contrast to the surrounding dark-coloured frock-coats), I've only worn it in solitude—never in company.

It was MILBURN, after I'd been finding fault with his shabby hat, who said, "My dear fellow, the best of this place is, that you can wear anything." It was MILBURN to whom I showed this suit, and who expressed unbounded admiration of it, advising me to put it on by all means, as it was the Very Thing (he too thought it was "the very thing," for Aix. Up to a certain point I feel it is the very thing; that is, if I could only show myself like a flash of lightning in the street, for a second or two, and then disappear. I feel that five minutes of me, in this dress, is too much for anyone. I want (if it were possible) to be seen like a vision, like, in fact, something lightly immaterial, and not as a light material, and then pass away, not to be forgotten, but to dwell in the memory of mankind—always, I mean, as associated with this costume.

Happy Thought.—Like some bright dream.

When my Aunt saw me in it this afternoon she didn't make any remark, but then she'd seen it before at the sea-side. If she considered it ridiculous, why didn't she say so? MILBURN had said he liked it, and in fact was going to order a lot of suits like it on his return to England. I agreed with him, my good taste being flattered by his approval; but it now occurs to me that—and if so, it's MILBURN all over—he meant it for a joke, in return for what I'd said about his hat.

I don't know whether "thinking it out" has made me nervously sensitive, but everyone seems to shun me. Mrs. MOMPION, even old Mrs. MOMPION, when I came up to her at first, turned away from me, to talk to my Aunt, as soon as she could; KOFFER, who expressed himself so delighted to see me, hasn't spoken to me again, and as

for the Prussian Officer, with BERTHA, his manner has been, from the commencement, simply intolerable. Upon my word, I'd much rather that they'd all cry out at once, "Look here! We don't like your dress!" than snub me in this way without telling me the reason. To come out in a light suit is not a crime, but—confound MILBURN!—it's treated as though it were. I would retire, but that to quit the field now, is to yield the ground to the Prussian officer. No; I won't stir.

Suddenly KOFFER remembers an engagement: so does his friend. They make some arrangements for meeting again to-morrow, and rise to bow extravagantly, salute jerkily, and then they walk off with the air of conquerors, irresistible among the fair sex. We are in the land of duels, and I feel that if I could only be certain of running the Prussian officer through the third breast-button of his uniform, or of putting a bullet into the same place, I would invite him to meet me over the border in Holland, and leave him quivering on a daisy. The air of Germany makes me bloodthirsty. I don't feel like this in England. No. Evidently it's seeing so many swords and uniforms all over the place, not to mention the Students of the Polytechnic here, most of whom swagger about exhibiting hideously scuffed faces, the consequences of constantly recurring hand-to-hand encounters with swords.

Happy Thought.—Cross over to BERTHA. Preserve a cold demeanour.

She asks me why I didn't come and speak to her before, as she was so bored by having to talk German to CAPTAIN HERMANN. "He's a very handsome man," observes Miss AGATHA. BERTHA admits, not, as I think, warmly (or is this to deceive me?), that he is rather good-looking. I treat the question superciliously. I say that I didn't notice him particularly. I can't repress my bitterness, I wish I could, but it will come out, and I say, with asperity, "I don't like these Prussian officers."

I feel that I've played my cards in the worst possible style. The Ladies are quite astonished at my dislike, as they have found them (the officers) so very agreeable, and really far more intelligent and amusing than any English officers.

Happy Thought.—I see a way to escape the effects of my hasty expression. I sacrifice the English officers, and say, "O, English! I wasn't thinking of them."

"Well," says Miss BERTHA, "I like them very much, too. A garrison town is very good fun."

This conversation is out of my line. It depreciates me as a Civilian. There's a smack of frivolity about her manner now that I don't like. It is not what I had expected. AGATHA joins the conversation which is being carried on by Mrs. MOMPION and my Aunt, and is all about ROWENA, on the one part, and neuralgia and galvanism on the other.

Happy Thought.—Opportunity. Seize it. Say, in low tone (same tone as Prussian Captain—hang him!), "Do you remember the last time we met at BOODELS?"

"I thought you had forgotten all about that," Miss BERTHA returns, not in a very low tone, but looking up and laughing.

Laughing! It is at this supreme moment that I should like to rise from my seat and be six feet high, with a long cloak, a pale face, black moustache, and long black hair. I should like to thrill her through and through with my piercing glances. I should like to say, "Miss (or BERTHA) you have trifled with a heart!" and then somehow vanish, for to walk away, or even stride away, after this, would be commonplace. Then I should like her to lead a life of regret.

All this, however, I keep to myself, and simply return, with meaning, and in a tone just a trifle lower (beating the Prussian officer by three bass notes), "No, I have not forgotten."

She does not reply to this, and somehow, though I feel that I am meaning a great deal, I can't find anything fresh to talk about, and this subject really does seem exhausted. There is a slight pause. I then ask, "Are you staying long here?"

Happy Thought.—To relieve this of being a commonplace by throwing expression into it.

She doesn't know. Hopes it will be some time, as she enjoys it. I do not, and say so.

I try a return of tenderness, to see if this will touch a sympathising chord. I say, "I heard you were here, and I've been anxiously expecting to see you since our arrival. I am so glad to meet you again." She replies, leaning back in her chair (not forward or bending her head, as she had been doing with the Prussian Captain—hang him!), "Yes, we have been here about a month or so already." Presently she says, smiling, "Don't you find your dress rather cold?" At last! I knew it! I am boring them. She doesn't like me—in this Suit. She evidently wishes me to go away.

"I suppose, Miss BERTHA," I say, sarcastically, "you prefer a uniform."

"I think," she returns, quietly, "that it is very becoming." Which clearly means that mine isn't.

I observe, carelessly, as though the subject were really beneath consideration, "Dress here is of very little importance." I should



GENTLE PATERNAL SATIRE.

Irate Parent. "O! YER DON'T WANT TO GO INTO BUSINESS, DON'T YER! O! YER WANT TO BE A CLERK IN THE POST-HORFICE, DO YER! POST-HORFICE, INDEED! WHY, ALL YOU'RE FIT FOR IS TO STAND OUTSIDE WITH YOUR TONGUE HOUT, FOR PEOPLE TO WET THEIR STAMPS AGAINST!"

like to add something about "As long as the heart," &c., but I feel that it won't do in this costume. Yet what is a Love worth that mixes me up with the colour of my cloth?

Happy Thought (for a New Social Proverb).—Cut your friend according to the colour of his cloth.

Mrs. MOMPISON rises. So do the young ladies. "I would offer to escort you," I say, still bitterly, "only you wouldn't like walking with me through the garden in this costume." BERTHA doesn't say Yes or No, she only laughs, and Miss AGATHA settles the question by inclining herself in a stately manner towards me, and taking her sister's arm. Mrs. MOMPISON says, with decision, "Don't let us hurry you away; we'll see your Aunt to the hotel;" and even my Aunt seems pleased to be rid of me.

They leave the Garden. Bah! there's an end of the illusion. I had expected great things from meeting BERTHA again—I had expected great things from this *Grosses Garten Concert*, with its *grossen Ballons* (the impostors), and its *bengalische Beleuchtung des Gartens* (the humbugs). I should like to insult somebody, and dash in among the glasses. Where's MILBURN?

TRACTS BY VICTOR HUGO.

ACCORDING to the *Athenæum* :—

"It is believed that M. Victor Hugo's next production will be the long-promised sequel to the *Légende des Siècles—Dieu*. This is shortly to be followed by *La Fin de Satan*."

The titles of these performances suggest the expectation that they will be found, on perusal, highly religious books. The last-named work, however, appears likely to prove itself the expression of an idea not altogether original. The possibility of demonicide is suggested by *Friday* to *Robinson Crusoe*, and it is represented as an accomplished fact in the catastrophe of a certain drama commonly, under a name which modesty declines here to mention, wont to be performed, beneath the sky, in public but sequestered places about London.

INDEXING.

"The Congregation of the Index at Rome has published a decree mentioning twenty-one literary works which are henceforth prohibited."

The subjoined list is not put forth as containing exactly the same works as those prohibited by that wise body, the "Congregation of the Index," for it would be unfair to other countries to assume that we can claim the enviable distinction of producing all the forbidden books. POPE PUNCH THE FIRST, however, has a strong belief that if the far-seeing authorities at Rome were to interdict the faithful from reading the list of twenty-one literary works which he has drawn up, they would be quite as likely to succeed in extinguishing freedom of thought, and stopping the progress of enlightened opinion—in a word, putting down reading and thinking as—they are by the promulgation of the present or any other prohibitory decree of the Congregation of the Index :—

Joe Miller.
Robinson Crusoe.
Cocker's Arithmetic.
Johnson's Dictionary.
Miss Acton's Cookery Book.
Goody Two Shoes.
Arabian Nights.
Authorised Cab Fares.
Tables of Logarithms.
Bradshaw.
The Boy's Own Book.
Ruff's Guide to the Turf.
Lindley Murray.
The Blue Book.
Ready Reckoner.
Gradus ad Parnassum.
Army List.
Burke's Peerage.
Pickwick.
The Nautical Almanack.
The Pharmacopœia.

May and December.

At this present junction Mrs. MALAPROP is greatly interested in a marriage which is about to take place between two of her most intimate friends. The only drawback to her satisfaction is, that she is afraid there is too great a disparagement of age.

WHERE ARE THEY?

WHERE is the Railway Passenger who, when he leaves the train, is so commonly polite as to shut the door behind him?

Where is the English Tourist who can contrive to change a five-pound note upon the Continent, and not find himself a loser thereby?

Where is the Butler who allows his master's friends to taste as good a glass of wine as he produces for his own?

Where is the Reading Party which sticks closely to its studies even in the finest weather?

Where is the Public Orator who can ever keep his promise to "say a few words only"?

Where is the Billiard-marker who will win your money from you, and refrain from assigning half his victory to flukes?

Where is the Railway Porter who will hurry to attend to you, if you are known upon the line as one obeying strictly the placarded direction to "give no fees to any servants of the Company"?

Where is the Builder who never lets his bill exceed his given estimate?

Where are they born, the People who say cownumber, hospitable, nayther, and advertizement?

Where is the Organ-flend who will move off from your door without your fetching a Policeman?

Where is the Hairdresser who can manage to content himself with cutting your hair simply, without making any cutting observations on its scantiness?

Where is the Gamekeeper who ever looks contented with the tip you offer him?

And lastly—Where is the Young Lady who can pack up her own boxes, and not leave half her "things" behind her?

Mem.

ANGLO-FRENCH COMMERCIAL TREATY.—The Raw Material may offer material for a Raw.



LIKES HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

English Passenger (by the Night Mail North). "CONFOUNDED TEDIOUS JOURNEY, THIS!"

Scotch Ditto. "TJIOUS! SAE IT OUGHT TO BE! (With a Groan.) TWO PUN' TWALVE AND SAPPENCE, SECOND CLASS—MAUNSTER'S!!"

"ECONOMY IN MOURNING."

Economy in mourning! Ay, that indeed were wise;
More willingly in no point would I economise.
Economy in mourning! There's nought that I would go
So soon without, my masters, as sorrow, grief, and woe.

Economy in mourning? Yes, I know what you mean.
'Twill ever be my practice, as it has ever been.
I always spend in mourning as little as I can
Without being considered a heartless, shabby man.

Economy in mourning? Ah, so much I would spare,
That I, of mine own option, would none whatever wear.
My "mourning" for my sorrow wears out too soon, alack!
If grief a tailor craved I should always dress in black.

Economy in mourning! Poor people, had they sense,
Would get up an agreement to save the whole expense.
Economy in mourning, for families in need,
Would be, if it were total, economy indeed.

Economy in mourning! Why not? Fair Sex, confess.
Economy in mourning's economy in dress.
Economy in mourning which doth a loss ensue,
Is so much consolation economised for you.

From our Sensitive Contributor.

THERE are certain most agreeable amusements in the world which can hardly be indulged in by men of certain callings, without conveying to the mind a disagreeable idea. For instance, who, without a shudder, can entertain the notion of a Dentist playing cricket, and detected in the horrid act of Drawing a Stump!

THE LANGUAGE IN DISGUISE.

MR. PUNCH,

You like to embalm curiosities. Perhaps, therefore, you will give posterity a chance of making acquaintance with the foreign-English of the present century, by preserving the following sample, taken from a clothier's card in Belgium:—

"NOTICE.

"To satisfy to the numerous demands which are made us so often by foreigners, several tailors of first ability are engaged to make all the merchandises that comes out of our house; we shall take then responsibility for the satisfaction of the customers, every thing what is made thus what should not suit our purchaser shall be left for our account. With that combination shall the purchaser be immediately served, his clothes handsomely made and in good commodity at the lowest price.

"ADVICE.

"The reputation since a longtime established of the house Y. Z. & Co, 35 years existence dispense to call back, to reason to allow him to sell cheaper than any one, whoever it may be for everybody knows that the House of —, — street, new manufacture furnishes to all their depots manufactures the greatest part of its articles operates in cash for itself with his own capitals it avoids then benifices of the houses in great, the considerable expenses, interests in the credits, idle losses in the failiures enormous expenses of house rent, benefits for the shop Keepers, etc., expenses always paid by the purchasers and that not one other house can avoid, such are the plaine reasons which allows to the house Y. Z. & Co to offer the good marchandise to an extraordinary lower price than the others."

Is it possible that our English-French or English-German can be as hazy as this? At the foot of the "Notice" is the announcement, certainly not a superfluous one—"English spoken." For the sake of those of our countrymen, knowing only their own language, who may present themselves as customers, let us hope that the English spoken in the clothier's establishment may prove a little more intelligible than the English written there.

Yours faithfully,

A. HOME BIRD.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

He takes some more Evenings from Home, and addresses the Editor after visiting Drury Lane and Covent Garden.



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description, on account of the poverty of the English language, sounds by comparison uncommonly like the superlative degree of playing a Salmon with a Jew's-harp. I take this opportunity of adding that I have come away from Drury Lane without clearly learning what the Coronach is, except that it has something to do with *Roderick Dhu*, when slain, being carried out on the shoulders of six men as stiff as a poker. Never on any stage was there a man so thoroughly killed as was *Roderick Dhu* the night I saw him pinked by his gallant opponent at Drury Lane Theatre. Whether *he*, in this attitude, was the Coronach, or whether his clansmen bowing politely towards the body, or whether the orchestra, which certainly did play a dirge sort of march,—whether each one separately, or the whole together, was the Coronach, I regret to say I was unable to learn. My neighbours on my right and left seemed uncomfortable when I asked them, as if the Coronach meant something about which it were better in decent society to be silent. As Your Representative I blushed—though I don't remember having ever seen You perform this feat—and dropped the subject.

I liked MISS MARIA B. JONES, as *Ellen Douglas*, very much. I like her more as I recall her to my memory, though I was sorry to see how rudely she treated that Aged Minstrel, *Allan Bane* (a wretched old humbug, I admit) in Act IV. So. 1, where, when she is to be made as comfortable as possible by the handsome young officer, MR. BARNES (whom I had till now always associated with the Pantaloon and "Here's a Policeman coming!"), she cheerfully skips off with that polite gentleman, accompanied also by a new military acquaintance, who in the bill is styled "A Soldier with a Song"—that being, apparently, his rank in the Scotch army—and leaves the poor old minstrel, who is as blind as a bat, to fish his way out for himself as best he can, or to knock his stupid old head against the wings, as there seemed to be every probability of his doing, at the risk of considerable personal injury to his aged nose and forehead.

James the Fifth of Scotland, craftily represented in the bill by MR. . . . was admirably played by MR. — but no, I will not reveal a secret which the playbill so carefully guards. The part, however, is capitally played by MR. FOUR-STARS (let's say); and when I remembered that I had seen this gentleman, only a while ago, as the Wicked Archdeacon of the Adelphi, performing very unarchidiaconal functions, I was indeed pleased. But I must be mute. FOUR-STARS, farewell! Tortures (up to a certain point) shall not drag from me the secret of your name.

As for *Roderick Dhu*, I protest that, out of SKELT'S *Scenes and Characters*, I have never seen such a Twopence-Coloured *Macduff* as Clan Alpine's Chief at Drury Lane. Without his helmet (which is of a Prussian character), and fitted with a bonnet and feathers complete, the contest to possess him between the small retail dealers in Fancy Snuffs and Tobaccos would be indeed a sharp one. I'm not sure whether the upper half of him (for he falls off a little at the legs, which are less formidable than the upper part and of a different colour) wouldn't have a terrific effect on an enemy, if judiciously placed as the figure-head to a man-of-war. This, however, is a hint for My Lords at the Admiralty, to which they are welcome.

There's one thing that *Roderick* of Drury Lane can do, and that is fight. My! Can't he! And so can MR. FOUR-STARS, too, the

latter getting the best of it, and leaving the Clan Alpine gentleman to expend the small amount of breath remaining to him on a penny whistle, which summoned his followers from all sorts of queer places in the Mountain Pass, where they have been concealed for a good quarter of an hour, in what must have been most uncomfortable positions. I pitied any of the Clan Alpine Supers with a tendency to lumbago.

The Last Scene of all, where FOUR-STARS (I'm dying to tell you who he really is) comes out very strong, astonishing nobody except *Ellen Douglas* and friends, is, as the bills say, really a Triumph. It is magnificent, and no one should leave without seeing it; and no one should see it without leaving, unless he wants to be shut up in Old Drury all night.

I may now, without breach of confidence, mention my conviction that MR. FOUR-STARS and MR. FERNANDEZ are one and the same person, and MR. FOUR-STARS FERNANDEZ is about the best man just now at Old Drury, more power to his elbow!

As Your Representative (you thinking yourself so excellent a musician) I was much struck by the way in which the canny Scotch, under JAMES THE FIFTH, had anticipated MEYERBEER'S music, for they played the March from the *Prophète*, with a double band, in first-rate style. And, by the way, in the Glen, during the incantation in Act II., we had the Casting the Bullets music from *Der Freischütz*; only, of course, as this was an entirely supernatural affair, the feat could be easily accounted for.

You liked *Babil* and *Bijou* very much up to the end of the Second Act. I mean, of course, that Your Representative liked it for you. Up to that time it resembled the swell footman's conversation among his friends at Bath,—it was "werry pretty." After this it fell off. Fell off in interest, I wish you to understand—in nothing else. Scenery, costumes, ballet, all gorgeous and effective, but now and then a trifle wearisome, at least for you, Sir, with your used-up experience.

It called to my mind the *Biche au Bois*, the *Chatte Blanche*, *Cendrillon*, and, for the matter of that, a host of spectacles, pantomimes, and extravaganzas in London and Paris. It is just the same as any one or all of them, only much more so; as all the old effects are multiplied and improved upon. The ballet dancing, too, is first-rate, for a wonder, and then look at the Amazons in armour, and their *Prince Fortinbras*! Six foot one is this charming young lady, if an inch! And not showy only, but able to speak her lines with emphasis and discretion.

The music is the work of a talented trio, but which composition belongs to which composer is a puzzle; not, as far as I could see (that is, as Your Representative, though, acting for myself, I've no doubt I should have known all about it in two tuns), solved by any information in the playbill of *Babil*. A ballad sung by MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR (or Sing Clear), a Quintette, and a Spring Chorus (which has nothing to do with a spring mattress, being a piece of music and not a piece of mechanism) are all charming, and, when I heard them, were deservedly encored. Your Representative did not see much to laugh at in the Fairy Spectacle (though you, Sir, being under the impression that a sweet smile is more becoming to your features than an air of repose, would have grinned from first to last), except when MR. LIONEL BROUGH, who, throughout the piece has not nearly enough to say for himself, pretends to whisper soft nothings of a humorous nature to a huge Turtle. The Turtle (who is supposed to be a Queen) is, whoever may be inside that property shell, an actor of considerable comic power. The way in which the gentle amphibious creature affected to be shocked at one of MR. BROUGH'S whispered good things, which had evidently become just a little bit too broad even for a turtle, was indescribably funny. MR. BARLOW, of Sandford and Merton celebrity, would at once have been reminded of a story with some such name as *Lionel and the Blushing Turtle*. Costumes gorgeous, spectacle altogether brilliant. This is Your Representative's summing up; from which it may be safely concluded that, with the exception of the music, *Babil* and *Bijou* is a show which, like little boys among their elders, may be "seen, but not heard." And, by the way, *apropos* of little boys, the piece is just the very thing for children. There's a morning performance every Saturday, and Your Representative's advice to Pater and Materfamilias is, "When in doubt, play Covent Garden."

Your Representative was just in time to see the *Last Days of Montcalm* at the Queen's Theatre. Poor fellow (I think *Montcalm* was a fellow, but am not quite certain), he had a short life of it, and far from a merry one. He was mixed up, during his brief existence at the above-named theatre, with a Ghost, who came with Thunder, and Thunder that came without the Ghost (the latter having forgotten the day, or being a trifle unpunctual), with an uncle who murdered a brother or a nephew (I am not clear which), with a father who relentlessly hunted up and then hunted down a daughter, with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, with stabbings and poisonings, with startling wills found in secret drawers, and, in

fact, with so many greater and lesser horrors that not RICHARDSON'S Show in all its glory, had it been opened next door, would have had a chance against this atrocious soundrel (or virtuous gentleman, I couldn't clearly make out which he was) *Montcalm*.

Since then the irrepressible Author has produced two pieces, one at Brighton, for change of air, which, however, didn't agree with it, for it survived the sudden exposure but ten nights, and the other in conjunction with Miss FLORENCE MARRAT at the Holborn, of which latter Your Representative, having seen it, has not time to write this week. Suffice it to say, at present, that Mrs. HERMAN VESIN's performance of *Miss Chester* is, taking into consideration the odds against which she plays, better acting than anything just now going on in London.

To turn from SIR CHARLES YOUNG to the Ever Young SIR CHARLES becomes Your Representative's positive duty on seeing *Used up*, with CHARLES MATHEWS as the *blat* Baronet, announced in the programme of the Gaiety Theatre. Speaking for You, Sir, and for myself also this time, let us hope that *The Game of Speculation* is to follow. Then (if you please) an *Appeal to the Public*, and I think that 'I'll do for the present.

THE INFALLIBLE SPECIFIC.

IN a letter to the *Times*, avowing his disbelief of the alleged miracles at Lourdes and La Salette, and asserting his freedom, as a Roman Catholic, to disbelieve them, MR. M. ARCHER SHEE writes as follows:—

"I daresay I shall astonish and probably disappoint your Correspondent when I assert, without fear of contradiction, that no personal utterance of the POPE, either *ex cathedra* or otherwise, and no decree, even unanimous, of a Council, Ecumenical or otherwise, can impose on any Catholic conscience the duty of believing, as a matter of faith, any fact or event, or alleged fact or event, which is not, and could not have been chronologically included in the deposit of faith delivered by our blessed Lord to his Apostles, or reported to us in those venerable records and oracles of faith which all Christians are bound to accept as written under his divine and direct inspiration—namely, the Holy Scriptures."

MR. SHEE may, very likely, not only say all that without fear of contradiction, but will very likely not be contradicted by any logical Papist or thinking Protestant. It is quite intelligible that no utterance of the POPE, even *ex cathedra*, and no decree of any Council, may, even in the view of POPE and Council themselves, be *de fide* unless included in the above-mentioned deposit. But who is to decide whether it is in fact included or not? Suppose the Holy Father were to rule that the earth was flat, that the sun moved round it, and that these points were of faith, as being included in that deposit, what then? Would MR. SHEE, or anybody else of that gentleman's way of thinking, be at liberty to gainsay his POPE?

Again says he—that is, SHEE:—

"Whatever may be the true meaning of Papal Infallibility, as recently claimed by his Holiness, and enforced by his anathemas alone (for the Church has no formal or official signification of any conciliar utterance on the subject), it is certain that it does not involve Papal *infallibility* in matters of contemporaneous fact or history. Whether his Holiness believes or disbelieves these 'apparitions and miracles,' to the truth of which he has certainly not pledged his dogmatic authority, I not only 'consider,' but know 'myself' to be, as a Catholic, fully entitled to disbelieve him."

Cuique in arte sua credendum est is a rule to which there is one special exception—that of priestcraft. But even if MR. ARCHER SHEE were a priest, and simply expounding his craft honestly according to his own ideas thereof, the above extract would afford cause to question whether he is not rather widely out therein. It will be news to a good many people that the dogma of Papal Infallibility has been enforced by the POPE's anathemas at all. If so enforced, it has certainly not been enforced by his anathemas alone. Who was it that directly and personally excommunicated DR. DÖLLINGER and the "Old Catholics"?

MR. SHEE not only considers but knows himself to be, as a Catholic, fully entitled to disbelieve certain apparitions and miracles, whether his Holiness believes them or not. What does he say to the miracles, if not apparitions, on the strength of whose authenticity, as matters of fact, the POPE, this one, and other Popes before him, have canonised Saints? Is it, with him an open question whether those alleged facts were true or false, and does he hold that the Popes were not "infallible" in those matters of fact or history? Does he, in short, maintain that appeal from the POPE to History is not treason?

There is no use in pausing for a reply to these questions; for even if MR. ARCHER SHEE were to answer them, we should be no better informed. Neither should we be, even if they were answered by DR. NEWMAN. Given Infallibility, the limits and conditions of Infallibility can of course be defined by Infallibility alone. Regarding it as the Roman Catholic or Universal Medicine, one may say that opinions about Infallibility might be advertised as being "None genuine unless stamped with the Seal of the Fisherman."

WOMEN WITH WINGS.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH,

I AM an old bachelor, and have no milliner's bills to pay, and take, therefore, little interest in the changes of the fashions. Still, I can't help now and then just glancing at the statements upon this important subject, which are so continually thrust before my eyes in the columns of the newspapers. Here is one, for instance, which, if I were a married man, would give me satisfaction:—

"The 'Dolman' is a loose jacket, with large hanging sleeves, that can be assumed or left loose at pleasure. One variety of this useful garment is cut without any sleeve, a wing being added, which gives the appearance of a handsome hanging sleeve. One advantage of this shape is, it does not take much material, as there is no under part to the sleeve."

Being still a bachelor, I am privileged to observe that ladies wearing wings must look really quite angelic. The thought may possibly occur to sundry married men as well, in their honeymoon especially. But, if I were a husband, I should observe with still more pleasure that these winged garments "do not take much material." This is clearly an advantage, in a marital point of view, where economy may claim to be regarded as a beauty. With wings, or without them, ladies generally manage to make their money fly; and in these expensive days I am sure that every husband will welcome with delight any novelty in fashion that lets his wife be rather cheaper, although really not less dear, to him.

With compliments to Mrs. Punch, I am yours, &c.,

The Owl's nest, Cozy Crescent.

HUMPHREY HUNKS.

FIXED IDEAS.

IN THE MIND OF MAN.

THAT he is overworked.

THAT his constitution requires stimulants.

THAT, if he had them, he could at this moment invest a few hundreds to the greatest advantage.

THAT smoking is good for his nerves, his worries, his literary pursuits, his toothache, &c.

THAT he ought to belong to a Club.

THAT he could reform the Army, do away with the Income-tax, manage the Railways better, and make a large fortune by keeping an Hotel.

THAT he knows a good glass of wine.

THAT he could win a heap of money if he were to go to Homburg.

THAT medicine is all humbug.

THAT he could preach as good a sermon himself.

THAT he should soon pick up his French if he went abroad.

THAT he must win on this year's Derby.

IN THE MIND OF WOMAN.

THAT she has nothing fit to put on.

THAT things ought to be bought because they are cheap.

THAT there is company in the kitchen.

THAT she is not allowed sufficient money for housekeeping.

THAT she never goes out anywhere.

THAT her best black silk is getting awfully shabby.

THAT she requires a change about the month of August.

THAT her allowance is too small.

THAT she never looks fit to be seen.

THAT cook drinks.

THAT there is always "a glare."

THAT there is somebody in the house.

THAT Mrs. ORPINGTON is dreadfully gone off, or dreadfully made up, or not so very good-looking, after all.



AN AWKWARD COMPLIMENT.

Mrs. Flirtington (coquettishly). "I'M AFRAID YOU ARE BORED, MR. AMORET! YOU WOULD SOONER BE WALKING WITH SOME YOUNG LADY!"

Mr. Amoret (with native Readiness and Gallantry). "O NO, INDEED, MRS. FLIRTINGTON. I—I—I MUCH PREFER THE OLDER ONES!"

THE GAROTTER'S GLEE.

Blow, Warder, blow from soundest arm,
And thy Ninetails waved on high!
For the rascals have wrought with the violent hand,
And have done a robbery.

The Lash a cruel caitiff's meed
Ought evermore to be;
And his hide should be wrung and his shoulders should
be stung,
And the brute whipped handsomely.

The Warder looked with a glowering eye,
Each craven rogue to see,
I bear a strong arm, and, by my good troth,
They shall feel it—or else, blow me!

Sterned the Warder bared his arm,
And his Ninetails waved on high;
And their hides they were wrung and their shoulders
they were stung,
And the brutes whipped handsomely.

Italians Improved.

THE population of the neighbourhood of Ravenna appear to consist of sanguinary savages. According to the *Times*, they have existing among them secret assassination societies, or "murder clubs," whose agents are wont to take the life of anyone who attempts to enforce the law against criminals, or gives any other offence to surrounding villaindom. To remedy this state of things, the native race should be crossed with Irish blood, and more Priests appointed to instruct the people.

SABBATARIANISM AND SOBRIETY.

"It seems," says a paragraph in the *Times* relative to the Liquors Intoxicating Act, "from the proceedings at Staleybridge that no very beneficial change has been wrought in that town." Rather the reverse, indeed, is apparent from what follows:—

"A policeman was brought before the Magistrates on Monday on a charge of drunkenness. The guardian of the peace had been found on his beat in a hopeless state of intoxication, and the Mayor remarked that the state of things in the borough was 'something awful.' There was an increase of drunkenness every Monday."

See how easy it is not to make people sober, but to make them drunk, by Act of Parliament. The Licensing Act shuts up taverns on Sunday during just those hours at which drink is most required and least likely to be taken to excess, meal and excursion hours, from 2:30 to 6 in the afternoon. On Monday people drink all the more, not only to make up for lost time, but also in a spirit of angry opposition to the Legislative Priests who have dared to curtail their natural right to enjoy seasonable refreshment. For this result the Teetotalers may thank the Sabbatarians.

The Ballot for Ever!

THE Ballot is now an Institution. At both Pontefract and Preston experience has shown us that it can by no means insure secrecy, except secrecy in bribery and being bribed. If the Liberals ever want to repeal the Ballot Act, they will have to unite; for the Conservatives will be sure to combine in upholding it.

THE LARGEST IN THE WORLD.

INSTRUMENTAL Music is said to attain to the highest perfection in the "Organ Mountains."



PITY THE POOR GAROTTERS!

JOE HUGGINS. "O, PLEASE, SIR, DON'T! MR. PETER TAYLOR SAYS AS I'M DELICATE, AND A COWARD, AND DIDN'T OUGHT TO BE FLOGGED!!"

MR. BULL. "AH, INDEED! YOUR FRIEND, MR. PETER TAYLOR, SHOULD HAVE REMINDED YOU OF THAT BEFORE YOU THROTTLED THE OLD GENTLEMAN. LET HIM HAVE IT SOUNDLY, WARDER."

AN EFFECTUAL FAST.



WELCOME intelligence is, and has been for many a day, very uncommon. But here is a specimen of some which will give satisfaction as great as general, although, in fact, it implies a successful strike:—

"REDUCTION IN THE PRICE OF COAL.—A meeting of the coal-masters of Glasgow and the West of England was held yesterday at Glasgow, for the purpose of considering the repeated

demands which had been made upon them this week by their men in the respective districts for a rise of wages. The meeting resolved, instead of granting the demand of the men for a shilling per day advance, to reduce the price of coal 3s. 6d. per ton. This resolution has been come to in consequence of the large reduction in the demand for coal."

The strike, however, which has, by the above showing, proved successful, is not a strike of colliers, but, on the contrary, a strike of consumers of coal. Note, that price of beef and mutton is reducible by the same means as those which have been effectual in fetching that of coal down. There is nothing like a consumers' strike to bring exorbitant producers to their senses. Equally efficacious is the same short way with extortionate purveyors. In times of dearth it is usual for the Government to proclaim a General Fast and Humiliation Day, which the Masses observe by making a Holiday of it, and going in their thousands to the Crystal Palace. But if, without express reference to humiliation, a General Fast simply, not of a day, but for an indefinite period, were now, in this present meat-famine, proclaimed by authority which would be respected, and if the Fast were kept in regular, strict, original Lenten fashion, the butchers, like the coal-masters, would soon be brought to reason,

and, in lowering their exorbitant prices, would so humble themselves that the Fast would as a result compel the requisite humiliation. The Fast would be general; the Humiliation confined to the Butchers.

JERUSALEM THE PONY.

At one of the late meetings of the Church Congress, after the reading, by a Prebendary, of a paper, and its subsequent discussion, interrupted by shouts of "O, O!" "No, no!" "Chair!" "Go on!" "Order!" cheers and counter-cheers, "scores of clergymen bawling and gesticulating," a "hurricane" of noise and confusion, and "several minutes of great uproar," "the meeting," says a contemporary, "closed with (appropriately) the singing of *Jerusalem the Golden*." The circumstances which preceded this choral performance seem to suggest, under the denomination thereof, some idea of the quadruped named in the title of AFULKUS his Novel. An assembly which evinced its wisdom by exclamations in point of sense about upon a par with the least rational utterance of that quadruped, seems to have made itself analogous not so much to the City of Jerusalem as to the animal called thereafter. Taken to mean that animal, "*Jerusalem the Golden*" was certainly appropriate, at least to the extent of Jerusalem.

By Wire.

MRS. MALAFROP says wonders will never cease. She hears that there has been a letter in the paper about sending "money by telegram;" so she supposes the next thing will be that people will send the clothes to the wash, and the dinner to the bakehouse, and the children to school by the eccentric telegraph.

THE SPANIARD'S EPITAPH.—*Insurgam.*

QUESTIONS FOR NAVAL COMPETITIVE EXAMINATION.

1. WHEN is a Ship taken all aback? After this can it go forwards?
2. When does a Ship reach? How far can it reach on a stretch?
3. Where are her beam-ends? Name which beams are intended, and which ends.
4. What is meant by shaking a Ship? If this is often done, are the Sailors Shakers?
5. Running a vessel in the Wind's Eye. Is this a painful operation for the Wind? If not, why not?
6. When going in the teeth of the Wind, would the vessel knock the teeth out? If not, what?
7. Where are the heel and fore-foot of a Ship? Problem.—Given the above, to find when a vessel can be taken in toe.
8. Is the Mainyard a covered or open yard? How do you make the farmyard fore and aft?
9. What are the Hawse Pipes? Are they used in an engagement? If so, are they rightly called the *Hawse de Combat*?
10. You are of course acquainted with the Painter on board ship. In what style does he paint?
11. Is a Ship ever put into crinoline in addition to being in stays?
12. How do you ware a vessel? When you ware a vessel, is it as it were before it was as you ware it; or, if not, ware is it?
13. Who were Larboard, Cardboard, and Starboard? Were they at any period in history the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House?
14. When does a ship run? Do only Welsh ships, that is Whalers, spring leaks?
15. Can you procure, at a Nautical Instrument Makers, any spectacles specially adapted for Dead-Eyes?
16. Is it the duty of the Admiral to see the main-sheets aired every morning? Whose office is it to take care that the Warming-pan is used for the fore-sheet in the depth of winter?
17. By what Marine and Commercial Law are Ships' Trucks allowed to be used on Railways?
18. Why is Port always left on a vessel? Are the First Officers' glasses also left on board? If not, why?
19. What animals are invariably carried on board ship? Are the Monkey, and Donkey, and Cat, of the number?
20. Can you tell the pitch of a vessel with a tuning-fork?
21. Is a Marine Store the only place where you can obtain Marines?
22. Are you obliged to make use of the Needles in order to tack?

Any Candidate answering this entire paper correctly will be at once presented with a cadetship, and will have his name down on

the Admiral of the Blue's private list for promotion to the mast-head on the very first opportunity.

FAIR BIRDS IN BORROWED FEATHERS.

O MY dear Mr. Punch what do you think is to become of all us poor young ladies with everything so dear and coals at ever so much a pound and meat at O my gracious me! Papa says that he can't afford to give us any more new evening dresses. And what dowdies we shall look! Only faney going out in a ball-dress of last Season! Why I do believe that we shall have to do as girls do in New York at least Cousin CHARLEY showed me this out out of a newspaper:—

"At certain of the New York costume establishments there are several hundred dresses for hire. In one ten or twelve sewing girls are kept constantly employed, making alterations found requisite in fitting. A lady comes in and informs the proprietor that she is going to a certain ball and wants a stylish outfit. All kinds of magnificent dresses are shown her, and she chooses one worth 400 dollars, for the use of which she has to pay 35 dollars. There were a great variety of silk, satin, and lace overskirts, with or without panier, and black and white lace shawls, some of which are valued as high as 500 dollars, for the loan of which 10 to 15 per cent. is charged. The establishment keeps on hand about fifty of these high-priced dresses, most of which, like a favourite book at a circulating library, are in constant use."

The American young ladies are nice girls I have heard but they can't be over nice if they wear other people's clothing. However this is what we all must come to, only Papa wouldn't like to pay as much as five-and-thirty dollars for the hiring of a ball-dress for me. If it came to borrowed plumes I expect that I should have to put up with something cheaper such as this for instance:—

"Or a lady can provide herself with dress on a more moderate scale. The following figures give the cost of a ball outfit:—A 50 dollar silk skirt, 3 dollars; a 30 dollar opera cloak, 2 dollars; pair of cheap kids, 50 cents; hire of 25 dollar set of jewelry, 2 dollars; total 7 dollars 50 cents. Thus, at the expense of about 7 dollars, a young lady can go to a ball or opera with clothes valued at about 130 dollars, and jewelry that looks to be worth 300 dollars."

Cousin CHARLEY says the balls where ladies go all dressed in borrowed clothes ought to be regarded as *Lenten Entertainments*. But I think the subject far too serious for joking.

Yours ever most admirably

GEORGIE ANNA GUSHKERTON.

P.S.—Perhaps now that they have pocketed four millions of our money the Americans can afford to buy new dresses for their daughters instead of only borrowing them!



THE SAME—WITH A DIFFERENCE.

SCENE—A Shop.

ONE OF THE "YOUNG LADIES" SHOWS A COSTUME. BROWN THINKS IT LOVELY. MRS. BROWN TRIES ONE ON— BROWN IS NOT SO SURE ABOUT IT NOW.

Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock,

CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER.

BORN JUNE 4, 1786. DIED OCTOBER 6, 1872.

For the brave dead, borne by the living brave,
The Abbey's gate of honour open wide!
He seeks his place of rest, a well-earned grave,
Between the dust of OUTRAM and of CLYDE.

The FABRUS and the BAYARD of our arms
May own in him a heart of kindred mould;
Patient as CLYDE, as calm amidst alarms;
As OUTRAM stainless, chivalrous, and bold.

He had seen fifty years, before the deed,
That crowned his name with honour's wreath, was done:
Almost as long he waited his full meed,
And, past fourscore, his Marshal's bâton won.

Beside his grave bow more than one grey head,
Debtors for life to him that set them free:
Old heroes, some, coeval with the dead;
And, some, the seed of heroes yet to be,

Gathered to honour him, whose life outwears
The years 'twixt WELLESLEY's India and our own:
And scarce a breast but honour's blazon bears,
And scarce a name but for stout service known.

Heads, silvered now, were dark, when, stirred by fames
From over Indus, of wild Affghan war,
We searched our maps for unfamiliar names—
Khelât and Ghusnee, Caubul, Candahar;

Heard clashing judgments on the wrong or right
Of policy that plunged us in the fray
And little cared, while, in the onward fight,
Still Victory kept Nemesis at bay.

Then came strange news of weakness, bandied blame,
Defeat, retreat, disgrace, dismay,—and then
All England writhed with an unwonted shame,
To learn how dotard chiefs make dastard men.

Then clamour blent of grief, and fear, and rage,
From England, India, all-confounding, rose,
Which many swelled, whose duty was to assuage,
Hiding their terror in bombastic shows.

But through that storm of doubt, dismay, despair,
GEORGE POLLOCK's stout heart kept its even beat:
Happy for us, his strength could overbear
The crisis of that frenzied fever-heat.

Unfired to rashness, as unchilled by fear,
For that black news of women, children, ta'en,
Colours disgraced, and death, in van and rear,
Reddening Khoord-Caubul's snow with ghastly stain,

He hasted not, nor rested; to relieve
And to avenge would march; nor marched until
He held the strength his twofold end to achieve:
Then, moving, moved with wisdom as with will.

His road lay through the Khyber's dark defile,
Virgin till then, then doomed its lord to know:
In vain before him yawned its guarded aisle,
Clearing his flanks he swept through pass and foe,

To where he deemed, in AKBAR's closing grasp,
Brave SALE with his brave handful leaguered lay;
What joy to learn, ere the chiefs hands could clasp,
That Spartan band had hurled its foes away!



CATECHISM UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Free Kirk Elder (preparatory to presenting a Tract). "MY FRIEND, DO YOU KNOW THE CHIEF END OF MAN?"

Piper (innocently). "NA, I DINNA MIND THE CHUNE! CAN YE NO WHUSTLE IT?"

Then came the choice—Jellalabad relieved—
"Twixt safe return—with captives still in hold,
And England's tarnished honour unretrieved,
Her legions baffled, beaten, backward rolled—

And onward march, till, in the foe's despite,
Each captive child and woman was set free,
And o'er the Bala Hissar broadened bright
St. George's flag, for the wide East to see.

Then his tough mettle the true soldier proved,
Waiting, and winning time, till came the hour,
When wavering wills obeyed his will unmoved,
And brought him warrant from the weak in power,

To march, defying danger, death at need,
And free our captives, and redeem our name;
Then, modestly he marched, and did the deed,
And stood aside while others reaped the fame,

And rested, well content with the reward
In his own soul, the peace of duty done;
None ever heard him charge his fate as hard,
Though *Ais* the shade, while boasters took the sun.

Patient and calm, of the right soldier's grain,
Whose hard rind hides a kernel soft and bland,
Firm in his hold of duty's rigorous rein,
To friend or sufferer open heart and hand.

Of such as he and his brave brotherhood
Is wrought the best strand in the cable strong
At which old England rides upon the flood,
Let winds roar high, and waves, assailing, throng.

A MUTE MEMBER.

THE Members for Oxford, MR. CARDWELL and MR. VERNON HARCOURT, lately dined with the Mayor of that city, and met the High Steward and the members of the Town Council. "The gathering was of a strictly private character, and beyond the ancient toast, 'May God preserve the Church and QUEEN, and prosper the City of Oxford,' drank by all present in the loving cup, no toasts were proposed. MR. CARDWELL did not speak."

We quote this last sentence with surprise, not unmingled with regret. MR. CARDWELL did quite right not to make a speech, but he should have spoken. It is usual to say something, if only about the weather, or the game, or the last run, at a private dinner-party. How unpleasant it must have been for the rest of the company, and especially for those who sat next the Secretary for War! Surely he might have opened his lips to them once or twice, either during dinner or after dinner. He could not have been silent for lack of a subject. The autumn manoeuvres alone would have supplied him with material for a speech, much more for a friendly conversation with his fellow-guests and constituents. We hope they will not remember his silence, to his disadvantage, at the next general election.

Notice to Trespassers.

WHILEST the Law is in course of being Finished inside of a Gaol, a black flag is usually hoisted above the penal edifice. This serves as a sufficient notice to all those whom it may concern. But during the infliction of secondary corporal punishment there is no signal to notify the process going on to outsiders. Much of the deterrent effect it ought to have thus fails to be produced. In future let this deficiency be supplied. Hoist a flag, also, over the prison in which a criminal is undergoing the cat-o'-nine-tails. There let it float in the breeze for so long as the continuance of his flogging. For due distinction's sake it should not be a black flag; would be more suitable if black and blue. Better still would be a piece of striped bunting; and, by way of a delicate compliment to our American kinsmen, the Stars might be conjoined with the Stripes. For don't the Yankees whip Creation?

INSCRIPTION FOR STUDY DOORS.—"No Admission, even on Business."

'Tis thanks to such who know nor boast, nor haste,
As far above all envy as all fear,
That this small isle for high ends is high placed,
Still bears proud flag, keen sword, and scutcheon clear.

A NICE SUM.

"The Excise duty on Wine and Sweets, in the year ended the 31st of March last, was £193,842 17s. 4½d."

WHAT can these "sweets" be? Trifle and tipsy-cake, blanc-mange and custard, are largely consumed by the upper and middle classes of this country, and a tax upon these and similar eatables would realise a considerable sum, and possibly enable the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to take the burdens off humbler articles of food; but we never heard that the Excise interfered with the manufacture of the sweets which appear on our dinner and supper tables, or levied any duty on such dainty dishes. Can it be that those popular articles of consumption, known as "sweets" in our younger days, contribute to the revenue? It cannot. No CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could be so hard-hearted—so completely forgetful of the manner in which he spent most of his income in early life as to tax barley-sugar and bull's eyes, tarts and toffy. We can recall no other "sweets" but those we have mentioned, as likely or unlikely to be taxed (except the sweets of office); and as this is the vacation, and no question can be raised in the House on the subject, it must be left in the obscurity in which it was found.

Perilous Position.

MR. IRVING has been loudly and deservedly praised for his performance of the principal part in the play now on the stage at the Lyceum. Care must be taken not to heap too many encomiums on this excellent actor, in the character of *Charles the First*, lest he should lose his head.

THE D. C.



FRENCH contemporaries have perhaps made the remark that the English journals have been lately engaged in discussing the irrepressible Athanasian Creed. Canticle or Creed, it has got from the Prayer Book, though not out of it, into the papers, and is likely to abide in them till something more lively, or more dreary, turns up.

This Creed is objected to on account of certain portions of it, which, in euphemistic American, may be called the darnatory clauses. Never address strong language to ears polite, or eyes either, as the papers do. The epithet applied commonly in them to those clauses begins with a D. Borrowing a device from our Dissenting brethren, we might venture to describe those clauses by initials, the inverse of

a pattern, as the D. C. And, while our hand is in at Nonconformist and commercial abbreviation, we may propose to denominate the Athanasian Creed in toto the A. C., without much fear of being misunderstood to mean the *Arcana Celestia* of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. Supposing the above proposals to be taken in good part, we would further venture to ask those whom it may concern a little question which hitherto does not seem to have occurred to anybody. Are the D. C. of the A. C. supposed to be true or false?

Because, suppose them true, whether agreeable or distasteful, they cannot be too regularly repeated, or too loudly. The D. C., on that supposition, ought to be most conspicuously posted up in every church and chapel, among—

“The scrolls that teach thee how to live and die.”

It is only wonderful that DR. PUSEY and ARCHDEACON DENISON do not get up a counter-agitation for the rehearsal of the A. C. every day; D. C. and all. If the D. C. are supposed to be false, then we should be able to say *cadit questio*; that is, we ought to be able to say so. But we fear we shouldn't.

HISTORY AND MYSTERY.

A TELEGRAM from Rome the other day announced that the POPE, in reply to a deputation, delivered a discourse which appears to have been truly discursive, and, if reported aright, to have become finally very hazy. For:—

“In conclusion he gave a short history of the life of EDWARD THE SIXTH of England, showing that a virtuous monarch always advances the happiness of his people.”

What do we see? EDWARD THE SIXTH of England commended as a virtuous monarch by the POPE! Protestants, indeed, may well think that EDWARD THE SIXTH advanced the happiness of his people; but how can the POPE think so? Can we believe our eyes? EDWARD? Surely this must be a blunder of the telegraph people. On the part of his Infallible Holiness, about a question of morals, of course there can have been no mistake. His example of a virtuous English monarch could hardly have been such an one as would have been most likely selected by DR. CUMMING. Must it not have been HENRY? Yet one fails to see how HENRY THE SIXTH advanced the happiness of his people, although he may be said to have advanced the happiness, in a measure, of their posterity by having founded Eton College. English history must be in fault, as the POPE cannot be, either as to HENRY or EDWARD. Were HENRY's people particularly happy under his reign, or was EDWARD THE SIXTH a good young Catholic? Not an old one, of course. Perhaps DR. MANNING will tell us that history will have to be re-written under the POPE's dictation, and that whosoever will not believe it as amended by Papal authority, without doubt he shall fare in such wise as is denounced against acceps by Athanasius.

FIRST-CLASS.

HERE is a proposition for the consideration of a Social Science Congress:—

JOINT RESIDENCE in a high-class MANSION.—A married Member of Cambridge University has furnished an elegant and spacious Mansion, near the Swiss Cottage, as a joint HOME for himself and several other families and single persons. Each separate family has its own suite of private rooms, besides the use in common of the general reception rooms, thus providing alike for home privacy and for social enjoyment. An efficient staff of respectable and experienced servants secures the good cooking and attendance usually enjoyed only in wealthy mansions. Music, chess, whist, the billiard-room, reading, and conversation, or the privacy of one's private room, are enjoyed, according to the several tastes of each. First-class references are desired. Only well-bred persons of good social position, desiring a permanent home on terms of equality, are received.—*Address, &c.*

A “joint residence” somehow suggests the notion of a Butcher's shop; this meaning, however, is rendered inadmissible by the explanation which follows. The Married Cantab has furnished a mansion for “himself and several other families and single persons,” apparently to the exclusion of his own family.

No one who is not the possessor of a “wealthy mansion” can, he evidently imagines, by any possibility secure “good cooking and attendance.” “Music, chess, &c., and conversation, or the privacy of one's private room, are” to be “enjoyed.” Conversation, or “the privacy of one's private room,” is, of course, the opposite of conversation in the public *salon*. A family may “conserve” itself in its own apartments, and keep itself to itself, as a sort of Unsocial Conservancy Society, if it likes, instead of joining the giddy throng in the billiard-room. The choice lies between “Conversation” and “Conservation.” Finally, “only well-bred persons of good social position are received.” Whence are the vouchers for their breeding to come? Is there a list of questions forwarded by post, such, for example, as—

1. Does he eat peas with his knife?
2. Is he given to sniffing?
3. What are his views of the letter H, and how about dressing for late dinner?
4. Does he help himself, and refuse to pass the bottle?
5. What is his conduct towards Ladies? Does he wink?
6. Does he sleep after dinner, and snore?

How delightful the first assembling of this Happy Family would be! Each one would feel certain that the other had a Reference in his pocket, and possessed testimonials of his good-breeding. In such circumstances, what an absence of restraint! What freedom of expression and interchange of unpremeditated thought! And, after a time, how fond they must all become of one another! All first-class, well-bred, sociable persons must wish success to this Model of a Morally Unobjectionable Agapemone.

OLD AND NEW JEWRY.

A CERTAIN expression, in Jewry, the Jews, You know, or should know, were accustomed to use; A Sabbath Day's journey—a shorter one than For example, the road from Beersheba to Dan.

Our Sabbath Day's journey—the Sabbath to call The first day of the week, that's no Sabbath at all— May extend, from a walk but just over the way, To the distance a fast train can run in a day.

Their Sabbath Day's journey and ours coincide Herein, when we want ale we mayn't be supplied. You might travel—supposing the places were here— From Dan to Beersheba kept e'en there from beer.

“I am Sir Oracle.”

THE REV. F. COPE, Incumbent of Christ Church, Leamington, has been fallen foul of by another of his own cloth, the REV. J. CRAIG, who instructed his attorney to serve a writ of inhibition on MR. COPE, forbidding the Head Master of Rugby to preach in his pulpit. From the newspaper accounts it seems that there was almost a row in the Church, as the man of law served his legal process within the walls. The Bishop of Worcester, on being appealed to, very wisely stopped this little piece of ecclesiastical bullying, and decided that MR. CRAIG has no power of attorney to meddle with other people's pulpits. We shall style this case, in the event of the threatened legal steps being taken, “Worcester Sauce; or, the Craig in the See and the Leamington Spar.”



DIGNITY.

Club "Buttons." "I'M AT THE 'JUNIOR PENINSULAR' NOW."
Friend. "WHAT! DID YOU 'GET THE SACK' FROM 'THE REYNOLDS'?"
Buttons (indignant). "GO ALONG WITH YER! 'GET THE SACK!' I SENT IN MY RESIGNATION TO THE C'MMITTEE!!"

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

(Such as we see sprinkled in the influential columns of our provincial press.)

MR. BRESWING, the respected butler to LORD HOBBLEY, has been presented with his photograph and a handsome silver corkscrew by his admiring friends.

MASTER BLOBBS of Ditchwater is collecting crests and postage stamps.

MR. HODGE of Claybridge has lately killed his pig.

MISS POPPLEBY of Carrotsford has gone to town to get her hair dyed.

MR. TRUMPINGTON of Clubley won eleven points at whist and seven goes of gin-and-water on Friday evening s'ennight.

MISS SELINA SMITH of Cramford has lost her pet canary, which died suddenly of the pip.

MRS. GUSE of Ganderwick appeared in a new chignon on her return from the Continent last Thursday afternoon.

MISS JEMIMA WOBBLERS of Lily Cottage, Dulborough, attained her seventh year on Monday the fourth ult., and was presented by her parents with a beautiful wax doll, having moveable blue eyes, in memory of the event.

MASTER GEORGY GUTTLETON, at DR. SWITCHER'S, Wopham, has swopped his new pegtop with MASTER TOMMY TOZZLER for an ounce of toffee and a broken-handled knife.

MR. JONES of Cadford has proposed and been accepted by MISS BROWN of the same place.

MR. BUMPSUS of Great Boreham is laid up with the mumps.

MISS LUCY EMMA SCRIBS, under-kitchenmaiden to the Honourable LADY SPOFFLES of Slutterford Hall, Snobberwitch, has purchased a new panier for her Sundays out.

MR. FUNNIMAN of Funborough has at length succeeded in making a new joke.

MR. MOLLOY CODDLE of the Owlstet, Little Stewington, sneezed

SIX AND HALF A DOZEN.

BRITONS into camps divide.

But can you, friend, say your heart is
With the Blue or Yellow side,
When you scan the "State of Parties"?
Not for what they deem the Right,
Do the rivals wage contention.
For no Cause their Leaders fight,
None, save only place and pension.

Whigs and Tories once there were,
In the days of England's glory,
Now there's nothing to compare,
In effect, 'twixt Whig and Tory.
Not a difference worth two figs,
In their virtue, less or more is.
As the Tories dished the Whigs,
So the Whigs have dished the Tories.

'Stead of Tories, for a name,
Say Conservatives; what matter?
Call Whigs Liberals: all the same
Are the former and the latter.
Into office when they get,
Principle each party smother;
And alike to work they set,
Either side, to dish the others.

Turncoat Tories Whigs did dish,
Democratic suffrage granting.
False Whigs Tories served as fish,
With restrictive Acts supplanting.
Both together Freedom's friend
Coupled, with an imprecation:
Save the Governments that blend
In paternal legislation!

Pork Pie and Poetry.

ONCE there was a HENRY KIRKE WHITE who won fame by his poems. Now, according to the *Lincoln, Rutland, and Stamford Mercury*, there is a HENRY KIRKE WHITE whose claim to distinction is his "noted Lincolnshire Star Pork Pies." Nothing can any longer shock us. No, not SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE'S celebrated Smoked Bacon, or PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY'S genuine Oxford Sausages.

eleven times on Monday morning last, through incautiously perusing a damp sheet of the *Times*.

MR. SAMUEL GUMMIDGE, Junior, of Great Glumsby, in defiance of his parents, is growing a moustache.

MR. BUMPER, the respected host of the Green Griffin, Swillborough, drank eleven pints of porter before lunch on Wednesday last.

MR. SCAPEGRACE of Scamperley, at present staying at Boulogne, has proposed to meet his creditors on Tuesday the 10th inst.

MASTER GRUNTER of Pigley-in-the-Hole has happily recovered from the effects of having eaten too much cake and pudding on his birthday, a week since.

MISS SIMPERLEY of Dowdiford appeared in her new bonnet on Sunday morning last.

MRS. CACKLEBURY of Great Prattleton has issued cards of invitation for a tea and muffin party on Thursday the 11th inst.

MR. JEREMIAH JOBBERS, of the Old Farm, Twiddleton-cum-Twitterham, has been declined, with thanks, by MISS AMELIA ANNA PURSIE, of Laburnum Terrace, Catworth.

MR. SNIVELLER, of Littlemonth, has been summoned to prescribe for MRS. PETTINGTON'S fat pug dog, which has been attacked by asthma, dyspepsia, and gout.

MRS. RABBITTS, of Bigborough, has just presented her husband with her eleventh son.

MR. JOWLS, of Jawingforth, while cracking nuts last market-day, was unfortunate enough to fracture four of his front teeth.

MR. BUTCHER, of Great Slaughterham, has, during the past twelvemonth, killed upwards of eleven hundred little birds with his own gun.

MRS. BINLEY'S baby, at Verbena Villa, Cottenham, has been suffering from the measles and a pimple on its nose.

MASTER SWETTER, of Duncesforth Academy, has been detected in the act of using a crib.

MR. SWALLOW, of Great Gorgeworth, won a wager of five pounds by eating his own height in Cambridge sausages last Saturday afternoon.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HIS morning, by first post,
a letter from ENGLE-
MORE:—

"Dear Colonel,
"Seen Mister Nook.
A 1. Place for Mr. Pigs,
&c. Got Refusal. £ s. d.
easy. Jump at it. Wire
back. How about Major
Sideboard? Nogo? Never
mind. On to old china.
Small cup fifty guineas,
not good enough for
"Your little
"ENGLEMORE."

This decides me. Evi-
dently the Nook must be
seen to be appreciated, and
must be seen at once. If
appreciated to be taken.
Nook sounds well. Rural
retreat, old house, gables,

panels, date sixteen hundred, small pond with gold fish, of same
date probably, swimming about in it. Well wooded, old out-build-
ings, &c. See it all in an impulsive sort of Englemoreish sort of
way. I feel that I must, as he says, jump at it.

Happy Thought.—Telegraph back in same style.

"Jumping at it. Back directly."

Leave my Aunt to go through her course of galvanism (she'll
be "jumping at it" too), sulphur, and baths.

Don't want to see the MOMPSONS again. BERTHA has evidently
no heart.

Happy Thought (Agricultural).—No Heart, like a neglected
lettuce, or cabbage: but am not clear which. Shall know soon,
when I begin gardening in earnest.

KOFFEN, on my last day here, drives me out to see a farm. He
says that he knows the owner, and that it's a private farm. I find
afterwards that it's a regular show place, and open to all comers for
a small charge. There's nothing remarkable about it, except its un-
tidiness. As I see no farm labourers about, no "peasants" in cos-
tumes as there would have been on a stage for instance, the want of
anything like order is perhaps accounted for. A slatternly maid
takes us over the place. First of all into a large stable. "Here," she
says, "are the Pigs." This is evidently meant as a surprise for the
visitor, who has naturally expected to see horses. They are
gigantic pigs, too, of a quick, irritable, and suspicious tempera-
ment. Nothing lazy about them; no indolence here: and generally
I should say unpromising as to pork.

The Maiden does not like my stopping to inspect, and stands at
the door of the piggery, as much as to say, "Come along. Here'll
be another party here presently." In truth there is not much to
stop for. The piggery isn't sweet, and we pass out. Across the
yard into an enormous cow-house. All the cows here just the same
as any other cows, anywhere else. Note. Must get up Cows, with a
view to keeping—one, at all events. On consideration, when on the
subject of Cows, one can't well keep less than one.

Happy Thought.—Unless it's a Calf.

The Chickens are what my farming friend TELFORD would call a
"mealy lot." They are all over the place, in a desultory sort of way.

Well, what next? What are we going to see now? I ask KOFFEN.
He's surprised. What can I want to see, when, in fact,—that's all.
All? Is this the Farm? This is the Farm. Well, but how about the
Granaries, the Dairy, the Haystacks, the Horses, the implements of
agriculture, the— I pause, at a loss for the names of the things I
want to see. I suppose I mean the ploughs, the harrows, the thresh-
ing-machines, but I am not quite sure. The Maid, in answer to
KOFFEN, who repeats my question to her, simply answers that there
is nothing more, and is evidently quite astonished that we're not
highly delighted and perfectly satisfied. She hints, too, that she will
be much obliged by our dismissing her as soon as possible, as there's
another lot of eight-seers just driven into the court-yard. We settle
with her for twenty gröschén, which is a sum exceeding by one
clear half what she is accustomed to, a generosity on our part so
startling, that she reciprocates it by smilingly informing us that we
can "walk about the grounds as much as we like," to eke out, as it
were, the extra ten gröschén.

Having thus relieved her mind of the idea of being under any
obligation to us, she retires, and we stroll into the meadows, where
there is the ruin of some old castle.

As KOFFEN doesn't know any particulars of its history, and as,
without a history, there is nothing particularly interesting about it,
we return to our fly and drive back.

What have I learnt from seeing the German Farm? That's the
question for me, and I ask it myself again. I don't know, except
that Pigs can be kept in stables; and that, under these circum-
stances, which I should consider decidedly unfavourable to pigs, as
pigs, they increase, not in breadth and pig-like qualities, but, by
degrees, in height.

Happy Thought.—Not growing by degrees of latitude, but of
longitude, and altitude.

If one stopped here long enough to watch the process, perhaps
they would, under the stable confinement, develop into horses.

Happy Thought.—Send this to DARWIN. See what he thinks of
it. Perhaps he won't think of it, or has thought of it, and rejected
it as a theory.

A sort of a cob-pig, of fourteen hands, would not this be a variety?
Wonder how the pigs like it? This is an important question, if
there is anything in the desire of acting so as to "please the pigs."

In some farmyards I've seen cocks, hens, and pigs mixed up
together, wandering about in company, the pigs turning up their
noses with a disdainful grunt at some choice morsels, which, after-
wards, the chickens would peck at with pleasure.

Happy Thought.—In this mixture of Poultry and Pigs, one sees
the first germ of the idea of Eggs and Bacon.

I bid farewell to KOFFEN and my Aunt, who is glad that the
weather has settled into something like warmth, as she detests the
German feather-beds, which "are not," she says, "half so com-
fortable as a good Blatney winklet."

Meeting Mrs. MOMPSON and QUORTSFUE, I politely ask them if
I can do anything for them in England. When I hear them thank
me very much, and when I see them reflecting deeply on what they
do want done for them in England, I wish I hadn't volunteered the
services. While they are thinking over it, so am I,—how to get out
of it. Nothing I hate more than having to execute commissions.

Mrs. MOMPSON commences. The narration of "what she wants
me to do for her, if I kindly will," occupies about a quarter of an
hour. It is a sort of brief to begin with, with instructions for
Counsel. The object is a lost trunk with, she is afraid, her wrong
address on it, or the address of where they were, before they went to
Ramsgate, some months ago. The lines on which this trunk has
been carried, and the complications in which it has been involved,
are materials for a novel in three volumes. Will I, she asks, kindly
call and inquire of the people (this is a trifle vague)—the people at the
London and North Western, or, if not there, at St. Pancras Station,
whence it might have been sent on to Charing Cross. At all events
if I'd only kindly find out how it has been delayed (because it's got,
she says, three of our dresses in it), and just direct it on to them at
Aachen, she would be so much obliged. O, and by the way (another
commission) she left a parasol to be repaired at the man's (which
I'm supposed to know) in Bond Street, and if it's finished it would
be no trouble just to put it into the box and send it.

Happy Thought.—Not to ask how box is to be opened. See (so
to speak) in the closed box, an opening out of the difficulty.

She has some other little matters, with which, however, she
will not trouble me, because it will really be imposing too much on
my good-nature. Unluckily, I smile, and look as pleased as possi-
ble, which encourages her to confide in me so much further as to
request, that, if I am passing by Portland Place, would I be so very
kind just to look in and see how they're getting on with the house,
and ask if they've tuned the piano since they've been away,
or not.

I promise and vow, and she thanks me as heartily as if it were all
done. Hope she'll take the will for the deed. Rather think she'll
have to. FORTESQUE wants me to go to his Club, and ask about some
letters, and to him I reply (having had a dose of commissions by this
time) that I will if I've time.

Happy Thought.—Shan't have time. Once at a distance can
write and apologise.

It rains as I quit Aachen: it generally does rain at Aachen, and
does it thoroughly too, perhaps providentially, to keep the sulphur
cool. Music is going on in the garden of the *Kurhaus*, and waiters
are carrying umbrellas and coffee to the visitors under the alcoves.
There is to be a grand illumination in those gardens to-night, and
at least three extra gaslights have been added to the attractions.
As I drive to the Station, I see Polytechnic students, with scarred
faces, in small caps (how they keep them on their heads is a perfect
wonder), swaggering, with small ivory-knobbed canes, about the
place. They affect tight breeches and high riding-boots: their chief
object, apparently, is to deceive the public into the idea that
they've just come off horseback. I never saw, to my knowledge, a
student on horseback. Perhaps they keep one among them by sub-
scription, and mount him outside the town for practice. Officers
are swaggering, too; anyone, in any sort of uniform, swaggering.
Police-men swaggering, until there's a sign of a row, when they
carefully absent themselves. Two drunken men are hugging one
another in the middle of the road (not an uncommon thing in
Aachen either), and just manage to struggle into safety—
there evidently being a difference of opinion between them, up to the

last moment, as to whether they shall have themselves run over, or not. The majority—the bigger man—settles it, and they choose the gutter.

Nearer the Station. There's a handsomely proportioned church: it is usually more or less full, and often crowded. They are a devotional people; and in order to make the churches like a home to the worshippers, they are fitted up with spittoons and sawdust. "The Germans," says my friend FORTESCUE in his easy-going, gloomy way, "*so dissent en deux parties: ceux qui crachent, et ceux qui ne crachent pas.*" Only," he adds, "the latter I've never met." I rebuke him for this sweeping allegation by commencing a review of Continental manners and customs, and am about to ask him what, on this particular point, he has to say to America, when the train surprises us—by its punctuality—and in another four minutes I am off.

Happy Thought.—Germany, farewell! Belgium again.

More Happy Thoughts.—England. Now, then, for Mister Figs!

MY CAT'S NINE TALES.

APPROPOS OF PETER TAYLOR

And his horror of the cat
That, in starchy hands of gaoler,
Gives garrotters tit for tat,
Late I heard my Puss a-purring,
On the hearth-rug where he lay,
With a soft electric stirring
Of his tail, in graceful play,—

"It strikes me that he who to whipcord's abrasion
Of the back of a brute in the shape of a man,
Prefers the soft workings of mild moral suasion,
Though a Taylor, can scarce be the ninth of a man;
I say, brutes by brute suff'ring can best be got at—
And that's the first tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"That because the most hardened garrotting offender
Howls at sight of the lash, it is cruel to flog,
Is a notion that, if it prove TAYLOR's heart tender,
Proves even more clearly his head in a fog;
To me the rogues' dread shows the punishment pat—
And that's the next tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"When one thinks of the style of garrotters' attacking,
The coward assault from behind, three to one;
The hug that the sufferer's spine may be cracking,
The blow in the chest that may slay or may stun:
One feels there's a much virtue in old 'tit for tat'—
And that's the third tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"That humanity e'en prison-discipline reaches,
And that Justice for Mercy finds place more and more,
Is a truth, thank our stars, that all history teaches;
Which yet gives no warrant, if thumbed o'er and o'er,
For the softness of spoon, or the folly of flat—
And that's the fourth tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"There are ruffians whose sole terror of blows is,
Whose skins are as soft as their hearts are of stone,
Who can gammon the chaplain with piety's poses,
And, with tongues in their cheeks, ape repentance's groan:
For whom word without blow will be ne'er *verbum sat*.—
And that's the fifth tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"Instead of this squeamish abhorrence of flogging,
I'm sorry we don't trust its virtues still more;
Wife-beaters, child-torturers, try with a slogging,
That, if hearts can't be touched, backs at least might make
sure:
Would so much of their dues coward ruffians but gat!—
And that's the sixth tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"If *lex talionis* might plead for a hearing,—
And there's something in *lex talionis*, no doubt,—
The triangles, I think, we should oftener be rearing,
And the cat from the bag would be off'n'er let out,
If garrotted to sentence garrotters but sat—
And that's the seventh tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"There's an old Latin proverb, for charity fitting,
But as well to the lash, when deserved, it applies:
I maintain that the Judge to some purpose is sitting,
Who, with ruffians to doom, at the Cat never allies,
But rather than once '*bis*' and '*cito*,' too, dat—
And that's the eighth tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

"Spite of spoony P. TAYLORS and soft JACOB BRIGHTS,
We will trust to stern sense, and look facts in the face:
Brutes we'll flog, whene'er needful to set wrongs to-rights,
Nor put back the Cat with nine tails in its case,
Till garotters and ruffians shall mind what they're at—
And that's the last tale of my nine," quoth the Cat.

THE LABOURING UPPER CLASSES.



BULY GREAT MR. PUNCH,
I AM not a great man.
I am glad that I cannot
be called upon to lay a
first stone, or preside at
a charity dinner, or sit
for a full-sized portrait,
or receive deputations, or
address constituents, or
distribute prizes, or—
award them. I lay particular stress on this last-mentioned misfortune of greatness, from having recently read in the *Athenaeum* the following announcement:—"Mr. PEEK's offer of three prizes for as many original essays on the Established Church of England has been responded to by no fewer than 103 candidates. The perusal and consideration of these MS. exercises, many of great length, are now occupying the judges, the Master of the Temple,

the REV. DR. HESSEY, and LORD SALISBURY; but so laborious is this work of examination, that the writers must not expect the final decision for six or eight months at least from this time."

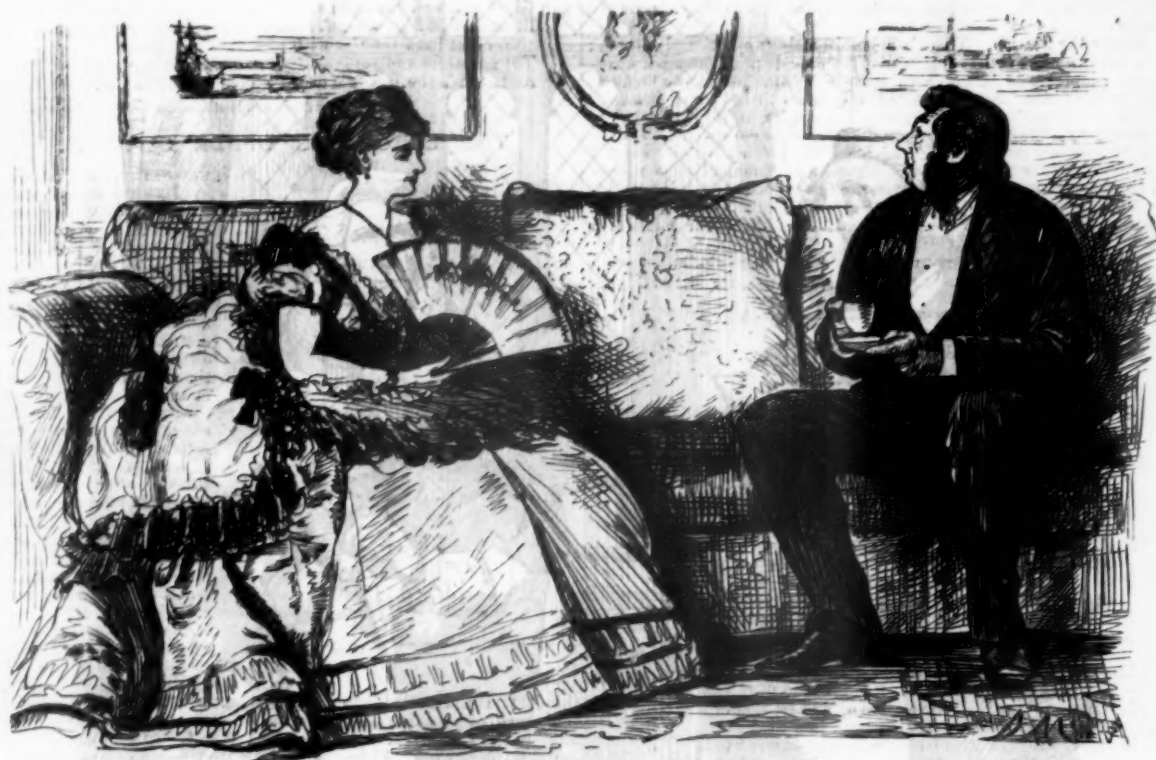
I hope, Mr. Punch, your greatness has never exposed you to such hardships as the Master of the Temple, DR. HESSEY, and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, must now be undergoing. If the *Athenaeum* had said that the final decision was not to be expected "for six or eight years at least," I should not have been at all surprised. One can imagine that, after perusing and considering, my sixty essays, even such pillars of the Church as DR. VAUGHAN, DR. HESSEY, and LORD SALISBURY, might feel their zeal for the Establishment relaxed, and be disposed to take a more lenient view of the proceedings of Mr. MIALI and Mr. MORELY. They can have no leisure, no rest, no enjoyment of life while the examination of these 103 MS. exercises (many of them, probably, badly written in two senses) is in progress—"in the intervals of business" they must be always, not essay writing, as another great man once was, but essay reading. It requires no very lively fancy to depict the three Judges as reading essays at breakfast, reading essays in bed, reading essays in railway carriages and other public and private conveyances, reading essays in their walks, reading essays in their dreams, until, if such a thing were possible, they must almost wish themselves Nonconformists, or inhabitants of some ideal state, where prize essays are as much unknown as prize cats or prize fighters.

But perhaps the Judges do not read the essays, only meet together from time to time for coffee, and hear the exercises read aloud by a chaplain or secretary, for whose sufferings one feels compassion, but in a less degree, because there is probably some attempt made to remunerate him for his labours. If so, let us hope that sleep never overtakes his listeners, and that they are as cheerful, as good-humoured, and in as full and perfect possession of their judicial faculties after the tenth essay as they were at the conclusion of the first.

I will only add one more reflection. There are but three prizes; there are one hundred and three candidates. There will, therefore, be exactly one hundred aggrieved and disappointed essayists going about in Society, who for the rest of their lives, or, at all events, until some other benevolent individual calls their literary powers again into being, will consider the Master of the Temple, the REV. DR. HESSEY, and the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, as utterly incompetent to discern true merit, and three of the most over-rated persons they ever knew.

I conclude as I began. I am glad I am an obscure person, and not a great man, to have my photograph in the shop windows, and my will in the newspapers, and to be liable to be called upon to adjudicate on one hundred and three Prize Essays.

HOMO IGNOTUS.



OUR COUNTRYMEN ABROAD.

Mr. Shoddy. "I ALWAYS SAY, MRS. SHARP, THAT I NEVER FEEL REALLY SAFE FROM THE UBIQUITOUS BRITISH SNOB TILL I AM SOUTH OF THE DANUBE!"

Mrs. Sharp (innocently). "AND WHAT DO THE—A—SOUTH DANUBIANS SAY, MR. SHODDY!"

ΑΝΤΙΠΟΔΕΣ ΣΥΜΠΑΘΕΙΣ.

*Messages exchanged by Electric Wire between Adelaide and London.
October 21, 1872.*

THE way to compass Puck's grand feat we've found
In half the time prompt Puck allotted to it;
A girdle round about the earth we've bound,
Nor taken twenty minutes, e'en, to do it.

From the Antipodes that, sole to crown,
By force centripetal us Britons fit to,
Come greetings—strange to say, not upside down—
Of Adelaide's Lord Mayor to London's ditto!

The tie that hitherto has bound us fast
Was one of gold, but, thank the electric fire,
Our bond henceforth is likelier to last,
Though 'tis but a few strands of copper wire.

Henceforth one spirit couples pole with pole,
One British heart beats through our severed mettle:
With you, Antipodes, we're one in soul;
You still at home, howe'er far off you settle.

From Hellas when her colonists went forth,
They took a brand from their home's temple fire:
You, happier, 'twixt your South and our North,
Can flash your warmth of kindred through the wire.

From that wide world of mighty fates unread,
Where seasons stand reversed and nature new,
Still through that wire be thoughts fraternal sped,
Keeping Australian hearts and English true.

A SAINT FOR A SOVEREIGN.

THE telegraph people did blunder in reporting the POPE to have instanced our EDWARD THE SIXTH as a virtuous monarch who promoted the happiness of his people. Here, from the Correspondent of the *Post*, at Rome, is a correct account of what His Holiness really said about another sovereign on the occasion when he was stated to have commended that one:—

"The POPE then went on to laud the virtues of St. Edward, King of England, whose festival was registered in the calendar on that day, the founder of Westminster Abbey, who wrote to Pope NICHOLAS THE SECOND on its completion, professing his 'obedience and subjection.' But besides meritorious works in favour of the Church, this king relieved his subjects. 'He found too many duties, too many taxes, so he abolished them, obtaining thereby the respect, esteem, and love of his people. He was a model to kings of all virtues, and especially that of chastity. Although a king sitting on a throne, he was chaste to such a degree that, with the consent of the Queen, he never occupied the conjugal couch.'"

By leaving no heir St. Edward promoted the happiness of his subjects in a measure which they failed to appreciate. They did not thank their childless king for the Norman conquest so much as the POPE, apparently, thinks they ought to have done. They had to thank EDWARD, dying without issue, for WILLIAM THE FIRST and for RUFUS, and did not thank him at all—unless His Holiness has decided that they did, and then they did of course. But it is droll that the telegraph should have made the POPE confound EDWARD THE CONFESSOR with EDWARD THE SIXTH, who probably, in the Papal estimation, differ from one another considerably more than ALEXANDER THE GREAT differs from ALEXANDER the Copper-smith.

RAILINGS FROM THE EMBANKMENT.

"RICH Benchers, why this hideous boarding;
So full of wealth, why take to hoarding?"



ASTRÆA REDUX!!

SIR OLIVER SURFACE (MR. BULL). "HERE COMES THE INCARNATION OF ALL THE VIRTUES. OF COURSE, SIR PETER, YOU'LL PRAISE THE NEW LORD CHANCELLOR?"

SIR PETER TRAILLE (MR. PUNCH). "WAIT A BIT, SIR OLIVER. THIS IS A D-D WICKED WORLD, AND THE FEWER PEOPLE WE PRAISE THE BETTER."

School for Scandal (slightly altered).



PACIFIC TRIUMPHS.



England against the possible partiality of any other European authority, let the referee be the POPE. Or, to make assurance of unbiassed and disinterested judgment doubly sure, suppose we say the President of the United States.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

I REPRESENTED You, Sir, at the Holborn Theatre the other evening. I fancy I informed you of the fact last week, when I remarked on the fine acting of MRS. HERMANN VEZIN as *Miss Chester*. You are not easily pleased, though sometimes you pretend to be. I have noticed these phases of your moon, Sir, and believe me I am never forgetful of your dignity. I am anxious for your reputation as an acute critic, and it would do your heart good to see my frown, my shake of the head, my permissive nod to the audience (as much as to say, "now applaud, go it!") and in fact my entire demeanour when representing You in the stalls, or in a private box. You, Sir, have some old-fashioned ideas about a seat in the pit being the place for a critic. Well, go there and welcome, with an orange. You may be happier there than in the gilded saloons above; but as *Your Representative* I can't do it, and, what is more, I won't. My white tie represents your white tie (only such a much more perfect affair than yours, which, permit me to say, you manage somehow to make a muddle of), and my evening dress represents *your* evening dress, only that my velvet collar, brass buttons, pearl and coral studs, my flashing wristbands, and my *tout ensemble* make you shine with such an additional lustre, that when *Your Representative* appears in the lobby, at seven forty-five P.M., the boxkeepers can only control their feelings by crying "Here he is!" This, Sir, is You. While you are by your own fire-side, I am thus sacrificing myself to the fogs, and you are sitting by your logs; while I am risking cold and damp, you are reading by your lamp. But halt, Pegasus! I dismount. Sir, I am at the Holborn. The bill, I notice, informs me that the original drama called *Miss Chester* is "by FLORENCE MARRYAT and SIR CHARLES YOUNG." In my ignorance (representing You, Sir, of course) of the etiquette of announcements such as this, I want to inquire why the gentleman's title is mentioned and not the lady's?

Supposing the play were by MR. BROWN and MRS. SMITH (by kind permission of MR. SMITH, of course) would it be either proper, or pretty, to print in the bill that the drama was by SMITH and MR. BROWN? It doesn't look well, does it? Yet the cases are surely parallel. Or say it was LADY SMITH (by kind permission of LORD SMITH) and MR. BROWN who wrote it, would it be either correct, or nice, to say this piece is by LADY SMITH and BROWN? Or if MISS GEORGINA ROBINSON and MR. CRUSOE had been collaborators, shall we announce the authors publicly as MR. CRUSOE and GEORGINA ROBINSON? Isn't it paying a great respect to MR. CRUSOE, and being uncommonly familiar with GEORGINA? This, Sir, is what evidently struck You at once, and as *Your Representative* I am unable to answer the poser. So much for the bill, which, in other respects, is a very nice bill, and is, thank Heaven! neither ornamented with namby-pamby, flimsy lace-paper edges which tear, nor scented with a sickly odour, nor covered with the irrepressible advertisements.

As for the piece, it is full of strong situations, inartistically led up to. As to the writing, *Miss Chester's* part is very good, and not a word is lost by MRS. VEZIN.

MR. LIN RAYNE, as *Rupert*, the really ill-treated outcast, took all he got in the most good-natured manner possible; and when, after being most forcibly told, by his supposed mother, who he *wasn't*, he, with a strong sense of the humour of his position, at once seized on the comic side of the picture, and asked, "Then who am I?" without, too, using any strong language on the subject, which he could have done if ladies hadn't been present, when he might have strengthened it by throwing in "the deuce"—I say, when he uttered these words, he quite carried the audience with him, and the house couldn't help chuckling.

Your Representative called to mind this same gentleman, a most conscientious actor, in a play called *The Two Thorns* (or some such title, so as to be as like as possible to the successful *Two Roses*), where he distinguished himself in a very funny speech, with a *lapseus lingue* in it, about what a young lady had said to him. There was much the same tone and manner about the above-mentioned "Then who am I?" and the question certainly did suggest a heap of difficulties, all (from *Rupert's* humorous point of view) more or less comic.

Then there was *Michael Fortescue*, a reprobate whose head of hair alone was quite enough to have led him into any amount of villainy. No doubt he must have descended to various crafty dodges in order to support that wig. It is true that, at the end of the piece, he repents of what it is proved, by the way, he didn't do, as far as *Your Representative* could understand it, and becomes virtuous, but this is after he has been exposed as a swindler, and having been unable to earn enough money for pomatum or dye, he has—I mean the wig has—become grey.

The *Earl of Montessor* looked quite the nobleman—with a cold. His mother, a very heartless person, really ought to have insisted upon hot bath and mustard plaster at night, and lozenges during the day. The part is one that interests the audience, especially at this time of year.

Isabel, the orphan ward, was charming, making allowances for her as an orphan and a ward. When she, in the last Act, glided down to the footlights, clasped her hands, looked up to the gallery, and said, "Is it a dream? I seem to hear his footstep"—or words to that effect—meaning the footsteps of her lover, whom everyone had seen killed in the Second Act, but who, (it being *Rupert* with his old appreciation of humour), is alive and well, and is actually—you'd scarcely believe it, if it wasn't *Rupert* all over, the sly dog!—stealing down behind her while she's speaking about him.—I say, when this young lady was going through this soliloquy, and when, having ended it, she fell with a squeak—I mean shriek—into *Rupert's* arms—just like him, the funny outcast!—when all this happened, didn't *Your Representative* applaud *Rupert*, the humorous outcast, and *Isabel*, the white muslin orphan? Rather! But what I want to know is, who chose the paper for *Lady Montessor's* drawing-room, in the Third Act? The *Montessor* family must have been curiously fond of gorgeous colours, or perhaps they had let *Montessor Castle* for a term, and, in their absence, the tenant, some monied greengrocer or cheesemonger, had papered it, according to his own taste. But, emphatically, I never!

In such an apartment some very strong situation was absolutely necessary in order to distract your eye from that paper. So here we unite mother and son, wife and husband, and the curtain descends upon a lot of people who are evidently going to live happily ever afterwards. By the way, what a dreadful thing it is for an actor to have to fight against a past success. When MR. YOUNG came on as *Annisshaw* the Lawyer (playing it well and carefully) what a number of people about whispered to one another as they gradually found him out, "Why, that's the *Little Wee Dog*!" and appeared really quite hurt when he didn't favour the company with that celebrated ditty, a proceeding which, except in moments of private social enjoyment, would have been highly indecorous. The audience got accustomed to him in *Annisshaw*, and, I am glad to say did not demand the *Little Wee Dog* for the two-thousandth time. Your Representative was immensely interested in the deportment of three Italian villains in evening dress, who, in the Second Act, submitted to hear themselves abused, blackguarded, and their corrupt practices denounced by *Rupert*, in a spirit of the most Christian forbearance. They lost their temper just once, and gesticulated in an explanatory way to one another; but, on the whole, their bearing was exemplary. I was not sorry, judging from appearances, to hear that they were swindlers, and I sincerely trust that they never paid the Italian tailor who provided them with their evening costume.

Finally, as to the plot, as *Your Representative* (You, Sir, are not quick at plots) I say that once get over the difficulty of *Lady Montessor's* sister-in-law being in the house and calling herself *Miss Chester* for many years (I fancy eighteen was the number) without being recognised by any visitor, or by any one of the family happening to make an afternoon call, is more than I can understand. Either the *Montessors*, all, were very unsociable and never visited one another,



THE NEXT MORNING.

SO VERY STIFF AFTER THE FIRST DAY IN STUBBLE AND TURNIPS! AND THEN TO BE CAUGHT ON THE ARCHERY GROUND AFTER BREAKFAST!

or they were blind. Fortescue, not having seen her for as long a time, recognises her *instantly*. However, the greater the improbability the more startling the play, and if solely on account of MRS. VEZIN'S acting, Miss Chester will well repay a visit.

SUCCESS TO SELBORNE.

WELL am I, for a pious man,
Throughout the country known,
Afford to keep a conscience can,
And, that I can, have shown.

The Irish Church to disendow
A sacrilege I deemed;
To disestablish it, also,
A flagrant sin esteemed.

Three years and more I let go by,
Ere I would office take.
My conscience it did satisfy
That sacrifice to make.

Time some have found fly fast since then;
For me that time was long.
Now conscience lets me join the men
Who did what I thought wrong.

In due time conscience wrong digests;
Bids bygones bygones be.
From scruples vain sets statesmen's breasts,
At least the lawyers', free.

Great things of worth and intellect,
Forebode, dear friends, you do.
May I turn out all you expect;—
[You will, LORD SELBORNE, too!—P.]

A YOGI ON THE KOOS.

A LECTURE on the subject of Mesmerism quoted in the *Spiritualist* newspaper, contains a passage which seems to have been written for illustration. It describes an Indian sage, in an extreme state of the reverie which other Orientals name Keff:—

"SELF-MESMERISM IN INDIA.

"In India devotees whose principal aim it is to realise what they call 'the emancipation of the spirit,' are called Yogis. They adopt a system of self-mesmerism. VAUGHAN, speaking of one of them, says, 'He planteth himself firmly on a spot that is undented, neither too high nor too low, and sitteth upon the sacred grass, which is called koos, covered with a skin and a cloth. Then he whose business is the restraining of his passions should sit with his mind fixed on one object alone; in the exercise of his devotion for the purification of his soul, keeping his head, his neck, and his body steady, without motion—his eyes fixed on the point of his nose, looking at no other place around.'"

We should be very much obliged to LORD NORTHBROOK, or any other friend in India, who would have the kindness to send us a good photograph of a self-mesmerising Yogi squatted on the koos. With his eyes fixed on, and converging towards, the point of the intervening feature, the Yogi would of course present to the beholder a most fearful squint—a case of temporary *strabismus*, which, to be imagined, demands reminiscence of the effect on the visual organs produced by a wafer that a naughty little clown of a boy has clandestinely stuck on the tip of the nose of a baby.

Thought in Trafalgar Square.

THE anniversary of the battle of Trafalgar occurred on the 21st October. In connection therewith may be mentioned a criticism which may perhaps have occurred to a foreigner contemplating NELSON'S monument in Trafalgar Square. Nothing can be more natural than SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S Lions—but look at their lower jaws. The Lions are all chap-fallen.



A SOLEMN ADMONITION.

"Now, Tea-Kettle! DON'T YOU SING ON A SUNDAY!"

TOLL-DE-ROL-LOL!

BLESS the Board of Works! It proposes to abolish the Tolls of all the Metropolitan Bridges. This would be a great boon to the owners of vehicles, to travellers by cab, and to a good many work-people living south of the River. But the redemption of the Tolls will cost money; and the proposal of the Board of Works is to redeem them at the Londoners' expense. What will the Londoners in general get in return for their Coal and Wine Duties, or their Rates, by means of whose augmentation this great boon, that is to say, gratuity, is to be conferred on the above-named classes? The suburban highway-tolls, most, if not all, of them, have now been done away with for some time, to the great advantage of the horse and carriage-keeping classes. To the pedestrian ratepayer in moderate circumstances, who never takes a cab except to save time, or expense worse than that of cab-hire, the gain may be calculated, from personal experience, to have been, on an average, from sixpence to two shillings or half-a-crown a year. The loss may be estimated at about four guineas yearly by increased highway rates. His omnibus fares remain at their old figures, and even if they had been somewhat lowered, that would signify little to him, who, taxed as he is overhead and ears, can ill afford to ride in an omnibus even, and never does if he can walk without getting wet and spoiling his clothes. His pecuniary profit, therefore, by the abolition of tolls is, by a very considerable amount, less than nothing. But then he enjoys the vivid pleasure and the proud consciousness of reflecting that he has contributed handsomely to lighten the expenses of some of his fellow-subjects, most of them a great deal better off than himself. He feels the honour thus devolved upon him very acutely; but still, on the whole, he would rather contribute only his fair share to the charges of the public thoroughfares.

When the ratepayer, ordinarily pedestrian, leaves London, or its neighbourhood, for a sojourn in the country, and, whilst there, happens to be obliged to travel otherwise than by foot, he finds himself stopped at intervals of very few miles, with a demand for threepence, or sixpence, or more, turnpike-toll. He thus pays to maintain the highways for his friends the farmers and landed gentry, and the richer class of independent persons and shopkeepers.

STANZAS TO A SPY.

ROBERT, upon Duty's Beat,
Pleased I mark you when patrolling,
Thanks for order in the street,
And the traffic still kept rolling,
And on loitering Cad, an eye,
Watchful of his acts, for keeping,
Or on gutter-urchin aly
After ancient Foggy creeping.

ROBERT, restiff roughs with staff
Prod, till patriots roar with dolour.
In thy manly clutch I laugh

When I see the rascal's collar.
ROBERT, you do more than well
When you seize the foul garrotter,
Or to move on do compel
Hyde Park demagogue and plotter.

ROBERT, nobody I know
Do I view with more affection
Than yourself, to whom I owe
Preservation and protection.
When I speak of you, I gush.
With enthusiastic fervour,
Crusher, thieves ordained to crush!
My Protector and Preserver!

ROBERT, you I do revere,
To repeat I take occasion,
As I do the Grenadier
Who defends me from invasion.
Native rascals you repress
As he would repel the stranger;
And your service nowise less,
Rather more, is one of danger.

Then "Good Bobby!" I exclaim.
But when I employed behold you
At Informer's work, "For shame!
Bobby, fie!" I say, and scold you.
Into taverns when you sneak,
Spy, disguised, of high-placed Snobbery,
Then I cry—"Have you the cheek?
Naughty Bobby, naughty Bobby!"

But when any of those people come up to Town, and ride, or drive, or are driven, about in his vicinity, they find themselves altogether denied the due satisfaction of contributing one farthing to the cost of his roads which they are using. He, therefore, highly as he applauds the design of throwing open the Bridges over the Thames, and, much as he admires that truly generous idea, would, with due consideration for the no less generous feelings of the country at large, applaud very much more highly and more warmly admire by a very great deal, the notion of making the extinction of the Metropolitan Bridge Tolls part of a general scheme for doing away with all manner of tolls, whether highway or byway, throughout the whole of the United Kingdom whatsoever. This view of Metropolitan Toll Abolition will perhaps commend itself to Metropolitan ratepayers at large.

Trade Imitation.

"THE New Tea Spirit Robar" has been so much advertised that one wonders the title of that exhilarating liquor has not been parodied by some rival speculator. As tea is to oak-leaves, so is coffee to acorns, and by this time an imitative genius might have hit upon the idea of advertising "The New Coffee Spirit, Quercus."

"Among the bousing Bacchanalian Centaurs."

Old Play.

We see advertised, "Bouzy" Champagne. A misprint here would have been a serious matter, for what a difference a single letter makes! No respectable person would think of offering his guests "boozy" Champagne.

WRONG IN THE HEAD.

MRS. MALAPROP, whose acquaintance with surgical terms is evidently somewhat imperfect, persists in saying that she once knew a man who was successfully Japanned.



"WHAT NEXT?"

Affable Stranger (to Country Gentleman, who was just thinking of going out with his Gun for an hour or two). "ANY BIRDS!"

The Squire (uncertain as to the inquirer's identity, answers politely, but in depressed tone). "EH!—NO—NONE!"

Affable Stranger. "AH! IT'S JUST THE SAME AT OUR PLACE!"

The Squire (seeing a chance of enlightenment). "O, INDEED! WHERE—WHERE ARE YOU SPRANKING OF?"

Affable Stranger. "AH, JUS' SO! 'GOOD MORNING!' (Hands him his Card, and drives off.)

The Squire (reads). "'HOLBORN! SMITHERS AND SON! GROCERS! WHOLESALE PRICES!!'"

[TABLEAU!!!]

OCT. 18.—LETTER-WRITING, POLITE AND MINISTERIAL.

*WRITES MAGUIRE:—"Very dear MISTER GLADSTONE,
In a gaol—not of free but of sad stone,
You've cooped up poor DAVITT,
We Irish won't have it,
So loose him, my dear MISTER GLADSTONE."*

*WRITES GLADSTONE:—"Dear MISTER MAGUIRE,
Touching DAVITT I sent to inquire,
I forward B's letter,
P.S. Are you better?
I hope so, dear MISTER MAGUIRE."*

*WRITES our "Home" Ruler:—"Dear MISTER G.
Our D's points are two—mind, not 'three.'
Of these one ain't true,
And the other's not new.
P.S. He don't grumble, not he."*

*GROWLS JOHN BULL:—"Come, the sooner the better
You stop all this writing of letter.
What! argue and reason
With dastardly Treason,
Pahaw! rather the cat or the fetter."*

Ale or Opium?

THE Chinese immigrants at the East end of London are teaching the population of that region to smoke opium. The knowledge of this fact must make SIR WILFRID LAWSON and his associates redouble their endeavours to destroy the liquor trade.

THE WRONG MAN ANYHOW.

A DISSOLUTION of Parliament may not be far off. In the meanwhile isolated elections occur. A rational elector is often at a difficulty to decide whom to vote for; often, perhaps, decides on not voting at all, as any vote would be simply a choice of evils.

However, when you do not otherwise know whom to vote for, you may be enabled to determine by knowing whom to vote against.

The United Kingdom Alliance lately held a meeting in the Free Trade Hall at Manchester—just the place for it; for don't they want to prohibit the liquor-trade? Then and there they announced their resolution to vote at elections for no candidate who would not pledge himself to support their Permissive Prohibitory Bill. Free and independent elector, it is well to be taught by Freedom's enemies.

Make a point of voting against the candidate, no matter whomsoever, in a contested election, who will not distinctly promise to oppose the Permissive Prohibitory Bill with all his might.

There will then be this great difference between you and the United Kingdom Allies. They, in voting exclusively for a candidate committed to go in for a Liquor Law, will, in many instances, vote to the exclusion of a man of worth and ability.

You, if you vote against the nominee of the United Kingdom Alliance, will be sure of voting against a tyrant, a prig, a fanatic, a fool, or a humbug.

A Deep Subject.

CAREFUL naturalists, who have devoted much time and attention to ichthyological studies, tell us that, after long and patient investigation, they have arrived at the conclusion that if fishes have a language, it is most probably Finnish.



GEOGRAPHY ON 'CHANGE.

Portly Stockjobber (gloomily). "THOSE BONDS ARE DOWN AGAIN! IT APPEARS THE AMERICANS HAVE TAKEN UMBRAGE—"

Stumpy Dillo. "THE DEUCE THEY HAVE! WHEREABOUTS IS THAT!"!!

NOVEMBER NOTES.

THERE will be two new moons this month, but they will not both be visible at the same time.

Any day we may have foggy weather; and, as the Michaelmas Law Term began on the second, any day we may expect pettifoggish behaviour.

In the pocket-book we use, the only entry opposite the Fifth is "Sun sets 4h. 24m.," which can hardly be looked upon as an historical event. But in some parts of the country the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot by the detective police in the reign of JAMES THE FIRST OF ENGLAND AND SIXTH OF SCOTLAND (hence Scotland Yard), continues to be celebrated with fireworks and a fair amount of drinking; and all over the kingdom people still make guys of themselves on the Fifth of November.

Cambridge Term divides at noon on the eighth; which event, fraught with so much importance both to Church and State, is made known to the University by all the College clocks striking the hour of noon. This is probably not the only division which will take place in the Term.

Saturday the Ninth. PRINCE OF WALES'S day (many happy returns to your Royal Highness, is Mr. Punch's homely, hearty greeting), Lord Mayor's Day (why not Lord Mayor and Sheriffs' Day, for they have to pay part of the bill?), Illustrated Newspapers' Day, Country Cousins' Day, Pickpockets' Day, and Policemen's Day.

Friday the Fifteenth. Partial Eclipse of the Moon. It will be visible in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, and generally in the Eastern Counties, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, the environs of London and Skye, at Greenwich and Woolwich, and by the night police, smugglers, and the late Lord Mayor and Sheriffs.

Saturday the Thirtieth. St. Andrew's Day. Anniversary festival of the Scottish Corporation. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, as a very careful, cautious, saving man, chosen this year to take the chair.

THE BRITISH WILLOW.

SING hey for disestablishment!
Sing ho for disendowment!
Sure wasn't Irish discontent
All banished in a moment?
A Church, that's all, was then made free
Of station and possession;
Abandoned on a policy
Of resolute concession.

Like perseverance there is nought.
Go on as we've begun to,
And soon Great Britain will be brought
One fine large Island unto.
Ourselves we disendowed have found,
Already, of some treasure,
And likewise of San Juan's ground,
Whose worth we didn't measure.

Of scarce four millions disendowed,
What racks the British Nation?
What of that other loss, now owed
To foreign arbitration?
Brave servants hath our gracious QUEEN,
In popular opinion,
Though disestablished she has been
In some of her dominion.

The *Castor Fiber*, sharp of nose
When hunter's dogs pursue him,
Himself, says Fable, disendows—
JOHN BULL, be like unto him,
Of land, when coveted, or pelf,
So disendowed as beaver,
And disestablished so, by self,
Become in soul a weaver.

Sing *Rule Britannia* now no more.
Sing small, on milk for potion.
Sing disestablished, JOHN, on shore,
And disendowed on ocean;
The song of Peace at any Price:
From kicks whilst you are tender.
Still be our cry, "Self-sacrifice!"
Our motto still "Surrender!"

Nothing else noteworthy in the month, except the star-showers, which, although they have now occurred for a number of years, do not seem to have caused any vacancies in the sky on a fine starlit night; and the welcome return of the *Sceloporus rusticola* to our woods and (on toast) to our mahogany dining-tables.

MODERN ENGLISH FARE.

Too much of a good thing, we know,
Is sometimes to be had;
More often, in this world of woe,
Too much of one that's bad.

Toujours perdrix will cloy, they say;
Yet make a shift could I
To dine off partridge every day;
But can't stand humble pie.

That, of all dishes, I like least;
I cram it; but I find
That far is that continual feast
From a contented mind.

No for an Answer.

Orthodox but close-fisted Rector (in answer to solicitation from Bishop on behalf of Building Fund). Subscribe to new Church, my Lord? Sorry to decline, your Lordship, but can't possibly, and never could, subscribe to anything beyond the Thirty-nine Articles.

A GREENGROCK'S WATCH.—A Turnip.

Punch at Lunch.



AND now, *Toby*, my dog, let us converse *de omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis*. The gushing shall be mine, yours the cynicism. You know that the word is derived from a certain Greek one. Not that you are a "surly dog." Answer me not but with your tail, *Toby*, to adapt the phrase of *Morose* in the *Silent Woman*. You know no silent women, *Toby*? The ancient gibe is unworthy of you, even though you are a beast. Have you been descending to the company of gents, or wags, or the Stock Exchange? Be a scholar and a gentleman, like *SIR WALTER SCOTT'S Maida*.

On whose tomb that true gentleman, the Master, wrote a false Latin quantity, and then behaved in the right chivalrous way, avowing his blunder, and refusing the escape that was gallantly offered him by *LOCKHART*.

LADY BECHER, sometime *MISS O'NEILL*, is gone. Elderly gentlemen say that there was never such a *Juliet*, but elderly gentlemen have kindly memories for the things of their youth. She played the Grecian Daughter, for the first time, on Saturday, the 29th April, 1815. I have seen the playbill. *DEBRET* says she married in 1819. *Argal*, an elderly gentleman of now, must have been very young—scarcely a critic—when *ELIZA O'NEILL* retired. Still, as *BYRON*, who understood acting, refused to see her lest he should disturb or divide his recollections of *Mrs. Siddons*, I believe in *MISS O'NEILL*. I know not whether *W. M. T.* thought of aught he had heard about her when he described the *Fotheringay*.

LORD PENZANCE retires. He ought to make me compensation. For his going off destroys, for the future, one of my good things. Hearing speech (which I regretted to hear) of a lady who was infatuated about somebody, not her Lord, and who had declared that she would go to the World's End for him, I, your Lord, said "She means the Land's End, taking *Penzance en route*." But let it pass. That's nothing to what I could say if I liked, as the Duchess of Wonderland remarked to Alice.

You've done enough with those bones, *Toby*. I fear that you are, as *MISS GRACE GREENWOOD* reports another American lady to have said of a certain hotel-keeper, "not high-toned on grub."

What do you think of this motto for a Mammon-worshipper? "Take the Gods thy goods provide thee."

All Mohammedans leave their shoes at the door of their place of worship, and some Ritualists their understandings.

Do you know that the *Morning Post* attained the age of one hundred years on Saturday last, November the second?

Have you a grief, *Toby*, that you go on devouring? Eat, then. For eating is consolation for everything. If *MR. GLADSTONE* were here (and I wish he were), he would remind you that *Achilles* comforts the bereaved and afflicted *Priam* by asking him to supper, which, says the Grecian *Peelides*, *Niobe* herself did not forget, though a dozen of her children had been shot.

At Harrogate, the other day, I picked up a book by an excellent Clergyman, the Vicar of Warminster, which I take to be a place in Wiltshire, at the source

of the Willy. The work is called *Seven Common Faults*; and I doubt not that it is very improving. His list is, grumbling, temper, thoughtlessness, selfishness, over-anxiety, indolence, and self-will. I trust and believe that I have them all.

I am going to hurt your feelings, *Toby*, but never mind. I don't hold with Darwinism. We are not related to the animals. See here. Among birds the hen is always the dowdy, quietly feathered, humble looking creature, while the cock (peacock and pheasant, for instance) blazes out in splendour. While among ourselves—but you perceive the argument.

Here is a story about a remarkable Lunch. The *Tzeremisch Tartars* have no particular religion, and have an odd way of excusing this. They say that they once had a religious book, for their guidance, but one day a cow came and eat it.

Here is a card which has been sent me from Colorado which is in the United States, *Toby*. 'Tis the advertisement of a restaurant. "And *JOSEPH* wept aloud and said unto his brethren: I am *JOSEPH*, doth my father yet live? And his brethren answered him, saying, You bet! the old man is doing bully! he eats at the *Cosmopolitan*, 48, Blake Street, Denver, Col." Doing bully may require explanation—it means flourishing mightily. But this, addressed to descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers!

His Holiness has made four new Saints. I am quite sure that the honour was merited, though I never heard of any of the gentlemen. But how does S. S. manage to give them Days? The calendar must be more than full. I would respectfully suggest the elimination of four others, to whom the monk clamoured, in the *Eltrick Shepherd's* wonderful imitation of *Scott*:—

"And loudly invoked, as he clasped the rood,
Saint Withold, Saint Waldave, Saint Clare, and Saint Jude,
He dreaded the devil (to give him his due)
But held him as nothing to Wat o' the Cleuch."

For the four whom he invoked did not mind their business, and Wat came raging into the Abbey, and ate up everything. If he got his head well punched 'twas by no saintly hand. The *Scots* do not make half enough of *JAMES HOGG*, by the way.

Talking of *Scots* (and I beg they note the delicate attention of my pronunciation—I don't say *Scotch*), let us erect a Wallace Monument of our own. Let it be set up in Manchester Square, opposite the house of the gentleman who exhibits at Bethnal Green that glorious collection of pictures which he who does not see is a wilfully Blind Beggar.

The Crystal Palace has never been so well kept as under the sway of my friend *MR. GEORGE GROVE*. *Nemorum pulcherrimus ordo*—Grove's rule is most admirable.

Yet I wish success to the Alexandra Palace, and I am sure that my excellent new Sovereign, *SIR S. WATERLOW*, will work to that end. Let his Lordship give what personal superintendence he can to the works. It will be invaluable, and I desire to see "Sydney on the scaffold," because he never loses his head.

Height of philanthropy, *Toby*? Giving a garrotter a ticket for the Cat Show. Eh, you dog?

I see a memorial is to be raised in Exeter Cathedral to the famous *DR. PHILLIPPS*, Bishop. Can there be a more typical one than that which has been there for some centuries, the wonderful clock which shows the sun going round the earth?

An epidemic is raging, I am sorry to read, among the horses in America. But it is not wonderful. They have been laughing too much over Geneva and Berlin—I allow that events there have been enough to make—pooh!—to excite cachinnation in one of the equine race. However, they have recovered sufficiently not to leave the Presidential election to the care of the asses. *Vivat ULYSSES, Rex!*

Toby, my hookah!—and then hook it.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(After visiting the Opéra Comique, the Strand, and the Queen's, he addresses the Editor as usual.)



T the Opéra Comique, the other evening, I represented You, Sir, with a lovely flower in my button-hole. It is a pretty, bright little house, with hardly any pit to speak of; so that if the portion of the public that usually patronises this part of the theatre is to be educated up to, or down to, *Opéra Bouffe*, the lesson won't be learnt here. To accommodate late diners like yourself, Sir, and, therefore, like Your Representative, the time here fixed for the commencement of this *Opéra Bouffe* is nine o'clock. From seven to eight-thirty you have plenty of time for enjoying those luxuries which are the reward of a well-spent day. And after the little cup of coffee, and the mild Havannah, you may safely trust yourself

to the influence of the *Opéra Bouffe*, which will tickle your ear with many pleasant melodies, and will not make any demand upon your overtaxed brain, and, up to a certain point, will sufficiently please you without disturbing your placid equilibrium by any incitement to strong emotional display.

Your Representative made the acquaintance of this nonsensical *Opéra Bouffe* some years ago in Paris, where it was a great success, and Your Representative, not on your account, Sir, but his own, saw the piece three times. MILNER, who played the *Gendarme*, was immensely funny in it (you ought to have seen him at the Globe last summer, when French *bouffes* were played there), and so was the comic tenor, whose name has escaped my memory. At the end of the Second Act what extravagant fun (in Paris) was that Can-can! I admit that it depended upon the fact of having a real genuine low comedian with a tenor voice for the tenor's part, *Alexandricore*, which is here intrusted to MLLR. CLARY, who is charming, pretty, everything that's nice, but not funny.

MISS HARRIET COVENEY made the part of the *Marquise*, the thing of the piece; and, as she has scarcely anything to do, or say, after Act One, this solitary bit of humour is confined to the First Act. MISS JULIA MATTHEWS, who can play *bouffe* parts, has simply nothing to do; and as to the other young ladies in the piece, they were so numerous that it was with the greatest difficulty I could discover who was who. I was neither wiser nor happier after carefully studying the bill, and I am still bothered as to the identity of *Eclouine*, *Mariette*, *Mimi*, *Françoise*, *Bouton de Rose*, *Patis de Velours*, *Dindonette*, &c., with MLLR. BLANCHE DE LANDE, LIZIE RUSSELL, G. CORINNE, and some sixteen other pretty proper names; the "pretty" not qualifying the "proper," but to be taken separately.

No one struck me as so remarkably brilliant that I was absolutely wretched until I had been informed who she was; but, at the same time, they were all on a lively level, which amused without wearying.

—In the libretto little is said, and of it the less said the better. One of its greatest witticisms was, I found, an allusion to the Licensing Act, which began to pall upon one, just a trifle, after the sixth repetition.

Another first-rate jest was the mention of titles well known by this time in advertisements. Robur, the Tea Spirit, elicited a shout of delight, while some other names equally familiar called forth such applause as the most pointed epigram would not have obtained. These, I admit, are strong points in comic dialogue; and Your Representative regrets that there should be the same fault (only in a less degree) in the new Strand burlesque of *The Lady of the Lane*, which, in most other respects, is a good bit of fun.

Your Representative is indeed most anxious to see the *Opéra Bouffe* properly done in this country, and welcomes Mr. HINGSTON'S endeavours in that line. But when is it to be done thoroughly? Why is it that we have no tenors with a sense of humour? Must they all be SIMS REEVES'S? Must they all be singing sentimentally, "I love her so!" "For thee I die!" or "Thy Angel Form!"—the latter generally pronounced "Farm"? Is it simply impossible to

find an Englishman who shall be at once a good Low Comedian and a good Tenor? Such *Opéras Bouffes* as *L'Éclat*, *Chilpéric*, *Petit Faust*, &c., are merely burlesques in three acts, with original music. They require burlesque acting and burlesque singing; but the singing must be good, and the singers musicians. No, somehow this is our sticking point. Wanted, a Company of English Vocalists, who are all Low Comedians, and then wanted an English Composer for this particular class of entertainment. Given the first, and we shouldn't have much difficulty in finding the last, as there are so very few of them. But they won't condescend to become Offenbachs; that is, they won't stoop for popularity. Quite right too, perhaps; but in the meantime is there to be any really English *Opéra Bouffe* or not?

I represented You, Sir, in a warm discussion on this very subject after the theatre; but at one minute after twelve the argument became a trifle dry. Then, Sir, as the last shutters of this inexorable proprietor went up, we bade farewell to the oysters sleeping in their shells, and picked our way out of Maiden Lane.

At the Queen's.—Your Representative was delighted with the entire performance of *Amos Clarke* at the Queen's Theatre. On the whole, a better piece has not been seen for some considerable time. But—there always is a "but," and here it is at once,—the comic characters, which the author has evidently intended to form a relief to his otherwise sombre picture, are, without exception, dull in the extreme. It is merely a scale of dullness from the unfortunate hedge-priest down to the young gentleman who, on any occasion when there is really nothing for anybody to do or say, protests that he is in various degrees depressed, or about to be depressed, by the vapours. This latter unhappy person, and a young acquaintance of his (a sort of CHARLES his friend, only quite a CHARLES *minimus*), are ready to go into convulsions of laughter at any of the commonplace utterances by the expectant *Clavering* relatives represented by MR. VOLLAIRE and others.

Having said this, I have (for You, Sir, and myself, too) nothing but praise to bestow upon both piece and actors. Every scene which MR. RYDER, as the old *Clavering*, a sort of *Sir Giles Overreach*, has, either with *Mabel Vaughan* or with *Amos Clarke*, was a work of art, most carefully studied, and most effectively rendered. Nor can less be said either of MR. G. RICHOLD, as *Amos Clarke*, secretary to *Sir Robert Clavering*, and the hero of the piece (a secretary and a *Clarke* too), or of MISS WALLIS, the heroine. Of both, throughout, the acting was excellent. It struck Your Representative that, could MR. RICHOLD have had *Oliver Cromwell* given to him in the play at the Lyceum, and could the character have been powerfully written in by MR. WATTS PHILLIPS (he allowing himself "a competent time," as the Scotch Judge said) CHARLES THE FIRST would have had to do all he knew to prevent the spread of so strong a feeling of republicanism among the audience as might have sent him to the block before his time. Anyone wishing to see a really good piece (with the one fault above named) and admirable acting all round, cannot do better than as did Your Representative the other evening, visit the Queen's Theatre to see *Amos Clarke*.

I have already mentioned the Strand, but I must not conclude my report without one word about MR. BRON as *Fitz Altamont*, the blighted Tragedian. I have only time and space for one word, which, not to keep you in suspense, is—capital. Adoo!

ART FOR CRIMINALS.

THE principal journals read by the cultivated classes are sometimes rather hard upon some of our sensational contemporaries for the minutely realistic details of a flogging, and the behaviour of the flogges under punishment, which they usually report. Especially do the organs of select circulation object to the word-painting wherein the reporters are wont to describe the marks imprinted by the Cat. We fail to see the justice or expediency of such censures. Our only objection to such revelations we state later. As regards the Art in question it is a kind of word-painting which may be said to be very Dutch indeed in outline, and whereof the colours, liberally laid on, are chiefly dark neutral-tint indigo, and carmine, with perhaps a dash of gamboge. This is drawing it too close, and laying it on too thick, for any critic moderately impatient of concessions to coarse and brutal and stupid minds, obtuse to the grotesque. But on such minds, among the dangerous classes, and not the merely gross and ignoble vulgar, the delineations and daubing which disgust human beings, distinctively human, are calculated to produce a good effect, if any; namely that of striking terror. Perhaps, after the School Board shall have been some little time in operation, papers of a moral, or at least anti-criminal stamp, will be started for circulation among the ruffianry, and, in them, graphic and gushing descriptions of a scourging, may prove extremely beneficial. In the meantime, nothing of the kind would be likely to have much effect on our existing savages, unless accompanied by photographs of life-size, coloured as highly as possible. There is one thing very needful which would even then be wanting. Photographs do not howl.



A GRACELESS CHILD.

Uncle George. "FOR ALL THAT WE'RE GOING TO RECEIVE," &c.

Tiny Tim. "NOW, READ YOUR PLATE, AUNT MARY, AND SEE WHAT THAT SAYS!"

HUMBLE PIE.

I AM still the same JOHN BULL, who of glory once supped full,
Faced Europe with my subsidies, my soldiers, and my ships;
When I'd bites behind my barks, when I hit straight at my marks,
And found my foes in fisticuffs, as I found my friends in tips;
But now I'm all for a quiet life, "jowk, and let the jaw go by;"
Keep my feelings in my pockets, and put up with HUMBLE PIE.

Once foreigners looked up to me: a high head I could hold:
If my *prestige* cost me millions, those millions' worth was mine;
Strong and safe were laid my bulwarks with British blood and gold;
Of a grander God than Mammon my island was the shrine:
Honour was given to honour, in those darkened days gone by:
Now honour's sold for money . . . and my dish is HUMBLE PIE.

Then, in dealing with a bully, I was game to hold my own;
And the ground once wisely taken I stood to, stiff and stout:
In smooth tongues I had little faith, but much in teeth well shown,
And hands as strong to use the sword as slow to take it out.
The only kind of fighting I disliked was fighting shy,
And the one dish I would not eat, in those days, was HUMBLE PIE!

"If the right cheek's smitten, turn the left," was written then as now,
But the Quakers were the only sect who to that rule would agree:
So with so much Christian doctrine waiting practice, I allow,
I applied that text to friends, not foes, and hit them who hit at me:
But now it's "Give your coat to those who to steal your waistcoat
try."

And the end is peace and plenty—that is, of HUMBLE PIE!

Hear BAXTER and BOB LOWE prove as plain as tongues can speak,
How of all possible Governments this Government is the best.
Who cares for the foreigner's laugh in his sleeve, the foreigner's
tongue in his cheek?

The smaller JOHN BULL sings, 'tis clear, the warmer he lines his nest.
Once shame, they say, made him bilious and lean, but that is all
my eye—

There's no meat he so thrives upon (see BAXTER) as HUMBLE PIE!

TOAST AND BUTTER.

At a meeting one day last week of the Manchester Town Council, the MAYOR OF MANCHESTER was taken to task for having been present at the Roman Catholic Bishops' Consecration Dinner in Salford, when the health of the POPE was drunk before that of the QUEEN. In the course of the conversation which ensued, the Town Clerk, defending his Worship, intimated that he had himself gone to the dinner on principle, to show respect to the (titular) BISHOP OF SALFORD; and mentioned that, on that festive occasion:—

"One of the Bishops said to him, in a jocular manner, as explaining why the health of 'THE POPE' was put before that of 'THE QUEEN,' and apparently to allay the loyal feeling which he might have, that they had adopted the old habit—'Church and State.'"

The Church, Catholic or Protestant, used to be an abstraction, and, when personified, was commonly denoted by the personal pronoun, third person, singular number, feminine gender. As regards the Protestant Church that is still the rule: the Church of England is wont to be spoken of by her sons and daughters as a mother, and is never identified with the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. But now, by the above episcopal showing, the Catholic Church is the POPE. It was, until two years ago, merely Popiah; now it has resolved 'itself into Pope altogether.' It is no longer an abstract entity, but a concrete individual, to wit, His Holiness. An emblematic artist might symbolise it as a cherub, all head and no body, but for the consideration that the POPE has a trunk, and is able to sit down; so that papal decrees *ex cathedra* are at least possible.

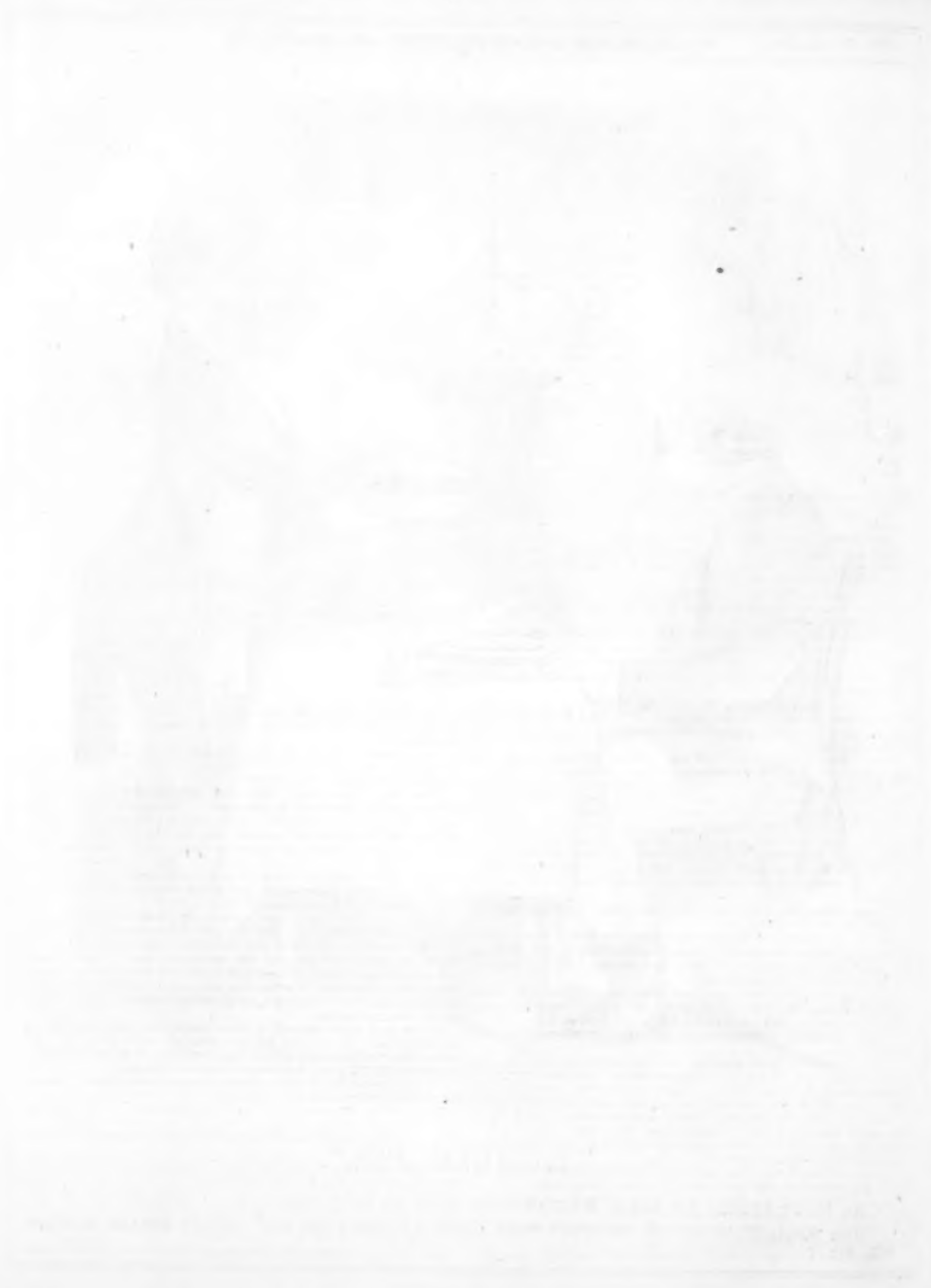
But Church and State in the abstract, and a concrete POPE and QUEEN, are not correlative. HER MAJESTY is the Defender of a Faith which His Holiness calls heresy. The POPE is, indeed, a Church in himself; has been ever since he was voted infallible: but cannot be the QUEEN's Church, or the Church of any future British Sovereign, unless the repeal of the Royal Succession Act, after Irish demagogues have won Home Rule, shall have been conceded, in the expectation of satisfying the faithful Irish, by some future Administration less inflexibly determined on maintaining the British Constitution than our present Rulers.



“HUMBLE PIE.”

MR. BULL. “HUMBLE PIE AGAIN, WILLIAM!—YOU GAVE ME THAT YESTERDAY?”

HEAD WAITER. “YES, SIR—NO, SIR—THAT WERE GENEVA HUMBLE PIE, SIR. THIS IS BERLIN HUMBLE PIE, SIR!!”



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



I DRIVE to ENGLEMORE'S. Find him at luncheon. "Will I pick?" he asks. "No fixings—only Mister Chop." There being very little time to spare, I "decline, with thanks;" and when he has chopped and changed, he is ready for the train.

We find the "Nook" about twelve miles out of town. Small house; about four acres of ground.

Happy Thought.—Just the thing to begin with. "Farm of four acres, and what we did with it."

ENGLEMORE is as delighted with it as if he were the proprietor. He points out to me all its beauties. Nothing damps his ardour. He has hit upon it, and it is simply in his eyes the thing.

To commence with: we get our first view of my

future property from over the top of a small gate. We search for a bell. In vain. No bell. "Rather a nuisance," I observe, "having no bell."

ENGLEMORE won't allow it for a moment. "Nonsense!" he cries; "nothing of the sort. Who wants Mr. Bell in the country? Cockney idea, bell. Might as well have Tommy Knocker at once. Try t'other side of the water."

By this last expression I find he means the stable entrance. Here there is a bell, and, in answer to it, an old woman welcomes us with a sniff, and a courtesy.

ENGLEMORE introduces me: "This is the gentleman who's come to see the place," he says. The old woman appears agitated, fumbles with the corner of her apron, behind which she presently coughs—this evidently being her notion of company manners—and shuts the gate after us.

"Stables," says ENGLEMORE, pointing everything out to me—"Outhouses—barn-buildings—garden"—Here he describes a segment of a circumference with his umbrella. "There you are—all round you!"

I can't deny that it is all round me. Still, I feel that, in spite of his enthusiasm, I ought not to do anything of this sort hurriedly.

"The cottages," says the old woman, curtseying again, "go with the place. There are four on 'em." Here she puts up the corner of her apron again, and coughs to herself, confidentially.

"By Jove!" exclaims ENGLEMORE, "I didn't know that. Cottages with the place!"—(Here he winks at me, as much as to say, "Here's a bargain for you!")—"You can turn 'em into bakeries—make your own bread—Mr. Household Troops—and a Dairy—your own Cow—milk and cream on the premises, and think what you'll save in butter!"

Happy Thought.—I do begin to think what I should save in butter.

As, in the course of an otherwise eventful life, I have never bought any butter for myself, I haven't any notion of how much at present I spend in butter. I reply to ENGLEMORE, "Well, I suppose one would save by keeping a cow."

"Of course!" he returns; "and pigs, too. Here," he says, walking briskly on, "is the place for Mr. Pig. Plenty of room; not in good order; but a nail and a tile or two soon do it."

Happy Thought.—To be practical, and ask him where d'you buy pigs?

"Oh! anywhere," he answers. I am convinced that he has never bought one in his life. He continues, "Go to a fair, or a farmer; buy 'em cheap at a fair. Then you'll save," here he checks everything off on the fingers of his left hand with his right, while his umbrella is under his arm, "you'll save in bacon, Colonel Pork, and—and—pigs' feet,—don't forget pigs' feet—your little ENGLEMORE's on for dinner on that occasion,—and then," in a triumphant burst, "think of the pigs'-wash!"

"How do you mean, pigs'-wash?" I inquire, wishing him to be more matter-of-fact, and less romantic, on such a subject.

"Why don't you see, here's four acres, Mister Turnips, carrots, potatoes, and all the Royal family all about, eh?"

Certainly I admit that, taking the Royal family as vegetables, there is room and to spare.

"Good," he goes on, satisfied with being correct so far, "you can't

eat 'em all—no waste—where does it go?—in comes Mr. Pigswash. Then there's the washings from the house every day—no waste—Mr. Pigswash round the corner again."

"I see. Everything you don't want, or can't eat, or that gets too much for you, somehow is made into pigs'-wash."

"Quite," he continues, "and no extra charge. To keep a pig costs literally nothing, in the country." He says this as if I had been arguing strongly for a pig, in lodgings, in London. "Look here," he exclaims, from another part of the garden, where there's evidently the remains of an old aviary, to which he has rapidly walked, "here's your place for chickens!"

At this discovery he is greatly elated. It's as much as to say that up to that moment I had been bothered as to the place for my chickens, but that now it is clear as possible.

He does not allow me time to think over anything, but in another minute he is drawing my attention to some fruit-trees at the lower end of the garden.

"Here you are," he says, "Mister Apples and Plums—fancy little Master Plum Tart, and Dumping! You'll never want to buy fruit, and you could sell a heap here. There's money in this orchard. Why," he says, thoughtfully, and casting a scrutinising glance all round, "with care you ought to make this place pay your rent, and do a good thing besides. You'd have here enough to supply Covent Garden."

Happy Thought.—Supply Covent Garden. Fortune. ENGLEMORE says of course it would work into £ s. d. considerably. In his opinion I should coin money here, and, according to him, nothing that I am to keep will cost me anything.

"Mr. Pig," he puts it, "pays himself. Orchard pays Gardener and talented assistants. Your grass makes hay for Peter Pony; so all you've got to do is to buy a few oats and some straw, and the stable pays you back in manure for garden. Well, your vegetables you'll eat and sell, and everything you don't want goes to Master Piggy as per usual. What you don't use of your eggs, butter, cream, and milk you sell, and the fruit will balance all x's." This is ENGLEMORE's abbreviation of "expenses." "Let two of your cottages just to lighten the rent, and if you make your others into dairy and laundry,—you might"—here a bright thought strikes him—"by Jove! you might take in washing!"

Happy Thought.—Washing and Pigs'-washing.

He at once promises me his custom weekly, if I'll send up for the things. He'll also, he says, buy vegetables and bacon: the same condition as before to be observed, namely, that I must send up for orders. How? Nothing more simple—merely a pony and cart; the outlay a mere trifle, and it would pay enormously.

How many different sorts of business I am to undertake, according to his view of the matter, it is difficult to say, but there is nothing apparently that won't exactly fit into Farming and Gardening generally.

I am pleased with it, though I should like to look at it again. ENGLEMORE shakes his head. "Can't do that," he says. "Mister Landlord must know to-morrow."

There is a pond, too. With this ENGLEMORE is enchanted. "Water on the premises," he exclaims. "No danger of fire! Just have it laid on up to the house. And there are wells in the garden, old Mrs. Sniffer (meaning the dame who received us) said so. Then there's a pump; I dare say this supplies it. And," catching sight of something bright, "Mister Gold-fish! This is first-rate. Here you are, in the summer—under the shade of trees—eat your own apples—your own strawberries and cream—watch your own gold-fish. I think that's good enough for you, eh?"

Really, from his hearty and excessively pleased manner, it does strike me for the first time that the gold-fish in the pond have settled the question. If I had any wavering before as to taking the house, the presence of the gold-fish has decided me. I have always had a weakness for gold-fish. Fancy a gold-fish river, and a Chinese Mandarin, or Japanese Warrior throwing a fly. I somehow feel that whatever may now befall me, at all events, with gold-fish, I shall be virtuous and happy.

As far as I know myself, I have taken the place, that is, in my own mind. But to save appearances, and not to jump at it too much, which might make Mister Landlord take on something extra somewhere in the lease, I defer my decision for a day.

"You'd better Nook while you can," says ENGLEMORE. I am of his opinion, but reserve my ultimatum.

Happy Thought.—Shall be a Landed Proprietor. With Tenants, too. The Cottagers are Tenants. Wonder if they pay regularly, or if they don't pay at all, and if this is the reason of getting rid of the house.

If they don't pay, must evict them. Consequence of eviction will be that I shall be shot at from behind a hedge, cursed as the Wicked Squire, and the house burnt down. No, must make friends with Tenants. On the whole decide to take it as it stands.

It suddenly occurs to me that we have been so occupied with the garden, that we've not seen the house at all.

ENGLEMORE dismisses this objection at once with—"You can see



A SECOND OPINION.

Noble Sportsman. "THE DOCTORS SAY I MUST NOT HUNT THIS SEASON, TOM. SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY BREATHING—IN FACT, I'VE TURNED 'ROAKER.'"

Huntsman. "SORRY TO HEAR THAT, MY LORD. BUT I WOULDN'T MIND NO DOCTORS, IF I WERE YOU. I'D TRY A MILD BLISTER."

Noble Sportsman. "WELL, TOM, I DARE SAY YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL CONSULT THE 'VET.'"

what *that* is from the outside. It'll want doing up a bit—that's all. Pail of whitewash, and box o' paints will do the trick. Make landlord do that."

Arrived in town. To dine at ENGLEMORE'S Club. The first thing he does is to ask his other guest, "I say, GEORGE, you know about Nook?"

GEORGE intimates that he is up in the subject; and ENGLEMORE goes on in such an enthusiastic manner as works his friend up to the highest pitch of excitement. In fact, GEORGE can't sit down to his dinner until he knows all about it.

ENGLEMORE goes on—"Well, we've Nooked, haven't we, Colonel?" He means me; and I corroborate his narrative so far with a nod, and he's on again: "Pretty place!—O, pretty place!" (Here he shakes his head, so as to impress GEORGE with the idea that however he might have joked at other times, this, at all events, was too important a matter for anything but the most serious earnest.) "Pretty place. Just what you'd like:" as if I wanted to part with the property at once, and had asked him to praise it up to his friend:—he continues, "beautiful trees, splendid garden—no end of fruit"—(there really wasn't a gooseberry-bush in the place)—"pigstyes and Major Stables all about; and he's got gold-fish, Sir, in a pond—the real thing; none of your sixpenny box of toys with a magnet,—no, not a bit of it! No Soho Bazaar. Genuine wagglers, aren't they, Colonel?"

I corroborate his account again, but feel called upon to explain that the estate is not a park; that the garden has really to be made; that the whole place is in a very tumble-down condition.

"Yes, it wants a little fixing up, but that's all." And so we go on with dinner and conversation: myself in the character of a large Landed Proprietor (all through ENGLEMORE'S representation) with a stake in the country.

HAPPY UNIVERSITIES!—They have "Select" Preachers at Oxford and Cambridge. Would that it were so all over!

THE INVENTION OF WINE.

A Hiberno-Classical Myth.

BEFORE Bacchus could talk or could decently walk,

Down Olympus he leaped from the arms of his nurse,

But though three years in all were consumed by the fall,

He might have gone further and fared a deal worse;

For he chanced, you must know, on a flower and fruit show,

In some parish below, at the Autumn Assizes,

Where Solon and Croesus, who'd heard all the cases,

By the peoples' request were adjudging the prizes.

"Fruit prize Number One there's no question upon—

We award it," they cried, in a breath, "to—the dicle!"

By the powers of the delft on your Lowness's shelf,

Who's this Skylarking Elf wid his manners uncivil?"

For, widout even a ticket, that deity wicked

Falling whack in their midst in a posture ungainly,

Smashed the bunch of prize grapes into all sorts of shapes,

And made them two judges go on most profanely.

"O, the deuce!" shouted Solon, "he's not left a whole un!"

"It's the juice thin, indeed," echoed Croesus, half crying;

For a squirt of that same, like the scorch of a flame,

Was playing its game the ould Patriarch's eye in.

Thin Solon said, "Tis him, at pleasure we'll try him.

Walk him off to the gaol, if he's able to stand it;

If not, thin, why thin get, sure, the loan of a stretcher,

And convey him away—do yez hear me command it?"

But Croesus, long life to you, sorrow nor strife to you,

And a peaceable wife to you, that contented you'll die!

Just thin you'd the luck the forefinger to suck

That you'd previously stuck wid despair in your eye.

No more that eye hurt you—for the excellent virtue

Of the neether you'd sipped cured its smarting at once,



TRUE CONJUGAL IMPARTIALITY.

"I CAN ASSURE YOU, SARAH, THAT I'M NOT AT ALL THE SORT OF WOMAN WHO CAN'T SEE A MAN'S FAULTS BECAUSE SHE HAPPENS TO BE MARRIED TO HIM. ON THE CONTRARY, I'M QUITE CONVINCED THAT IF DEAR ROBERT WERE NOT ABSOLUTELY FAULTLESS, AS I MUST SAY HE IS, I SHOULD BE THE VERY FIRST PERSON TO FIND IT OUT"!!!!

And you shouted to Solon, "Stop your polis patrolin',
Where 's the sinse your ould poll in, you ignorant dunce.
Is it whip into quod a celestial god,
For I'll prove in a crack that the crayther 's divine."
"Look here! have a sup, some more juice he'd sopped up
In a silver prize cup, and THEY FIRST TASTED WINE."
Said Solon, "Be Japers, put this in the papers,
For this child wid his capers is divine widout doubt,
Let 's kneel down before him, and humbly adore him—
Then we'll mix a good can of the drink he's made out."
Now the whole of this time was that spalpeen sublime
Preparing his mind for a good course of howling.
For you've noticed, no doubt, that the childer don't shout
Till a minute or more on their heads they've been rowling.
"Milleah murder!" at last, he shouted aghast,
"My blood's flowing as fast as a fountain of wather;
It'll soon be all spilt, and then I'll be kilt—"
Mistaking the juice of the grapes for his slaughter.
Thin glancing around he them gentlemen found
Their lips to the ground most adoringly placed,
Though I'm thinking the tippie, continuin' to ripple,
Round that sacred young cripple devotion increased,
"By Noah's ark and the Flood, they are drinking my blood.
O you black vagabones," shouted Bacchus, "take that!"
Here wid infantile curses he up wid his thyrsus,
And knocked the entire cavalcade of them flat.
But soon to his joy that celestial boy,
Comprehendin' the carnage that reddened the ground,
Extendin' his pardon to all in the garden,
Exclaimed wid a smile, as a crater he crowned,
"My bould girls and boys, now be using your eyes,
For you now recognise the god Bacchus in me.

CHASTISEMENT BY MACHINERY.

MESSES. P. A. TAYLOR and JACOB BRIGHT, in deprecating the flagellation of garotters, cannot be said to sympathise with their kind; for they sympathise only with scourged rascals, and not at all with maltreated and maimed honest men. It is to be wished that the garotter's kind could be made to sympathise with the garotter, when he is under the lash, with a perfect sympathy. Then they would feel his stripes in their own persons, and, in effect, would be the whole of them flogged at once. Animal Magnetism is still in its infancy, but the day may come when it will be so perfected as to enable a skilled mesmerist to place any number of criminals convicted of robbery with violence *en rapport* with each other; so that one flogging will do for them all. This would save executioner's labour, and greatly diminish any brutalisation which may be the effect of its performance on some warders.

The brutalisation possibly arising from this cause would be minimised by the contrivance of a whipping-engine or thrashing-machine, wherewith garotters could be steam-flogged; a device which would have the advantage of inflicting stripes with a certainty of uniform force, graduated to order, and unmitigated in any case by weakness of mind or muscle.

It is gratifying to think how much superior in humanity we are to our ancestors. Otherwise, with our modern mechanical knowledge and resources, we should long ere this have been provided with a penal apparatus worked by steam, and consisting of a cylinder into which a rogue could be thrust at one end in a state of nature, and presently turned out with his back scored, his ears cropped, his nose slit, and his forehead branded, at the other.

But we have too much of the milk of human kindness to employ such machinery as our savage forefathers would have been sure to invent and use for penal purposes, if they had been able. A model, however, of the machine above suggested might be made and exhibited at South Kensington.

Come, what do you say to a slight dajoonay
Wid could punch and champagne, for I'm on for a spree?"
So, widout further pressing, or bother of dressing,
Down to table they sat wid that haythin divine,
And began celebrating, wid choicest of ating,
And drinking like winking, THE INVITATION OF WINE.

Nice Prices.

"ÉTRANGER" writes to the *Times* :—

"It may perhaps interest English families intending to visit Nice for the winter season to know that I find, on my arrival here, an advance of from 25 to 50 per cent. in the prices of apartments, bread, meat, vegetables, &c., on what I paid last year."

Why should "ÉTRANGER" be surprised? Isn't "Nice and dear" the natural antithesis of "Cheap and nasty"?

Not in the Lexicon.

BILLS at Railway Stations draw public attention to a ballet at one of the Music Halls, called *Vivida*. A friend, but not a Licensed Victualler, whose Latin is evidently on its last legs, has got it into his head that there must be some hidden reference in this title to that part of the human frame, which is generally lavishly displayed in Ballets. He may be right, but it is open to argument that the word may describe the youthful frequenters of the Halls in question.

CASE OF KIDNAPPING.—Young Goat asleep.



TEMPORA MUTANTUR.

Flyman (to Tourists at Aldershot). "YES, 'M, THAT'S 'IM, MUM, WITH THE HORDERLY FOLLERIN' 'IM—THAT'S THE GENERAL. BUT, BLESS YEE, HE'S UNDER CONTROL HIMSELF NOW! HERE'S THE HORFICK, YOU SEE, MUM!"

MORE MILITANTS THAN ONE.

WHAT Church but 's up in arms, right hand and left
Exchanging fisticuffs with priestly unction?
Their Levites into warring unions cleft
With mutual damnation for chief function:
In Congress, Convocation, sounds the clash
O'er disputation's waste but well-fought field;
From Conference, Council, Synod, rings the dash
Of Dogma's double-sided shield with shield;
Rather than put her weapons on the shelf,
Lilburne-like, each Church militates with herself.

Sooner than stoop her hand to such plain work
As bringing Christ's light Christian life to guide,
If she can't burn heretic, Jew, or Turk,
Each of her sects 'gainst all a tilt can ride:
Forbidden to plait halts, she'll split hairs;
In surplices, if not in straws, find quarrel;
Bid every Doxy kick the rest down-stairs;
Call reason blind, search sin, and doubt immoral;
Then, as from faith she feels the life-blood failing,
Thrust Dogma-doses down to cure her ailing,—

A sad and sorry sight—a black look-out,
If Christian light were inside Churches cabined,
If choice of Dogmas were sole 'scape from doubt,
Sole safety to be Rectored, Poped, or Rabbin'd;
But through Church-Militants' drear dark chance-medley,
A wighter, brighter Militant I see—
Truth-Militant, of Dogmas foeman deady,
Champion of Faiths, that have been, and will be—
The Sermon on the Mount upon her shield
In blazon of light, life, and love revealed.

Whoee in Truth's picked army seeks his mates,
Will see all fighters friends, all Churches one,

Spite of Theology's bewildering hates
Round Dogma's holds, alternate lost and won;
Will find that not from Church-fight's flash and glare,
But from Christ's plain, pure words on that white shield
Comes all the light that all the Churches share,
That warms to fruit all growths of their wide field,
The bond that all their hatreds underlies,
And gives them all what each to each denies.

HARO! HARO!

THE award of the EMPEROR OF GERMANY concedes the Strait of Haro to the American construction of the blundering Ashburton Treaty of 1846. There is an old Anglo-Norman usage still kept up in the Channel Islands—that stronghold of obsolete usages. When a party is wronged, he makes what is called his "*Clameur de Haro*," invoking the powers of the island to do him justice.

But where the powers of the island are the authors of the wrong suffered, in what form is the "*Clameur de Haro*" to be raised? We are waiting to see.

Comparative Liberty.

No King of England, except CHARLES THE FIRST, a contemporary essayist, in *Estimates of English Kings*, remarks, "has ever seriously tried to be despotic in the true sense of the word, and even CHARLES did not desire to interfere with the course of daily life." No; that remained to be done by the Liberal Government which has blessed us with coercive, paternal, sumptuary and Sabbatarian legislation.

A CROW FROM THE CRADLE.

THE question of Baby Farming, considered as destined to be affected by the progress of paternal legislation, assumes an aspect of national importance.



LATEST FROM DUNDEE.

(Where, readers will be happy to know, the Maids' Rebellion has revived in great force.)

Mistress. "I DID NOT RING, MARY."

Mary. "I KNOW THAT, MUM; BUT AS I WAS MOPING IN THE KITCHEN, I THOUGHT I'D COME AND SIT A BIT WITH YOU!"

A FLOURISH ON THE FRENCH HORN.

GENERAL CHANZY, the other day, on officially assuming the command of the 7th Army Corps at Tours, addressed to his troops an Order of the Day, wherein, according to a telegram from Paris, he informed them that:—

"France, which has been enabled to resist great trials, is confident in her valour. She will not descend from the rank she has conquered in the world, but will continue the great part assigned to her by Providence, and render the future secure. France has need of great virtues, and the army must give an example of them to the nation. Standing above parties, the army must be unaffected by the mean passions which divide and agitate the country."

Don't you seem to have read all this innumerable times before? Doesn't it sound simply like one more flourish of trumpets, alarum, excursion, regulation tantara, and matter-of-course fanfaronade? Seems it not as familiar to your ears as quack, quack, quack, echaw, or cock-a-doodle doo? Nevertheless, on looking into it, you will find that it contains ideas. Its second and third sentences are not merely full of sound and fury, signifying nothing. The gallant General distinctly confesses that France has need of great virtues. There is, indeed, great room for improvement in France, as well, at least, as everywhere else. But can the French Army do what GENERAL CHANZY says it must? Is it possible for soldiers to give France an example of the great virtues which she doubtless needs? Of some, perhaps, but surely not of all the virtues. Those same warriors are not generally husbands. They cannot exemplify the domestic virtues. And then will it be possible for the Army to subsist unaffected by the mean passions which divide and agitate the country, out of whose people it is drawn? Will it, indeed, have the sense and the unanimity necessary to enable it to repudiate, for instance, the vain-glory which has for so long kept Frenchmen divided against each other, agitated amongst themselves, and agitating mankind?

"Thought is Free."

Shakespeare.

A MAN may think freely without being a free-thinker. Some of our bigoted friends are unable to understand this.

THE NEMESIS OF AYRTON.

LONDON has Parks for swells to show,
And snobs at them to stare;
And pretty little folks to play,
In pretty nursemaids' care;
And if our Guards, sometimes, those maids
Will with sheep's-eyes beguile,
And maids be so much off their guards,
As on our Guards to smile,

Paterfamilias may regret

That red-coats should have charms,
That pretty nursemaids will have eyes
For more than babes in arms;
But not the less the Parks he'd have
For general use kept free,
Where somebodies may ride and drive,
For nobodies to see.

So as he has a Parliament,

And Parliament makes laws,
And some of them prohibitive,
Each with its penal clause;
And as he has some fools who names
As demagogues would win,
And as these fools will use the Parks
To spout their nonsense in,—

As he remembers BEALES his bounce,
And WALPOLE's tears of woe,
And park-rails levelled with the ground,
And order rough-laid low,
He calls on AYRTON for an Act
His parks to rule and guard,
And if a spouting-place be given,
To mete it out per yard.

So said, so done: the Bill's brought in,
Discussed, passed into Law:
Ayrtonian regulations framed
The metes and bounds to draw,
That fence about a certain space
For fools to spout their rot,
As you might set a place apart—
"Here rubbish may be shot."

But lo! the first occasion given

For demagogues to talk,
Right in the teeth of AYRTON's Act,
And his ukase they walk:
Boldly erect their spouting-stands
Beyond the measured belt,
And AYRTON's name and his placard
With mud profanely pelt.

Ah me, my AYRTON, who has thrown

More mud, at times, than thou?
Is't bettering thy instruction, these
Their dirt are throwing now?
"Fling mud enough," the proverb says,
"And some of it will stick."
Such was thy rule; with tongue and pen
Who laid it on so thick?

And now thy Nemesis is here;

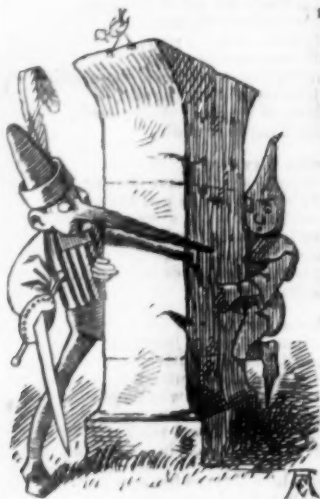
Abuse and filth they squirt:
Thy name bespattering with their scorn,
Thy orders with their dirt.
If "like to like," that kissing rules,
Applies to cuffs as well,
Who but an AYRTON should be set
The London roughs to quell?

Legal Changes.

"The Right Hon. RICHARD DOWNS, who was sworn in as one of the Barons of the Irish Court of Exchequer yesterday, took his seat to-day. It is understood that to-day MR. PALLIS will be called as Attorney-General, and MR. LAW as Solicitor-General.

LUCKY Ireland! to have placed at her disposal, in one day, both Law and Wisdom—for any one, with half an eye, can see that PALLIS is only another way of spelling Pallas. Will any one now say that justice is not done to Ireland? Telegraph, immediately, to MR. FROUDE in America.

Punch at Lunch.



SEE ULYSSES GRANT has been triumphantly re-elected President of the United States, *Tobias*. A quotation, Sir Canis, on the instant, come! What—the last lines of POPE'S HOMER'S history of the other ULYSSES? I, *Punch*,

"In *Mentor's* form, confirm the full accord,
And willing nations know their lawful Lord."

That second line is not POPE'S, *Toby*. 'Twill pass, and I confirm the accord in a Cartoon, which you shall see, if you are good.

I am glad to read that the American Press is again discovering GENERAL GRANT'S great merits, and is praising him in a liberal, not to say lavish manner. All a culinary question. Royalists oil their kings, Republicans butter them.

'Tis none of my business to furnish the Tories with an answer to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL. But SIR JOHN COLERIDGE says that they have no history. LORD BYRON pretended to be a Radical, yet he writes,—

"I greatly venerate our ancient glories,
And wish they were not owing to the Tories."

The Ultra-Irish Party lose a good man in MR. MAGUIRE. Of course he was all wrong in politics, but he was a thoroughly conscientious and a very able man, and he had the ear of the House. He had humour, moreover. I heard him, in the days when Mrs. STOWE'S book was talked about, accuse a Minister of reducing his followers to a state of "political Uncle Tommytude."

M. GOUNOD kindly composed, and personally introduced, a song for the benefit of poor MRS. BLACK, once Maid of Athens. It has not been a success. He is surprised. You are not, *Toby*? You know that the sing-song lot mostly dislike good music, and warble about sentiment too much to feel any.

A Jersey farmer, seeing some children at play, and remembering that some of his apples had been stolen, fired a gun at the little party. He put in oats, not shot, but they stuck all over one of the children, and hurt it considerably. There is law, of a sort, in Jersey, and he goes to prison, to teach him not to sow his wild oats in children's backs. The sentence was lightened on account of his age. He was 63. Anywhere but in Jersey this would have been thought a reason for giving the spiteful old churl an extra three months. Don't you wish you had been near his legs, my dog?

The EMPEROR OF CHINA is married. All happiness to the flowery young couple! The bride will probably see some revolutions, but we will hope that she will be

"'Empress' of herself, though China fall."

Somebody's unexpectedly vulgar conduct, the other day, was explained to me as admitting of "the simplest solution." I said, good-naturedly, "Not quite the simplest, but the solution was that of several lumps of sugar in several glasses of element and alcohol."

How great a poetical matter a little prosaic fire kindleth! I find this in myself—but never mind that. THOMAS GRAY wrote a poem called the "Long Letter." It was suggested by two or three lines of scrawl by a foreign lady who could not spell. This is the inspired and inspiring despatch. The original is the property of a friend of mine, who kindly let me copy it. I will read it to you, *Toby*. "LADY SCHAUB'S compliments to MR. GRAY she is sorry to have not find him to tell him that LADY BROWN is very well." We are great creatures, we poets.

It was contended in a Law Court the other day that "a wife was lawfully in any house where her husband was, and had a right to go into any room after him." The Judge was astounded, and dis-

sented. Yet I believe most wives will think, or at least say, that he was wrong, especially those of the class that prefer a husband's room to his company.

A Doorstep Brigade, to save servants the trouble of cleansing our thresholds! What next, and next? as MR. COBBEN wrote. In an exquisitely beautiful little comedy, which would never have been written but for your master, *Toby*, a girl taunts her lazy sister,— "I say, Ma, if BLANCHE ever has a baby, she'll put it out to wash."

The Moslem holds that every painter who draws human figures will, at the resurrection have to put souls into them. Perhaps the belief is shared by certain Christian painters, who therefore wisely avoid double trouble.

I will astonish your canine mind. List. A battle scene:

"Then banners waved, and arms were mixed with arms,
And javelins answered javelins as they fled,
And both fled hiving Death."

Whose? Take an hour. You give it up? The author of the *Little Busy Bee*. 'Tis true, *foi de Punch*. Would you have beleift it of the good little Doctor? It is from a Lyric so thundering that he was actually obliged to stop in the middle and write prose, as his poetry could not express his excitement. Then he went at it again, and thundered to the end.

CHAUCER was Clerk of the Works at Windsor Castle, and superintended the repairs there from 1389 to 1391. I should suggest his being thus occupied as a subject for a picture, but a painter would be sure to say that "no theme" was offered. He would be right, but he might throw in an incident, the *Edile* of the day complaining of the expense, and the King of the day (I forget who it was) knocking down the *Edile*, and, with a sweet smile, quoting CHAUCER'S

"The wrestling of this world asketh a fall."

And I don't think the Academy catalogue would print it wrestling, because that is correct, according to modern use.

"The Ephesians" would be a good name for a club. A club of Churchmen might so call themselves (when we have been dis-established), with the Shakspearian motto, "Ephesians, my Lord, of the Old Church."

You have heard that sentiment from me before? What do I care? What does our friend TERENCE observe? *Nullum est jam dictum quod non sit dictum prius.*

LORD MELBOURNE could hit very straight from the shoulder when he would take that trouble. LORD BROUGHAM made an able and bitter attack on him in the Lords one night, and LORD MELBOURNE, in his reply, lauded his enemy's intellect enormously, and added, "How serious, my Lords, must be the objections to such a man, when such talent could not induce me to offer him office!"

Those little lions—don't growl, you jealous pig!—are well worth going to see at the Z. G. *Diu parturit leana catulum sed—leonem*. They are little Irish lions, moreover, but are, as Theseus remarks, "very gentle beasts, and of a good conscience." At least, they have not been such stupid beasts as to roar for Home Rule yet.

If my revered friend, the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S, is fairly reported (all Bishops are not, you know), his Lordship has cut the knot of the Athanasian Creed. He is stated to have said that "it will probably be found, on investigation, that the entire responsibility of the terrible anathema devolves upon the Clerk, who alone says, Amen." I wait a verification. But if the Bishop is right, is it not hard on the Clerk, who would get an awful wiggling if he did not make the response?

The police in Madras wear green chintz knickerbockers.

No wonder our forefathers were so jolly. I see by an advertisement in the *Spectator* (ADDISON'S—my contemporary, however, often writes quite as well as the elegant JOSEPH), that red Barcelona wine was five shillings a gallon, and four-and-sixpence if bought by the butt, and that Madeira was six shillings a gallon. The Good Templars of those days had good times.

The young fellows of our day are so awfully careful about committing themselves to engagements. A spirited girl in one of BEAUMONT and FLETCHER'S plays says

"Give me him *dare* love
At first encounter."

I always used to do so, I am proud to say.

PUNCH'S PROTEST.



W E say. *Punch* says. *Ips*. Is the Lord Mayor's Show to go on, or is it to cease! Mediæval Pageant, indeed! *Mr. Punch* asks whether the Show of Saturday last was worth going to the window to behold and see, or whether it was not of a sort to justify the interposition of Holland—in other words, the pulling down the blind? Fathers of the City, what are you about? You have untold gold at command, a population affectionately ready to be enthusiastic, a grand historic tradition to be maintained, and you assemble us in our thousands—us, and our reproaching children—to witness a display of unmitigated Bumbledom. Fathers, you must wake up. Give us a Pageant, as it is given by the Trades abroad—or give us Elephants and Camels, and Lions, as signs of our Empire and your magnificent commerce. Give us a historical procession, with all the costumes since Lord Mayors were invented. Or, if you can do nothing better, ask GEORGE the Duke for brilliant soldiery. But do give us a Show. Best of all, come forth yourselves. Get out of those stuffy carriages, and show yourselves like Merchant Princes, proudly parading. Why should not our well-beloved SIR JOHN BENNETT be seen somewhat as above depicted? That's the time of day, Fathers? Why do you not all mount in emulation of that example, and fill us with admiration, each of you with some ensign of the Craft that has raised him to wealth and honour. You must consider this, Fathers, and not to put too fine a point on it, come out stronger, or not come out at all. *Punch* weeps at having to make this Great Remonstrance, but a brave man's tears are tragic. Drive him not into open rebellion. Once more, give us not a Beadle's March, but a Lord Mayor's Pageant.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(After a visit to the South Kensington Museum, he addresses the Editor as usual.)

FINDING that Covent Garden is successfully Babbling and Bijouing, that at Drury Lane MR. BEVERLEY is "surpassing himself" every evening, and that "MR. CHATTERTON'S Lucky Star" (how I wonder what you are) is shining nightly amidst demonstrations of satisfaction; that *Mabel's Life* is "hardly failing to become an Adelphi favourite," with its "bright sallies"—(Sallies in the Ballets?)—and its "complete triumph of mechanical art,"—vide advertisements generally for these and the following quotations;—finding that MR. WILLS's "Noble play" is every evening witnessed by tearfully sympathetic, crowded and brilliant audiences, consisting of influential families (more like influential families, if their eyes are all running) seated in new rows of stalls; finding that the Strand is fed like a Vampire (its latest burlesque but one, by the way) on the happy vein (surely the jocular vein would have been better) of

the "indefatigable MR. BYRON;" that unpuffed MR. PHELPS is Macsycephanting at the Princess's, and unpuffed PUFF (CHARLES MATHEWS) is doing great things at the Gaiety (where's your Game of Speculation?); finding that the Queen's rejoices in the liberality (of the management), and the Power, the Pathos and the Popularity of *Amos Clarke*; that MR. MONTAGUE, on his own showing, finds it utterly impossible (as other Managers have done before him) to print everything he'd like to say in public about the achievement of a success "in a new direction;" finding that the management of the Court Theatre has, and is entitled to, its own opinion on the quaint humour of one of its pieces, which is received with enthusiastic approbation every evening by every one, including the management itself, of course, and the box-keepers,—finding, I say, all persons and things theatrical reporting themselves favourably in the newspapers—an ingenious device for the nullification of much unfavourable criticism—Your Representative has nothing to do but to accept the situation, own that there never were such pieces, such actors, such artists, and such perfection generally everywhere as now, and then to look round about to see where he could represent You, Sir, to the greatest advantage. I, as Your Representative (distinctly understand that), wished to be instructed. I had tried, for You, to be amused at the theatres, but had failed. It suddenly occurred to me that MR. INYSSO had made up his face for *Charles the First* from some picture in the National Portrait Gallery. The N. P. Gallery suggested Kensington Museum to begin with. Carried, on your behalf, *nem. con.*

On a lovely morning in November of the present year, a cavalier might have been observed, and probably was, representing You in Rotten Row—not on horseback, Sir, though there You, I am sure, would prefer to be represented by a proficient—(by the way, how did you manage to sit for that equestrian portrait in the Yeomanry uniform, with which your admirers lately testimonialised you?—but to proceed)—but taking his way, aloof, towards the South Kensington Museum. Here, in the park, I noticed the gent whose horse, at three-and-six the first hour and half-a-crown the second, was too much for him at any price: here was the Groom riding gingerly, as if he were perpetually trotting up to a small fence, and never coming to it: here the handsome lady on the showy horse, whose legs were all in the air at once, conveying a notion of clockwork machinery gone wrong inside, and a spring broken somewhere: here was another groom, whose economical master won't give him a new livery, though when the wind blows his skirts back, and shows the lining, you see how badly he wants it. Then there was the lady whose groom rode beside her, and thus reminded you of MISS BRADDOX's once popular heroine, *Aurora Floyd*. Then there was the gentleman who evidently didn't ride every day, and was now clearly wishing, on account of difficulties with his hat, that he'd stayed at home on this particular morning, or that he had come out as a pedestrian, and merely talked about his horse. Then there were the couple—a lady and a gentleman—who had come out to ride together, but were never within a hundred yards of one another, when they started to canter, as they did every other five minutes, and were separated at once. Then came the stout groom, proudly patronising young master on his pony with a leading rein; while, on the gravel path, among the usual sprinkling of classes, was the old lady, as inevitable as the dog on the Derby Day, who will open her umbrella, no matter what the weather is, and startle somebody's horse.

Then there were the wooden-jointed mounted Policemen, sitting in such a manner, that if you drew an imaginary line from the tip of the Policeman's nose to the toe of his boot, it would form the base of an acute angled triangle, of which the third angle would be at the back of the saddle. With this mathematical problem solved satisfactorily, Your Representative, being clearly in a teachable frame of mind, passed rapidly on, and, at length, with that awed and humbly reverent bearing which ever distinguishes him (when not representing You, Sir), in the presence of The Classical, he stood at the lowly wooden gate of the S. K. Museum, S.W. Remembering my mission, however, I dismissed the aforesaid demeanour, and cocking my hat jauntily on one side, and taking off one glove, in an easy and familiar manner I strolled into the grounds, superciliously, as if I could have designed the whole thing, International Exhibition and Gardens on the other side of the way included, a hundred times better myself, and would alter the entire set of buildings, now, and on the spot, if they said very much to me.

O desolation! O solitude! No one spoke to me: there were none to speak; and not a sound was heard, save the solemn cracking of twenty walnuts, one after the other in succession, by two stout and serious Policemen, who were sharing a pennyworth, taking ten each. There they stood, the Gog and Magog, modernised, of South Kensington, comparing nuts. All the Policemen I noticed here were stout. Perhaps I had fallen upon one of their stout days. I am not conversant with Police regulations. Perhaps they have certain bodies of fat picked men and thin picked men. In a district where the population is thin, out comes your Fat picked man; and perhaps, just to give him exercise, he isn't doubled at night. Why not a show of Prize Policemen?

But this is levity.



EXPERIENTIA DOCET.

Elder of Fourteen. "WHERE'S BABY, MADGE?"

Madge. "IN THE OTHER ROOM, I THINK, EMILY."

Elder of Fourteen. "GO DIRECTLY, AND SEE WHAT SHE'S DOING, AND TELL HER SHE MUSTN'T!"

THE RISING OF THE WATERS.

INUNDATION! Inundation! Inundation!
 Ill-tidings on ill-tidings, in dread reduplication,
 From every nook and corner, of remote and neighbour nation—
 Tidings of rising waters, and spreading consternation!
 How the rains keep pouring, pouring,
 And the streams come roaring, roaring,
 And the sluices and the dykes, that men trusted for salvation,
 Have fallen to decay for want of timely reparation,
 Till they sap and soak and leak,
 Waxing weaker and more weak,
 And all is tears and terror, and dismay and desolation:

Inundation, Inundation, Inundation!
 From every creed and calling comes the cry of innovation.
 The sound of bursting bulwarks, forces new to calculation,
 Sweeping before them wreck'd beliefs, put to too fierce probation!
 And still the tocsin's mouth,
 East and west, and north and south,
 Proclaims the awful tidings of swift disintegration
 Of some rampart that seemed steady while all round was agitation,
 Till men ask is aught to trust 'twixt the diamond and the dust—
 Is there truth, or faith, or barrier, for man, or church, or nation?

Parliament out of Session.

THE Right Honourable Gentleman said it had been asked what, if we were to persevere in the policy of concession instanced by submitting the Alabama Claims and the San Juan Question to arbitration, for the maintenance of peace at any price, would be the use of continuing to go to the expense of building iron-clads upon iron-clads, and multiplying rams, torpedoes, and all the other costly munitions of war? The use was that, when the limits of all possible concession shall have been reached by our having yielded everything demanded of us, those armaments will enable us to defend our shores in the event of invasion, after all.

THE DANGERS OF TEA-DRINKING.

TEETOTALLERS are continually warning people of the poisons which they say are always lurking in all alcoholic drinks; but it may be questioned if tea be any whit less noxious than beer, or wine, or spirits, at least when it is purchased at a common grocer's shop. Out of twenty-seven specimens of tea tested recently in Glasgow, we find it stated in the *Globe* that only six were genuine, and the others were composed of such ingredients as these:—

"Iron, plumbago, chalk, China clay, sand, Prussian blue, turmeric, indigo, starch, gypsum, catechu, gum, the leaves of the *Camellia Sasanqua*, *Chloranthus officinalis*, elm, oak, willow, poplar, elder, beech, hawthorn, and aloe."

Old jokers often say that tea is a aloe poison, but when tea is made of aloe-leaves mixed with turmeric, plumbago, indigo and Prussian blue, it can hardly be considered a fit matter for a joke. "Tea veniente die, tea decedente" is the drink of other than teetotalers; but certainly the less they take of it the better, unless by testing they assure themselves that it is really tea they take.

THE NEGRO CAPACITY.

THE NAME OF STANLEY, celebrated in "the last words of *Marmion*," has derived fresh lustre from the achievement effected by an American namesake of the EARL OF DERBY in discovering DR. LIVINGSTONE. MR. H. M. STANLEY, on the night of Wednesday last week, delivered his second lecture at St. James's Hall, of course to hearers who crowded it closely, and enthusiastically applauded him. During the gallant explorer's discourse, according to a contemporary:—

"The little black boy from Central Africa, KULULU, was on the platform, and was brought especially under the notice of the audience as having, on the first evening of their camping on a fine hunting-ground, eaten the whole of a young boar."

This was indeed going the whole hog. MR. STANLEY had perhaps never seen that exploit physically performed before; no, not in America.



THE RETURN OF ULYSSES.

BRITANNIA. "AH, MY DEAR! I WAS CERTAIN YOU WOULDN'T TURN AWAY THE GENERAL. HE MAY SMOKE TOO MUCH, AND BE TOO FOND OF HIS RELATIONS; BUT, AT ANY RATE, HE'S BEEN A GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT TO YOU!"

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



RIGHTLY Happy Thought.

—Country Farm Cottage settled. I am now Mister Landed Proprietor. Four acres all my own. Intend to have board up with "Beware of the Dog." By the way I must get a dog. Ought to have very savage one. ENGLEMORE says when he hears this, "Yes, get a sort of Mister Pincher." Notice to Burglars—No Admittance.

It's a very lonely spot. No habitation within a mile or more, except a pot-house. Old woman who keeps the house tells me that they always look up early in the winter. Why? Oh! she replies, some queer characters about them. "Queer Characters" sounds as if the lanes were filled with Guy Fawkeses.

I don't like this account of the place. Nothing

was said on this subject before I took it. It was not so mentioned in the bond, I mean lease. The Landlord and his Solicitor—a Solicitor always appears where there's anything to sign—met me and my Solicitor—and we really could have met one another without any legal assistance, being neither of us inclined to take the other at a disadvantage—and when I observed that Nook Farm was in rather a lonely situation, ENGLEMORE, also present as *amicus curiæ*, said, "So much the better—not overlooked. Don't you see? Any little games in the garden, and no one to look out of Mister Second-floor Back and say, 'Hallo, Tommy!'" I admitted then, as did the Landlord and the two Solicitors, that this absence of an inquisitive and objectionable neighbour (as anyone would be who called out to you, "Hallo, Tommy!" from an upper storey) was certainly an advantage. "Exactly," said ENGLEMORE, triumphantly; "then there you are." There was, evidently, nothing further to be said on the subject. The Landlord undertook all repairs, which accounts for my finding a carpenter in the house rattling door-handles, and working locks backwards and forwards, apparently trying to find out how little work he can do in the house without absolutely nullifying his contract with the Landlord.

I believe now, with my experience, that this crafty artificer took this opportunity of laying the foundation for many of my subsequent inconveniences. I write this after the event, and retrospectively. He'd got, as the list for repairs worded it, "to make good" a lot of things, such as window-frames, sashes and fastenings, rollers for blinds, bells, locks, all stipulated for in detail, "to be done and finished in a proper and workmanlike manner." What he "made good" I have never been exactly able to discover. My impression is that when he caught my eye, on any visit of inspection to see how things were getting on, he assumed "a proper and workmanlike manner," as stated in the agreement: in fact, when I was looking on he was "making it good," and when I wasn't he was "making it bad."

How he must have smiled in his shirt-sleeve (having on no coat—a garment which he only adopted out-of-doors in unprofessional intervals) when, on taking possession, I expressed my unbounded delight and satisfaction with all the window-blinds, frames, sashes, and fastenings as aforesaid. How pleased I was (and he too—the villain!) when I found that I could lock and unlock a door (having expected difficulties in this line), and with what a knowing air I remarked, that the bells seemed to go a trifle stiffly at first, "but," said SLYBOOTS, the Carpenter, "they'll work easier in time;" and how I rang 'em all in turn, one after the other, as a "ringing in the new tenant"—which I fancy is some sort of ancient ceremony, as the name has quite a familiar sound, unless I am thinking of a Curate "reading himself in"—and perhaps I am. However, when SLYBOOTS, the Carpenter saw me so intent on the renovations, didn't he distract my attention by calling upon me to notice how he'd repaired a skirting-board here, and another there, and how the front door could be bolted easily, and how he'd made the back door, which had previously caused much vexation and annoyance, now quite a pleasure to open and shut—didn't he, I say, dilate upon all these improvements until I felt inclined to weep on his shoulder, and say, "You really have done too much—

too much—I didn't expect it of you—bless you."—Bah! I do wish my Aunt had been at home. She'd have had no romantic notions on the subject, but would have insisted upon examining everything, and wouldn't have let that Carpenter go until she'd worried him into "making good" everything, all round. He'd have met his match.

Then there are, I notice on my visit, plasterers and masons all in league against me, but apparently setting to work with a will. They are all "making good," but not making better, which is in reason the spirit, though not the letter, of the Landlord's contract.

Next important matter is a Gardener, and Stable-man. The query occurs, if I keep Mr. Pig who's to look after him? The Gardener or the Stableman? In a book on farming I recollect seeing that there is a regular Pig-man kept, just as there is a Cow-herd for cows.

A propos of pigs, what a very obstinate person the "pig-headed Lady" must have been.

Happy Thought.—Swine-herd. Advertise for a Swine-herd:—"Wanted, in a Gentleman's family, a Swine-herd, who will have no objection to milking a Cow." That's to say, "to save x's," as ENGLEMORE would phrase it, a Swine-herd who doesn't mind being a Cow-herd. Must keep two pigs at least; with power to add to their number.

This consideration leads to others. On whom are the various duties to fall?

For instance, Pigs? Well, to the Swine-herd. Cows? To the Cow-herd. Poultry to the Poulterer. Or, let me see—ain't it a Poultry-woman who looks after fowls? Fowls to the Fowler. [I suppose, though, that those coostermongery-looking sort of fellows who go out in the neighbourhood of London, with nets and cages for larks, are Fowlers. But larks are not fowls. Perhaps they used to be in old days. *Memo. Ask DARWIN.*] I remember the title of some book which would be very serviceable just now; I fancy it was *The Little Poultry Woman's Guide*; only, I'm afraid it rather treated it as fun for children, and looked upon the poultry hutch as an amusing accessory to the doll's house.

Happy Thought.—The mention of Fowlers and Larks, *à propos* of farming, reminds me, suddenly, that, years ago, the faithful HERR VON JOEL used to give imitations of a farm-yard, in which he certainly did introduce a lark (it was his *chef d'œuvre*, in fact, and concluded the entertainment), which was very much applauded by the country gentlemen who frequented EVANS's in those good old days. So that, as those country gentlemen must have known what was correct in a farm-yard, ain't it likely that the Fowler who kept the poultry was also the man they employed to catch larks? (Don't see my way clearly in this, but more on this subject under "F. Farming, Fowling," in *Typical Developments*, Vol. XV., p. 22, Ch. VI., when I've leisure.)

Must write to TELFORD, and two other country friends who farm, to know what is absolutely necessary. Pigs: say two to begin with. Poultry: two to begin with. Cows: well, here again, two to begin with. Stop!

Happy Thought.—Why not two of everything to begin with? On consideration, this sounds like copying NOAH's Ark; and my Aunt, being strict on these points, mightn't like it when I tell her.

One thing is positively requisite—to make a list—to begin with. Two lists to begin with? Yes; one, and a copy. Good. Alphabetically; taking everything in order, and so see exactly what I want.

Commence List; heading it "Things Wanted for Nook Farm and Dairy." Alphabetically taken. Commence with (of course) "A." What does "A" stand for? Animals. Yes, true; but when I write Animals it will include all the other letters of the alphabet at once. What can I put under "A"?

Happy Thought.—Ass. Must have a Donkey for cart . . . and generally so useful. Donkey will carry two baskets for little UNCLE JACK and GIL, when they arrive, to ride about in. (N.B. Must send for J. and G. at once). If I put Donkey under "A," what shall I have when I come to "D"? No, on consideration, keep Donkey for "D," and try something else for "A." Let's see . . . it must come in time; and these things aren't to be done in a hurry. "A." Apes. No, not on a farm. (Might ask DARWIN, though, whether there's any chance of their becoming Cows, if fed properly.)

Happy Thought.—"A" for Aviary, and naturally enough "B" for Birds. There you are. By the way, though, what Birds? . . . "B" also stands for Bull. Dangerous thing to keep a Bull.

List so far. A for Aviary. B, Birds and Bull (with a query to Bull). C, evidently Cocks. It's quite a pity that "H" in this instance doesn't come next to "C." Better bracket them together. C and H. Cocks and Hens. Now go back to D. D, Donkey. E, Eagles (?). No. Pass over E. F, Fowls. C and H though would be included under F. Begin again. A, Aviary. B, Birds. C (refer to F). D, Donkey. E (uncertain). F (refer to C and H). G, Gooseberry bushes, Greensages, Grass, &c. H (refer to F and C). Cocks and Hens; also Hothouses; also Horses. Quite forgot Horses till this minute. "I," Implements. Must fill this list out;



A SETTLEMENT.

Plump Pater. "I DON'T OBJECT TO YOUR SON, SIR, BUT IT APPEARS TO ME THE YOUNG PEOPLE WILL HAVE NOTHING UNTIL AFTER OUR DEATHS! NOW, I AM GOOD FOR THE NEXT TWENTY YEARS. HOW LONG DO YOU MEAN TO LIVE?"

[*Thin Pater fails to admire problem.*]

thinking it over carefully. At present I don't see anything until P, which stands for Pigs, Potatoes, Parsley, Pheasants, Plums, Pickles, Pears, Peacocks, Peas, &c., &c. Odd! Everything suddenly appears to begin with "P." Such a run on this letter. Shall end by spelling Farm—Pharm.

Happy Thought.—Compile a book on Farming, to be called *The Modern Pharmacopœia*. . . . So much to begin with.

SEASONABLE INTELLIGENCE.

MY DEAR MR. ALDERMAN PUNCH,

THE advent of Lord Mayor's Day leads me to ponder with especial interest on the following information, which I find in the *Observer*:—

"The best green-backed turtle can only be obtained off the coasts of the outlying islands in the Caribbean Sea, called the Caymans, or in the deep water of the coast of the Spanish Main, near Greytown and thereabouts."

Greedy as I am of every morsel of intelligence upon this entrancing subject, I can gulp down the word "outlying" as a substitute for "outlying," and proceed with quickened appetite to swallow the next scraps of information:—

"The fish are brought to London in vessels fitted with tanks, by means of which they are kept alive during the voyages. On their arrival in England the turtles are transferred to large heated ponds or tanks, where they are well fed and speedily regain any strength they may have lost through confinement on the voyage."

Delightful reading this, Sir, to a man of tender feeling, and of pretty tough digestion. How pleasant it is to reflect that such considerate pains are taken to make the turtles comfortable while in their transit hitherward, and that, after their arrival on our hospitable shores, no cost is spared to shield them from the rudeness of our climate! One pictures with delight the meeting of the turtles in their warm and cosy tanks, where they may shake fins with one another after their long voyage, and wag their tails while they exchange their little anecdotes of travel. Nor is it less delightful to the sym-

pathising mind of a man with a keen appetite, to consider that the strangers are well fed on their arrival, and soon recruit their shattered strength, and fill their shells with verdant fat by the good cheer that is given them. To the man of real feeling this is sunshine to the spirit; but alas! the sunshine is checkered by a cloud:—

"Only a small portion of the fish is used in the preparation of the famous turtle soup. This is the glutinous part to be found between the shell and the fish. A large proportion of the flesh is consequently sent to Kingston, Jamaica, where the meat is saleable at about 4d. a pound."

How sad a thing it is to think that turtles are not wholly glutinous! O that their too, too solid flesh would melt in the mouth, like their adorable green fat! What a noble benefactor would that man be to his species who could invent a way of turning turtles' meat to soup, or else of so increasing their natural obesity that they became entirely pinguiculate and their flesh grew into fat! Such a consummation is the more devoutly to be wished, inasmuch as we are told that:—

"In the opinion of persons engaged in the trade, the supply of turtle is by no means inexhaustible."

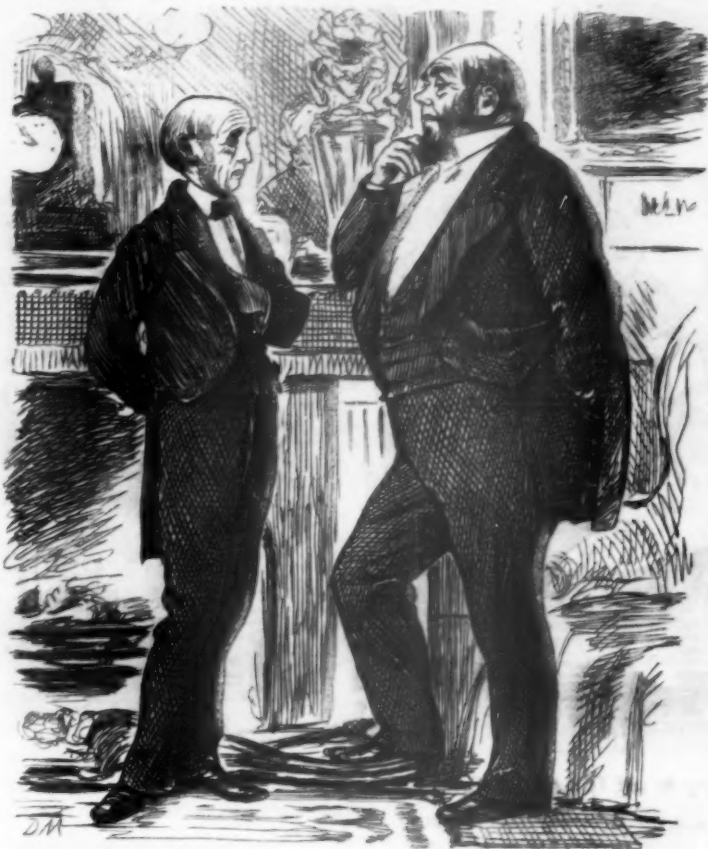
Another cloud, and a still darker one, upon the sunshine I have mentioned. Who that loves good living can read this mournful news and not feel a pang of anguish at the thought which it awakens? What would life be without turtle, one may tearfully reflect, and who can tell but one may live till turtles are extinct? Coal is deemed to be exhaustible, but there are substitutes for coal: with wood, or peat, or even sea-weed one could contrive to make a fire, and stew a turtle into soup. But when turtles are exhausted, of what use will be our coal, and who can hope to find a substitute for their delicious fat?

Believe me then, in sorrow, yours reflectingly,
Finland Villa, Friday.

EPICURUS SOUPATURUS.

BY WESTBURY THE ORTHODOX.

THE MODERN "NOVATION" HEREST.—Passing a policy-holder on from one Company to another without his consent.



THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

"Big Mr. Hawkins (sententiously). "DO YOU KNOW, MR. JAWKINS, IT HAS OFTEN STRUCK ME THAT ONE MAN'S FOOD MAY BE ANOTHER MAN'S POISON!"

"Little Mr. Jarkins (more sententiously). "WELL, I WON'T GO SO FAR AS TO SAY THAT, MR. HAWKINS. BUT I AM CERTAINLY OF OPINION THAT WHAT MAY PROVE EMINENTLY BENEFICIAL TO THE HEALTH—A—OF ONE INDIVIDUAL—A—MAY PROVE EXTREMELY DETRIMENTAL, AND, INDEED, ABSOLUTELY FATAL TO ANOTHER INDIVIDUAL—A—DIFFERENTLY CONSTITUTED—A!"

MINISTERIAL DANCE-MUSIC.

At a place in Arundel Street, Strand, under the Presidency of MR. BEALES (Master of Arts), the *Pall Mall Gazette* said the other day in a Note:—

"Among the fashionable arrangements advertised for next week is 'a soirée, concert, and ball,' at two shillings a head, including tea, 'to celebrate the peaceful settlement of the Alabama dispute and the second anniversary of the Workmen's Peace Association.'"

Arrangements now fashionable among such people as workmen and workwomen in Arundel Street, Strand, include one particular suggesting ideas which an attempt to carry out might be made, with a view to setting the fashion in a higher quarter. A series of Peace Society's Balls might be given in certain political circles of the superior classes. One speciality distinctive of Peace Dancing ought to be a reformed nomenclature of Dance-Music. Gentility has heretofore been accustomed to dance to tunes many of them associated with war. The higher orders have hitherto used to trip it on the light fantastic toe to measures occasionally named after sanguinary battles, Alma, Inkermann, Solferino, and so on, although, by the way, as yet, Paris has sent us no composition of this kind bearing the name of Sedan. But now, instead of appellations derived from triumphs of arms, your composers for the legs might distinguish their works by titles commemorating the satisfactory settlement of disputes by arbitration. *Alabama* quadrilles, and a *San Juan* waltz would just now, perhaps, be popular among the Ministerial Section of the better sort of people. But America has no com-

posers of even Dance-Music. Otherwise we should now perhaps be seeing that waltz and those quadrilles commended to Nobility by advertisements announcing them to be arranged "as danced at the Mobility's balls."

MALA FIDE TRAVELLERS.

(*Unlicensed by the Laureate.*)

LATE, late, past ten, so dark the night and chill.
Late, late, eleven, but we can enter still.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!

No thought had we the night was so far spent,
And, hearing this, the Bobby will relent.
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!

No beer, though late, and dark, and chill the night.
O let us in, and we will not get tight!
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!

A glass of gin to-night would be so sweet.
O let us in, that we may have it neat!
Too late, too late, ye cannot enter now!

DINNER FOR THE "H"-LESS.

GOOD EDUCATIONAL COURSE FOR AN UNEDUCATED COCKNEY.—
An *itch-bore*.

A MISSION FOR MEN AND BROTHERS.

GOING, all of Love and Mercy,
On a mission, Public dear,
Nought to profit MAMMON'S purse he
Goeth, lo SIR BARTLE FREERE!
'Tis a statesman valuable,
Envoy whom you send afar
'Mongst your fierce and formidable
Flesh and blood to Zanzibar.

In their fellow-men they traffic;
He departs to stop that trade;
And will need a tongue seraphic
Heaven hearers to persuade.
May his words convey conviction
To their softened hearts of stone!
May he win them by mere diction;
By the strength of speech alone!

To our sable Kind in duty
We, beloved, ne'er must lack,
Irrespectively of beauty,
Notwithstanding they are black.
But the cost of keeping niggers
In their skins free wilds to rove,
O reduce to lowest figures!
Ah, 't were best done all for love!

Too, too little for black Brothers,
Though we try with'all our might,
Can we care, or e'en for others
Who are in our midst, and white.
Of you all, sweet friends, whichever
For a dog's loss, though so sad,
He could cry, with best endeavour
Could lament a human Cad?

You it may, but should not, startle,
If, as possibly they will,
Circumstances shall SIR BARTLE
Force to run us up a bill.
May just Rulers place all under
That new load incurred for Blacks;
Further still one class not plunder
By an increased Income-tax.

The Chace.

MRS. MALAPROP, who is a staunch upholder of the Establishment, has been greatly shocked to hear that in some parts of the country they hunt with packs of Beadles! She wonders what the Bishops and Congregation are about, to allow such extraordinary proceedings.



"PITY THE POOR TEACHER."

Teacher. "AND WHAT ARE THE FOUR QUARTERS OF THE WORLD?"

First Pupil. "PLEASE, TEACHER, AIR, EARTH, FIRE, AND WATER."

Second Pupil (eagerly). "NO, TEACHER,—MATTHEW, MARK, LUKE, AND JOHN."

THE HYDE PARK PILLAR.

THERE is a Stone, Rosetta high;
There's Cleopatra's Needle;
A Stone yeapt the Moabite;
A Stone we'll name the Beadle;
By one this last set up to mark
The bounds for stump-oration,
When mobs assemble in Hyde Park
To make a "demonstration."

The menace which that Stone surmounts
Has been by Patriots slighted.
With Fenian Roughs it nothing counts;
And AYATON's hopes are blighted.
And so, since it has failed to scare
Democracy ungentle,
That Stone's as little useful there
As it is ornamental.

Remove it then, that laughing-stock
In eyes of all who scan it.
Cart o'er the way that Beadle's block
Of *brutum fulmen* granite.
It is an object, though of fun,
Historical; there stow it.
And, housed among South Kensington
Museum's treasures, show it.

MORAL FOR MILLIONAIRES.

BOUNDLESS benevolence necessitates boundless avarice. To do no end of good you must get no end of money. It requires very much indeed to make one's self as happy as one could wish, but to render others so too, an infinity.

MEMS. FOR "MY LORDS."

ONE gun that will pierce, mind, is worth any number
Which will not, and an iron-clad vessel encumber.
Too small to be hit, with one gun, one gunboat
May be more than a match for the best ship afloat.
The smaller the boat, and the bigger the gun,
The more damage she'll do, and the less risk she'll run.
In one little boat, hands, themselves very few,
Might send to the bottom a big ship's whole crew.
The lightest of boats, you must see, if you think,
Outweighs any, the heaviest, ship she can sink.

Legal News.

THIS advertisement appeared in a contemporary last week:

WIG.—Gentleman, having Cast-Off Wig, will be glad to give it to a deserving person needing one, who can be well recommended. Address No. Office.

A copy of this was thoughtfully enclosed to the ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who wrote a most graceful note to LORD PENZANCE, declining the article proffered by his Lordship. It has not, however, gone long a begging.

Refreshing Slumber.

WE put it to ARCHDEACON DENISON himself whether he would not look upon it as a venial offence if a conscientious, right-minded man, after reading steadily through the Thirty-Nine Articles, were to take Forty Winks.

CHRONOLOGY.

June 18.—Victory of Waterloo.

November 9.—Triumph of Waterlow.



LOGICAL.

First Young Gent. "O, MY DEAR FELLOW, DINING OUT LAST NIGHT—ACCOUNTS FOR YOUR BEING 'SEEDY.' TOOK TOO MUCH WINE, OF COURSE!"

Second Young Gent. "O NO, IT WASN'T THE WINE. BESIDES, I COULDN'T HAVE DRUNK TOO MUCH, 'CAUSE I'M AS THIRSTY AS POSSIBLE NOW!"

OUR MAYORS.

NOVEMBER having again brought round the show of chrysanthemums in the Temple Gardens, and the election of those Chief Magistrates in our Boroughs and Cities whom Mrs. MALAPROP has been known to designate as Provincial Magnets, Mr. Punch, always prompt to discharge a duty which only comes once a year, has carefully examined, with a very powerful glass, such lists of the new Mayors as have attracted his notice, in order to form some conclusion as to the manner in which the various municipalities, scattered over the tract of country lying between the Border and the Land's End, will be governed during the ensuing year.

It is gratifying to remark that a large number of Mayors have been re-elected on account of their affability, hospitality, wisdom, wealth, and imposing personal appearance; but Barnsley (and some other towns) has preferred a Newiman. Colchester bows to a Bishop—the Establishment must not be unduly elated, for Torrington bends before a Chapple—while Southport contents itself with a Squire, and York with a Steward. Leicester, as the capital of a great hunting county, very properly chooses to follow the lead of Foxton, and Leeds, whose fame has hitherto been thought to rest more upon broad cloth than broad acres, gives itself up to the guidance of Oxley. Liverpool may think Samuelson betokens great antiquity; but such a comparatively small place as Tynemouth far outstrips it with Adamson. There is a Bird at Deal—safe enough, for the Fowler is a long way off, as far north as Durham. They have probably heard the remark before, but the Conservatives at Stamford will not object to be told again, that they have put the Wright Man in the right place. If, unhappily, any differences should arise at Monmouth between the bakers and their customers, they must refer it to Rolla. The boys of Evesham will have to be careful what they are doing, and not throw stones or let off squibs, for Byrch is an ominous name. Clements is supreme in the ancient borough of Kingston—

TEMPLARS AND TEMPERANCE.

A CERTAIN Judge used to say that there was no such a thing as bad wine. All wines, he said, were good, only some wines were better than others. He was a good Judge. Mind, he said, wines, and, as a lawyer said what he meant to say—wines, and not vinous official shams. Yes, he was a good Judge. He never got drunk. Wine never made him. It never does make any good Judge drunk. All British Judges are good Judges, and always were. JEFFREYS was the exception that proves the rule. British Judges are, and ever were, all sober. Hence the proverb, "Sober as a Judge," because it is seen that no amount of wine that a Judge may drink can make him drunk.

A large number of Judges dined on Thursday evening last at the "Grand Day" Banquet in the "Ancient Hall of the Inn" of the Middle Temple. There did they take not only their ease in their Inn, but also their wine, as they are accustomed to do. Now, then, since their Inn was that of the Middle Temple, how groundless, as well as arrogant and insulting, is the assumption of which a section of teetotal fanatics are guilty in professing a distinctive sobriety, by calling themselves "Good Templars"! Genuine Good Templars practise Temperance, not Teetotalism.

Exemplary Prelate.

ACCORDING to the *Manchester Guardian*, DR. THIRLWALL is going to resign the Bishopric of St. David's for fear lest, by-and-by, infirmities should incapacitate him for its duties. The Church can afford to wait till they do. It is said that the BISHOP OF ST. DAVID'S was originally a Barrister, and his utterances, in both speech and writing, evince a logic which distinguishes the legal from the clerical (and the female) mind. His faculties, as yet, remain unimpaired, and particularly his moral sense, which, in the case of most Bishops and other clergymen, is apt to get weakened or warped by habitual dogmatism, the thoughtless or unconscious practice of continually asserting opinions as facts. The Church will find it difficult to obtain a successor to DR. THIRLWALL as singular as he is in that respect.

CHANGE OF LIVING.

"THE seventeen Diets of Austria"! The people of that country are fortunate in having so many varieties of food. We hope to taste a few of them, next summer, at the Vienna Exhibition.

upon-Thames; but troublesome persons must not presume on this, or forget that clemency is only one of the qualifications of an efficient magistrate; and if there is an unruly element in the population of Truro, it had better remember that the Mayor there will be Heard. It will excite no surprise to hear that Lancaster for the third time has stuck to Cotton—the capital of Lancashire could not make a more fitting choice; and the Army will be glad to know that the abolition of Purchase is not universal—certainly it has not extended to Romsey.

Hoping that the Mayor of Lincoln will not find himself Hughes-ed up at the expiration of his term of office; indicating that the Mayor of Cambridge is at once a Master of Arts, a Conservative, a Barrister, a Recorder, and a Naylor; mentioning that there is a man of Mark at Dartmouth; noting that it will not be surprising if, for the next twelve months, the common formula of "By George!" give place to "By McGeorge!" in the loyal old town of Newark; and observing that geographical divisions have been so far disregarded as to unite Ireland to Brighton, Whitby to Yeovil, and Yorke to Penzance,—Mr. Punch takes the Loving Cup in both hands, and drinks to the health of all Mayors and Mayoresses, coupling with the toast the name of MR. ALDERMAN CLARKE, now, for the ninth time, Mayor of Saffron Walden.

Great News.

THERE are good times coming. *Mal de mer* is likely to be abolished by MR. BESSEMER (we were not equally glad to read, in a review of MR. DARWIN'S new book, that blushing "seems likely to be lost," ELKANOR, and ALICE, and ISABEL, and a great many more looking so charming under flying colours); and "Foot-warmers are now supplied to all third-class passengers upon the Great Northern Railway." We shall yet live to see the streets kept tolerably clean.

Punch at Lunch.



Our French friends relax nothing of their wonted vigilance and accuracy in reporting English news. You know, *Tobias*, that to Zanzibar we send out an Envoy, who is to stop the East African Slave Trade. The admirably chosen person is Sir BARTLE FRERE. The French papers say that we have dispatched the BARTLE BROTHERS.

"Tunding"—is the word related to "Contunding?"—is a brutality, in the way of chastisement, inflicted by the big lads on the little ones at Winchester School. Remonstrance, addressed to bigotry, is useless—the allowing head boys to thrash others has always been practised—works well—men speak kindly of their old school—and all the rest of the

cant. But Mr. DISRAELI gave one big school (it is reformed now, so I won't name it) a damaging blow by stating in a novel that it was so—something—"low." Let it get about that Winchester School is low,—can anything be lower than the permitting brutality?—and—you'll see. This warning is well intended, and I don't care whether, as SHAKESPEARE has it,—

"Some galled goose of Winchester may hiss."

Events in France remind me of a picture in one of my earlier volumes. Young mistress, engaging a cook, hears that the latter has changed her situation very often. "Five places in six months! Isn't that rather—?" "Ah, M'm, but my missuses was such young doocoes." France is settling the sixteenth Constitution she has had in eighty years.

Boston, Lincolnshire, has been the first to come to the aid of Boston, Mass., after the terrible fire. Well done, English Boston. You remember that your American namesake sent you a generous help towards repairing your beauteous church, which you call the "Stoomp." A very noble *jeu de Boston*.

The coins exhibited at the new Guildhall Library, whereof more anon, are very interesting. But I should like to see a large collection of English medals. Some of them are very pleasing. I want to look at one which represents the drawing and quartering of GRANDVAL, who conspired to kill KING WILLIAM THE THIRD. I wish more of these medallion memoranda were made. The beautiful art will go out like that of seal engraving. We do things, why not record them? Where's the Australian Telegraph Medal? However, I'll have a Centenary medal which shall be an event in itself. You just wait, as the Catholic said to the Protestant.

My eye was ranging down the columns of a newspaper the other day, and came upon this:—

Ulinengo.—Hoy! Hoy!
Chorus.—Hoy! Hoy!
 Hoy! Hoy!
Chorus.—Hoy! Hoy!
 Hoy! Hoy!
Chorus.—Hoy! Hoy!
 Where are you going?
Chorus.—Going to war.
 Against whom?
Chorus.—Against Mirambo.
 Who is your master?
Chorus.—The White Man.
 Ough! Ough!
Chorus.—Ough! Ough!
 Hyah! Hyah!
Chorus.—Hyah! Hyah!

I naturally thought that a delightful new burlesque had been produced somewhere, and I looked on for the announcement that it was a brilliant success, that the above song had been encoored five

times, and that the audience had been in raptures. I was so disappointed, you can't think, to find that the lyric is one of the songs of the African savages described by Mr. STANLEY. And he unkindly calls the affair "ridiculous." He is evidently unacquainted with dramatic art.

Silver Wedding—charming. Golden Wedding—affecting. But Diamond Wedding, no, come. When it gets to that I should think people may have had enough of one another, and that diamond might out diamond. On second thoughts, that sentiment is worthier of you, *Toby*, than of myself.

England and Portugal have agreed on an Arbitration, and M. ADOLPHE THIERS, the astute, is to be the Umpire. One would not be rude, but GEORGE MEREDITH, in the *Shaving of Shagpat*, asks a question:—

"When for one Serpent were Two Ases match?"

Suppose the President discovers that the subject of quarrel belongs to—France?

Lawyers are thought to be somewhat worldly, and not to discourse sentiment. Were you not charmed to read that at the feast in the Temple the other night, LORD SELBORNE mentioned that his neighbours at dinner had been discussing WORDSWORTH? I wonder what they quoted? Did any gentleman say that less good can be done by "all the pride of intellect and thought" than with

"A few strong instincts and a few plain rules?"

PROFESSOR FARADAY delivered a famous lecture on the Conservation of Forces. I heard it, and was the only person in the room, except the lecturer, who understood it. Somebody should give one on the Conservation of Forces. I see that ALFRED BURN'S translation, called *My Neighbour's Wife*, has survived to be revived. About a hundred years ago, or so, this farce was instanced by an American traveller as a proof that English audiences loved vice and vulgarity. It is harmless enough, and, if well played, as funny as most farces. BENTLEY used to be as good in it as he was bad in serious business. JOHN COOPER, the decorous, seemed to enjoy the lapse into slight non-conjugalities. I think the piece used to be played with the *Jewess*, which has not been equalled since, as at once an exciting play and a grand spectacle. MISS ELLEN TREE'S Hebrew maiden was a thing never to be forgotten; and VANDENHOFF, the tortured Jew, whose children had been burned—but I will not deliver to you a lecture on the drama of ancient days.

DEFOE says that a fit of the gout clears the frame, restores the memory, and enables one to make a number of curious and useful reflections. On the first two points he is right. Ear-witnesses inform me that the reflections I indulge in upon such occasions are more remarkable for their curiousness than their utility.

A deservedly needy musician begged ingeniously. He wrote to a friend three times for money, and the third time he said, "I am sure you will now send. After three whole notes, a half note must come."

Do you know that the word *Libertine* is derived from the Latin *libertinus*, signifying a freed-man; that is, one of the Middle Class? Our own is so intensely virtuous that it can afford to remember this.

My friend SIR ARTHUR HELPS says:—"Read one hundred good books, and you will probably know about all that has been done or thought in the world." He is right. Sixty-two of them are behind you there, *Toby*, and there will be another at Christmas.

What a comfort is disrobing after the dull party, and before the bright fire! When, as my friend LORD HOUGHTON admirably says,

"A man's Best Things are nearest him,
 Lie close about his foot."

The letter X is a bothersome letter for makers of Alphabet rhymes and such like rubbish. The folks who wrote the New England Primer cut the knot somewhat easily:—

"X.
 "XERXES did die,
 And so must I."

Here, if you please, is an Editor with a becomingly defiant spirit. I find the passage in a colonial paper:—

"The epithets with which our gentlemanly conduct and mental abilities are stigmatised, we can well afford to bear at the hands of a city, of which we, with but few exceptions, constitute the only persons possessing any intellectual and social position whatsoever."



APPALLING MENACE.

Mr. Punch. "ALL VERY WELL TO SAY 'CHEER UP!' BUT IF THIS SORT OF WEATHER GOES ON HERE, I'M FOR AUSTRALIA. I'LL MANAGE ENGLAND BY TELEGRAPH. SPLENDID HOT SUNSHINE IN AUSTRALIA, SIR, WAS REPORTED AT THE TELEGRAPH BANQUET ON FRIDAY NIGHT—MESSAGE SENT IN AN HOUR. I'LL GO, SIR; SEE IF I DON'T!"

[Exit, growling hideously.]

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Mem. Have sent for little UNCLAS JACK and GILL to come to the Nook. They are coming: like Christmas, and the Campbells, oh dear! oh dear!

While Nooking I have lodged in town, and have run down every day to the Nook to see how things are getting on. Things don't get on very much. To expedite matters, I take on the old woman *pro tem* till I get servants, and furnish my bed-room.

Happy Thought.—Household proverb. Furnish a Bed-room—the Dining-room will take care of itself.

No Gardener as yet. No Pony, no Pig, in fact, at present, nothing under the letter P. Happening to pass a Nurseryman's within three miles of the Nook, it occurs to me that I might hire a Gardener from this establishment. It chanced that Mr. GUTCH, the head man, is on the spot, at tea. I tell him that I want some Gardener—which sounds, after saying it, as if I'd gone to a grocer's and asked for some currants, and I seem naturally to expect the reply, "Some Gardener? Yes; how much?"—But Mr. GUTCH doesn't take this view of it. He only eyes two geraniums in pots, and rubs his unshaven chin with his right hand meditatively. Presently, he observes that he supposes I want some men to put my garden in order. I reply to this "Yes," and really it suddenly appears to me that I've been making quite a fuss about nothing. Mr. GUTCH, still rubbing his chin, and consulting the wishes of the two geraniums—he evidently understands the language of flowers—wishes to know what sized garden mine may be? I am tempted, I own it, to magnify this to GUTCH by mentioning the acreage of the entire estate. I do not, however, and limit my reply to about two acres, whereupon Mr. GUTCH thinks that it would be better if his foreman came over to see it. Agreed. To-morrow. Time fixed. Business done. Exit myself. GUTCH takes up the two geraniums fondly and carries them

off with him to tea. End of scene between me and the Nursery Gardener.

On returning to Nook I find a packet containing two books, and a sort of invoice from ENGLEMORE:—

"Here you are: Two books, 'The Flower Garden, and How to Flower it'; 'The Kitchen Garden, and how to Kitchen it.' Also BUNGAY'S List: Major Seeds and how to sow him. I know an Amateur farmer and stockbroker all in one. Bulls on change, Cows in the country. Introduce him? Wire back to

"Your Little

"ENGLEMORE."

Will dive into the books on my return. BUNGAY'S List looks attractive on the outside, there being a coat-of-arms—BUNGAY'S perhaps—and the pictures of two Exhibition medals, gained by BUNGAY for turnips, or something in that line.

I notice at a cursory and superficial glance that the List is illustrated, and that BUNGAY has treated his plants and vegetables as if they were his children, giving them all his name. For instance, under the letter A. (for BUNGAY goes in on my plan, I am glad to see, of alphabetical order, which, as he is a great professional Gardener, and I'm only beginning, is flattering to my instincts,) he begins with—

ASPARAGUS. Bungay's Improved Purple-Topped (Prize, 1860).

BEANS. The Bungay.

" The Ornamental Bungay's Own.

" The Improved Wanderer (Bungay).

BEET. Bungay's Giant Egyptian Blue.

" Bungay's Miniature Turnip.

" King of the Bungays (Prize, 1862. Birmingham).

BROCCOLI. Bungay's Chinese Hybrid.

CUCUMBER. Bungay's Mammoth Snowball.

" The Hero (Bungay).

" Quocly Sau Bungay's Milky Chinese.

" Swiss Bungay's Early Scarlet.

CABBAGE. Bungay's Incomparable Nosebag.

" Bungay's Prolific Climax (Prize, 1861. London).

Some great subjects, evidently begging verbal description, require pictorial explanation, as I notice in the case with Bungay's *Speckled Negro*, which occupies a whole page, representing beans all a-growing and a-blowing. Then the *Purple-Podded Wonder* (some relation, I fancy, to the *Negro* just mentioned), is described, under a picture of itself, as "a very heavy cropper."

Happy Thought.—Mem. for the hunting-field. Instead of saying to a fellow who has come head first over a nasty place, "You've come a very heavy cropper," a man with a taste for gardening would say, "Hallo! You've come quite a Purple-podded Wonder, eh?"

Bungay's Champion, next described on his list, is, odd to say, a Runner. Sounds more like a Coward than a Champion. BUNGAY is a man of exuberant fancy, and you might almost imagine he'd compiled his list as a Christmas book for children, so full is it of Heroes (Peas), Champions (Broccoli), Dwarfs (Parsnips), Giants (Cucumbers), Mammoths (Turnips), Kings (of Potatoes), Queens (of Marrows), Princes (of Spanish Onions), Princesses (Beet), Emperors (Leeks), Golden Globes (Tomatoes), the Niagara Squash Pumpkins for Cinderella, Romantic Russian (Radish), and Long-Podded Negroes.

Happy Thought.—Write a Vegetable Christmas Fairy Book for Vegetarian Children.

Among the Flowers I have, I see, a surprising choice. Here's the *Warscewiczii* (uncommonly like the *wies werry*), the *Aquilegia Caryophyllodes*, the *Champana diantha* (known in English as "Bungay's Fishbone Thistle"), the *Major Convolvulus*, which reminds me of ENGLEMORE, who would, however, have probably called it "Colonel;" and, finally, as I haven't time at present to note any others, the *Heracleum giganteum*, or "Bungay's Cow Parsnip," "effective" (he adds, in italics) "in shrubberies." I should think so. Rather. A strange creature, which is something between a Cow and a Parsnip, would be effective in a shrubbery: and a jolly mess he'd make of it. Which part of it would be a Cow, and which Parsnip? Important question, on account of the milk.

The above I've noted while training up to town.

Happy Thought.—Proverb for Stokers.—Train up to town in the way you should go, and then there won't be an accident.

Meet ENGLEMORE just stepping into cab. He's in a hurry. Off for Mister Furniture. Why this impetuosity, I ask; is it true he is going to be married? He winks and laughs knowingly as he replies on the step of the Hansom, and confidentially, as it were, between me and the cabman, "Little Tommy Wedding, eh? Cake for two, Colonel. You'll see. All right,"—to Cabman, "drive on." Then hurriedly out of window, as if he'd remembered something most important at the last moment, and emphasising it with his umbrella, "Five minutes with you . . . Mr. Farmer, and . . ." the rest is lost. Let me see. Next point is to advertise for Gardener.



GRADUAL EXTINCTION OF THE LATIN RACE.

IN ANSWER TO AN ADVERTISEMENT, THE BLOND HERR PATATENKOFF AND THE DARK-EYED SIGNOR GUSBERITARTI APPLY TOGETHER AT MISS ROSELEAF'S ACADEMY FOR THE POST OF MUSICAL INSTRUCTOR TO THE YOUNG LADIES. VERY MUCH TO THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF HER FAIR PUPILS, MISS ROSELEAF COMES TO THE CONCLUSION THAT GERMAN MUSIC IS THE SAFEST, AND PRUDENTLY SELECTS HERR PATATENKOFF.

J. B. AND HIS M.P.'S.

Yes, my advanced Reformer, I grant you all you say,
There never yet was country ruled in such a wilful way:
BRITANNIA'S Constitution of "anomalies" is full,
And the worse they are the less they seem to annoy that ass, JOHN BULL.

Yes—it is most annoying, the old fool, to see him stick
To a representative system that defies arithmetic,
And, instead of assigning Members, at fixed rate per head, or tale,
Sows them broadcast, helter-skelter, without symmetry or scale!

No equal electoral districts, cut and dry and plain to view,
Where one Voter's as good as another, if he isn't better too:
No machine for stereotyping the Majority's sovereign will,
And gagging the Minority, and making it lie still:

No patent roller for crushing invidious distinctions down
Of mechanic and agriculturist, of country-place and town:
No sausage-machine to triturate the slow bucolic mind,
And the high-pressure town-wit into one, with graduated grind;

No patent self-acting mule or frame for turning out M.P.'s
Of the regulation pattern, as like as a swarm of bees,
As brisk honey or money makers, and, to boot, as humble too,—
Which delegates are bound to be, my Lord Electors, to you.

The old fool persists in saying that he rather likes a puzzle,
That he doesn't see that it's always wise minorities to muzzle;
That he doubts if majorities needs must have the right upon their side,

That, in fact, he prefers his boilers with the safety-valves not tied!

That he has enough already of these engine-turned M.P.'s,
Who vote as they're bid, and think as they're told, or as Mob
their master may please:
That he'd rather not be reduced to a choice 'twixt local respect-
abilities
And demagogue-delegates, whatso'er their voting or talking
facilities.

That he likes the clash of men and minds—not the chorus of
parrot-phrases;
That he wants collective wisdom, not folly's predominant phases;
That the work for his House of Commons is to thresh and winnow
opinion,
Not to set up nostrums of the day in bitter, if brief, dominion.

And among other notions he has groped from the dust-hole of the
past,
Is the notion that the cobbler had better stick to his last:
That 'tis a fool's game to look for Reforms in the ven'erable Hall of
Codgers,
And seek Solons or Lycurguses in BRADLAUGHS, DILKES, and
ODGERS.

Astounding Intelligence.

ARE we in Wonderland? We rub our mental eyes, and wildly
stare and fancy that we must be dreaming. Still, here it is in actual
print, like the ballad of the *Jabberwock* :—

"Bonnets are still worn much the same in shape as those of last month."

Can this be really true? Is it possible that ladies can consent for
two whole months to wear their bonnets "much the same in shape?"
Varium et mutabile semper in most affairs of life, the fair sex in
none is more so than in fashionable matters. We shall be tempted
to believe in the strong-mindedness of women, when we find them
wearing bonnets of the same shape for a month or two together.



A. R. N.

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEK."

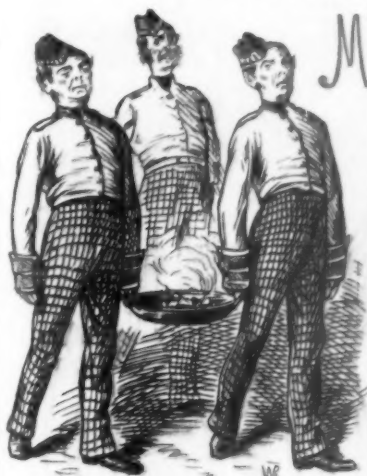
O. G. H.

"OF ONE OR BOTH OF US THE TIME IS COME!"—Shakespeare.

MR. PUNCH (aside). "BOTH—LET US HOPE!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(Visit to the South Kensington Museum continued—from the Entrance to the Refreshment Room.)



MOST certainly the entrance to the S. K. Museum is rather calculated to depress than raise the spirits. The feeling seizes upon you that having come so far, it would be cowardice to retreat at the last moment. Show me the person, who, visiting the Museum for the first time, has walked boldly and straightforwardly, without flinching or stopping, right up to the turnstile-paying place, and I'll say there's a gentleman, or lady, who doesn't know what nerves are.

Round and about these melancholy grass-plots, which try with the best possible intentions to give a countrified air to the exterior of the S. K. Museum (but what an impossible thing to countrify a Museum!)—round and about these plots, I remark, some original Kensington Museumers have been playing skittles and ninepins with building materials, knocking them about in all directions, and then have gone away without putting up the things tidily.

Here is the *débris* of old palings, looking, as if, in very ancient days (perhaps in the Universal Deluge) a gentleman's park had been washed away, and these had been left by the receding waters. Here too bricks, plaster, stones, and timber, becoming useless for want of use; rubbishy relics of the past, with very little promise about them for the future. A charming background to these is formed by a dilapidated iron house, filled apparently, to the eye of Your uninitiated Representative, with broken pianos, of which the above-mentioned eye catches sight through the large windows wherewith the iron shed is lighted. Not far from the police lodge is a statue of somebody, unclothed, who having shot an arrow vaguely into the air, and used such force in doing so that the string has disappeared with it, is now staring upwards in the vague expectation of its soon coming down again. The visitor seeing this figure, from a dorsal point of view, does not feel inclined to walk round and inquire for whom it is intended. He takes it for granted that it's all correct and classical, and he will then walk slowly towards the door of the S. K. Museum, bracing himself up for admission as for an operation that must be performed, but which, like having a tooth out, or paying a small long overdue account, one puts off as long as possible.

There are three goats, and a lot of classic vases, all making praiseworthy efforts, to keep up appearances. I was sorry to see that one Goat attempted comic antics on its hind legs; but the way the two others turned their heads, and gave him such a look, settled him at once; and then he pretended that he'd only been rearing himself up to pick some food from the branches of a small tree; an assumption that couldn't have deceived anybody (let alone the two goats, who knew all about it as well as he did), as there wasn't one leaf to be seen on the withered shrub, in which he wished his companions to think him so deeply interested. I sighed, and walked towards the door. The portal at last. Over it is a deterrent black board—naturally a black board, which, with chalk, is a tradition in any educational system—simply announcing, however, that this is the Entrance to the Museum: a conclusion that might have been arrived at by any astute observer, who had already penetrated thus far, without this intimation. But there it is, and so it is; and very kind of the Authorities to put it up.

After presenting myself and my sixpence—both good—to the respectable and polite door-keeper, whom I regret to have disturbed at his second mouthful of luncheon, I submitted to the indignity of the turnstile (which always makes me feel as if some one was checking me off, and seeing that I don't cheat), and having thus passed, figuratively, under the yoke, I paused, and wondered what I should begin with first. The savoury smell that issued from the ticket-taker's lodge appealed to my Inner Consciousness. "Gentle Sir," said I, to a third Stout Policeman, "Where, prithee, is the

Refreshment Room?" He beamed upon me with sympathetic eyes, and directed me willingly and clearly. He knew it well, and would have accompanied me, but that stern duty nailed him to his post at the turnstile, and perhaps, also, he had just finished an early dinner. So at once, after making him my courtesy and obeisance, I walked in the direction indicated, and, gadzooks, Sir! the burly Retainer was right, for, in good sooth, here were the glass doors of the Refreshment Room.

Finding that I could lunch, representatively, without previous ordering or long waiting, which in matters of food I detest, holding as sure and certain proverbs for meal times, that "Delays are dangerous"—they are to me, doctors have said so—and that "Lunch deferred maketh me very unwell"—I determined upon digesting the items of the refreshment card, mentally, before selecting them for attack, corporeally.

I walked into the hall of Restauration. In the distance, on my right, I saw a grilling-fire, whence chops came hot and hot; and on my left I saw a quiet private dining place, which looked dull and expensive. *Medio tutissimus*: and not only is it a great thing to be safe in a middle course, but, for a luncheon-eater, 'tis a matter of vast importance to know what course is safest for the middle. My choice I shall not reveal. Suffice it that I lunched, satisfactorily, to all parties concerned. The Refreshment Room at the S. K. M., I noticed, is a good place for sound. Its acoustic properties were thoroughly well tried by two middle-aged ladies in attendance upon a very deaf old gentleman, who, I do believe, was the identical venerable clergyman whom Your Representative met some weeks since at the Doré Gallery, where I trust my worthy friends, the Colonel and his companions, are doing well—bless them! Above all the buzz and hum of the diners, the clatter of plates, knives, forks, glasses and spoons, the voices of the two middle-aged ladies sounded, distinct and shrill, dutifully addressing their aged relative, who I rather think was inclined to over-eat himself.

"Won't you take any veal and ham?" asked the first Niece, in a voice which from the other end of the room reached me. The Uncle smiled, and asked her what she had said.

"Won't you take any veal and ham?" bawled her sister in his ear, while luncheoners, barmaids, and waiters awaited his reply in breathless suspense.

He answered something in almost a whisper, audible only to his Nieces. General disappointment. Result, at all events, no veal and ham. Buzz, Buzz, Buzz, conversation and clatter resumed. Presently, for above the din, arose the awful question, "Will you take some beer?" put by the first Niece, whose voice was evidently not strong enough for the work. Again he smiled, and begged her sister to repeat the words.

"Won't you have some beer?" shouted the sister, and fell back in her chair exhausted. Breathless suspense again. Waiters on tip-toe of expectation. Barmaids with their hands on all sorts of taps. Ah! yes . . . he will have some beer. Waiter paralysed for a moment by a difficulty. What beer? The First Niece can't help herself (I don't mean to beer, but that she has no alternative)—she must ask, and her voice has become weaker within the last ten minutes.

"What beer will you take?"

I respect age, but out of pity for this younger Niece (about thirty-seven I should say—not more) I could have shaken that old Uncle. He would not hear what she said. Once more it was the elder's turn, and she strained herself for the effort, succeeding, at a frightful sacrifice of throat and lungs. He nodded "Yes," in a whisper, "he would take some stout."

"Bottled?" asks the Waiter, convulsively, his eyes starting out of his head as he yells at him. The old gentleman wants to know what that young man is saying.

"He says Bottled!" shouted First Niece, despairingly. Her Uncle considered it feebly, but made nothing of it, except to repeat, quietly, "Yes, I said stout," whereupon he was informed by the elder and stronger Niece, now exasperated beyond screaming point, that the word was "Bottled." "Will—you—take—Bottled?"

"If you please, yes, thank you," he answered, mildly, quite unconscious of there having been any fuss about it.

The liquor is served, and by the time I am half way through my modest luncheon the Nieces, who had been reserving themselves for a final effort, shouted out, first one, then the other, then both together, "Have—you—done?"

He signifies, in a lower whisper than ever (having gorged himself to this tone,—I'm afraid he is a greedy Uncle), that he has quite finished. Soon after this he is taken away. As I continue my humble meal, I wonder to myself how much apiece those two ladies expect from that very trying relative. Is it part of their policy to stuff him? They pass through the glass doors and disappear. How much a year would I take to go about with a deaf man and explain everything to him? Subject for consideration at lunch. After luncheon to walk through the S. K. M. to the National Portrait Gallery will be, Sir, the duty and pleasure of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.



"A BRAVE LADY."

(At a Local Election.)

Strong-minded Young Person (escorts the little Vicar and her Aunt to Vote). "I'M ASTONISHED AT YOUR BEING NERVOUS THIS YEAR, AUNT! WHY, WE HAVE ONLY TO PUT OUR PAPERS IN A BOX!"

WYKEHAM'S CHOICE AT WINCHESTER.

It is known to many in this land that the motto of WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM was "Manners makyth man." The way in which this maxim is carried out at the School which he founded, may be known to comparatively few. Aloft, in the school-room of Winchester College is posted the following pregnant line:—

"Aut discas aut discides; manet sors tertia, cædi."

This is generally taken as an admonition either to learn, or be off, or else, thirdly, to remain and accept the condition of being flogged. That is to say, flogged by an executioner not more nearly equivalent to CALCRAFT in his prime, or to the Warder who has replaced Mr. CALCRAFT at the Newgate whipping-stocks, than the Head-Master of Winchester College for the time being. The learning with whose neglect residence at the last-named institution is compatible on the terms of a flogging, is commonly understood to be that of Latin and Greek, and such other lessons only as may be prescribed there by the pedagogues. Finally, the instrument of its infliction is supposed to consist of small apple-twigs. From a letter in the *Times*, however, signed "R. MAUDE," it appears that the alternative of neither learning nor leaving at Winchester College is that of being beaten, not only with twigs, or with a normal rod of any kind, by a Master, for neglect of studies, but with a tough sapling, by a Monitor, for omission to get up slang. It also appears that "cædi" means not simply to be flogged, but also to be "tunded," and that the "tunding" is wont to be inflicted by a Monitor, *alias* Prefect. So that the verse above cited might as well run:—

"Manet sors tertia, tundi."

The gentleman already quoted gives the following description of this academical torture:—

"Now, a Prefect's 'tunding' is the most dreadful punishment imaginable, and hurts far more than any Master's flogging. The instrument is a ground-saw stick; from the seasoning it receives, tough as whalebone, and

from three to four feet long. Fifteen cuts from such a weapon will leave the shoulders—it is given across the shoulder-blades—so sore that the strongest boy will not be able to bear the hand passed roughly over the injured parts for at least a week after without flinching."

He then proceeds to state that a certain boy, who had been sentenced to be "tunded" by a "House" of Prefects for having, with right on his side, according to the rules of the school, disputed their authority over him in a question of "fagging," actually received thirty cuts. And he adds:—

"What state he must have been in I shudder to think of, and I should think that four ground-saws must have been broken across his shoulders, if not more. On hearing this I wrote to the Head-Master, thinking he could not be cognisant of it. As his reply was private, I cannot publish it. But this I think I am at liberty to state, that he thought the punishment excessive, and the Prefects wrong in their decision. But what is done? Was the Prefect who gave such a 'tunding' expelled, and those who sided with him punished as they deserved? Not a bit of it. The Prefect was merely made to apologise—to say he was sorry for an act which was unauthorised by the rules of the school, which perhaps has occurred since, and certainly will occur again unless this power is for ever taken from the hands of boys, who are certain to abuse it."

It must be only very lately that the Head-Master of Winchester College can possibly have become cognisant of the "tunding" which goes on at that seat of learning and confusions. It is no longer ago than 1869 that Dr. Moberly was created Bishop of Salisbury. The practice of "tunding" can up to that date have been known to exist only by its perpetrators and their victims. MR. P. A. TAYLOR, MR. JACOB BRIGHT, and the women who exclaim against the barbarity of whipping garotters, may perhaps be invited, by persons who do not understand them, to raise their voices as loudly against that of "tunding" college boys. They would thus constitute an effective chorus, in which the screaming counter-tenors would come out in fine contrast, yet accord, with the groaning basses. But, then, garotters are not innocent young gentlemen; nor is the infliction of "the lash" on criminals of the lower orders calculated to



VALOUR IN THE FIELD.

"HI! JACK! LOOK! THERE'S A HARE!"

"A—A—A—A—ALL RIGHT! WHO'S AFRAID?"

discredit, and to damage, one of the chief educational establishments of the Church of England.

In the meanwhile, have the Magistrates of Winchester no jurisdiction over Winchester College, and could they not, on due information, order the Police to keep an eye on the Prefects?

GOOD-BYE, DOWSE!

DICK DOWSE, DICK DOWSE,
Is it lavin' the House?
How 'll we ever at-all-at-all manage widout you?
Give *Punch* hould of your hand,
While he tells to the Land,
Ologone! Dick, avick, how he's paltin' about you.

Get Socrates mellow,
And he'd just be DICK's fellow,
For figure and feature and forehead so high,
Wid as good a pritinee
To logical sinse,
But there's more nor the *sage* in our broth of a boy.

For Socrates, Solon,
Jugurtha, Timol'on,
Caisar, Augustus, or young Alcibiades,
Had divle a bit
Of the likes of your wit
No more nor a tom-cat or one of the Pleiades.

For whiniver DICK's pate
Shot up from his ate—
Like the sun in a state of sublimest good-humour—
The worst Prose in the House
Sat as still as a mouse,
And the sleepest Mimber woke up at the rumour.

A TRAP TO CATCH A JOKE.

AMONG the wonders of Paris is a man said to be living at 34, Rue Ramponneau, the modern counterpart of VALENTINE GREATBRAKES. He was formerly a soldier in a regiment of Zouaves, but some years since quitted the Army to practise curative Mesmerism. Still called "the Zouave JACOB," he is reported to heal diseases by his touch. According to the *Avenir National* :—

"With an aspect of profound conviction, he lays his hands on the sick and paralytic, tells them to walk, and they depart with a persuasion that there is an improvement in their condition. However it may be, JACOB has not made a fortune by magnetism, for he admits that, without adding to it the business of a hatter, he should not know how to live."

Now, we know what you will say, some of you. You will say that JACOB is mad as a hatter. No, JACOB isn't. On second thoughts, don't you think that he is mad as a Mesmerist.

Progress in Fireproof.

Non stone, nor iron, for fire-proof building 's good
We're told; we must go back, 'tis said, to wood.
Does brick than timber burn more fast away?
Should it not answer, gutta-percha may;
Or rather India-rubber, we suppose,
Since that 's elastic, as the cant word goes.

Commons and Enclosure.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, at the Lord Mayor's Feast, complained that the House of Commons of late had been taking upon itself the proper functions of the Government. Mr. Lowe refrained from illustrating his complaint by examples. One instance in point might have been suggested to him by local circumstances. He was speaking in Guildhall, and it was the influence of the Corporation of London, exerted in the House of Commons, which defeated the Government's proposed measures designed to legalise the further enclosure of Epping Forest.

The Reporters' long faces
Got short'nin' like blazes
At this Smiling Oasis such sandy stuff ather:
Why! even the Bobby
Snaked in from the Lobby,
And almost destroyed himself chokin' wid laughther.

Whilet fluent SRR JACK
You'd stretch in a crack
On the broad of his back wid your classical knowledge;
Or—you funny ould thief—
At a tip from your Chief,
Talk out BALL, to his grief, upon Trinity College.

But, DOWSE, DICK DOWSE,
You're lavin' the House,
To be grave as a judge from this out to the end,
And put on the black cap,
You unfortunate chap!
Well, here's luck to your Lordship—for *Punch* is your friend.

* *Fails* the last debate in the House on Woman's Suffrage.

LETTER FROM AN ARTISAN.

SIR,—as For this Winchester business It Defy coment but i Hope
You will show It up for Your Art is in write plays The You Hit and
at Times Sir Am not a Softy And wold give a Boy a hideing if nead
wich have often Dun wich cause Words with there Mother but never
Rose And to her wold Siner cut it of but to wollop Until a Lode of
Sticks was Broke and give Thirtey cuts all for Nothing Is an assault
wich I wold *Punch* is head and His master to but serpose This is the
Way wich yung Swells lurn sweatness and Lite which Make Them
so clever and Brave to Make us heat umble Py wen They grow Into
gunning Classs by insert wich will oblige

Your humble Sert.

To *Punch*.

A FATHER.



A FAITHFUL WATCHMAN.

Rector (who has a view of the Country from the Reading-Desk). "I THINK IT ONLY RIGHT TO MENTION TO YOU, FARMER ROBINSON, THAT I CAN SEE SOME BOYS—AH—PURLOINING YOUR APPLES!"

[Clerk (who was hard of hearing) was just commencing to give out, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever——" when he was stopped by our vigilant Pew-opener!]

THE PEOPLE AND THE PARKS.

(A Lay of the Lower Orders.)

Will them bloated Persons trample on the People? Douse their light!
May the bloated Electric fluid spile their bloated horns of sight!
Tell us we shan't go no further in Hyde Park than just so far?
Check the People's demonstrations, them as made 'em what they are?

When yer, coming in yer thousands, gathers in the Royal Grounds,
What's the good if we can't only talk to yer within fixed bounds?
Wus is bounds of sivation, hof the two, than bounds of speech,
When the Persons as they're spoke at, distant bounds won't let 'em reach.

Fenian friends and sons of freedom, vindicate yer right to go
Where the bloated Swells can hear us, nigh the Ring, or Rotten Row,
Or PRINCE HALBERT's bloated 'Morial, so as to make speeches there,
Like we do beneath Old NELSON's Collum in Trafalgar Square.

Now we've got that bloated AYTON, and that other Person, BRUCE,
Them there pair of bloated Persons, down upon us with a roos.
'Tis their dodge to have the People's leaders up afore the Beaks.
Yah! and they calls themselves Liberals, do they, pair of bloated Sneaks?

If they've got the law on their side, which it mayn't be or it may,
Then they'll silence indiwidgials—that's the little game they'll play.

Won't yer rally round "THUMB ODGER," if them Persons should pursue?
You, the People, if you don't, you'll all be bloated Persons too.

"PHOEBUS, WHAT A NAME!"

As a rule, *Mr. Punch* avoids mention of the appellations of persons not before the public. But a private gentleman has announced a name of which he should be too proud to object to its reproduction anywhere. This is his advertisement, in the *Times* :—

I Hereby give notice, that I will NOT be ANSWERABLE for any Debt contracted in my name without my written authority after this date.—3, Macclesfield-street, Soho, November 12th, 1872.—PRZEMYSŁAW WALERY JOZAPHAT TCHORZCOWSKI.

"My Jo!" as a friend of ours swears, if there were anybody with patience and adroitness to learn and pronounce this, he would deserve any credit he might ask. But we should think the advertiser quite safe. His "nomination" is what SOUTHEY describes in the *March to Moscow* :—

"A name that you may know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and which no one can spell."

Something Graceful.

MR. GLADSTONE's good health—which is happily restored—was drunk after dinner on the "Grand Day" at the Middle Temple. In returning thanks our PREMIER said :—

"I can only say that, in reference to the recent arbitration, the principles upon which we have been proceeding have undergone no discouragement whatsoever."

Good, WILLIAM; but in so saying, did you not rather say grace after humble-pie?

LEGAL QUERY.

MR. JUSTICE BRAMWELL decides that it is no libel to call a man a Welsher. Is it a libel to call him a Welshman? Let us hear from MR. STANLEY, on his arrival.

Punch at Lunch.



WHEN I was inspecting the wonderful curiosities in the new Guildhall Library, I beheld several admirable portraits of the good and beauteous QUEEN ELIZABETH. One, not very flattering, she actually stopped, while it was engraving. I made a sketch from the unfinished affair. Behold the result. That was a great Show, that in the City, and the instigators deserve loud praise.

I am so pleased with the Coroner's Jury for the praise justly awarded to CAPTAIN SHAW and his band of Braves for their gallant behaviour at the great Flour-mills fire, that I do not care to ask the gentleman who put the verdict into writing what he happens to mean by the "arduous" manner in which the Captain and his men did their work. Nay, I will defend the word. *Ardus* means high, lofty. 'Tis more defensible than *excelsior*, in the poem, anyhow.

A Cook, advertising for a place, says, "A family, if plain, not objected to." She need not apply at my house. But I know several families that would suit her, though I dare say they don't think so.

What will certain advertisers give me for this suggestion? A classical bit for their advertisements. *Maxima debetur puero Revalenta*. They say it is very good for children.

I gave you a thundering verse by the mild DR. WATTS the other day, *Toby*. Now I will give you a roystering verse by an austere moralist:—

"When the bonny blade carouses,
Pockets full and spirits high,
What are acres, what are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry."

That, Sir, is by our late friend, DR. JOHNSON.

His Royal Highness the late DUKE OF WESSEX was making his difficult way through a crowded party in a very hot room, when he encountered CAPTAIN PARRY, who had recently returned from an expedition among the icebergs. "Ha! PARRY," said the Duke, "how do you do? This is more like the South Pole than the North Pole, eh?"

MEHMET ALI made a canal from Alexandria to the Nile, and that enlightened but most barbarous ruler's execrable treatment of the poor labourers caused the death of about 25,000 men, women, and children, in a few weeks. Never, I suppose, was there such an enormous display of contempt for the *cannaille*. But he wanted water very much, then.

MARCELLO (a Venetian poet and composer, my dear *Toby*, and he has been dead a century and a half) wrote choruses for soprano and contralto, who had to baa like sheep, and moo like cows. He would have made his fortune in comic opera for Paris and London, now. Will not some new creature, with similar gifts, arise? *Ille Marcellus erit*.

If MR. BESSEMER succeeds in vanquishing Neptune, that is, in making a vessel in which one can't be sick, those who "suffer a sea-

change," should erect a statue to him. For don't they make a fuss over their agonies? The statue should be made of pewter—I must not suggest how this can be supplied. Would you like to be a steward, *Toby*?

Near my abode is fixed a placard warning mankind that a culprit was fined heavily, the other day, for "needlessly ringing a bell." I wish I could make a similar example of a similar offender, who commits a similar crime on Sundays, from 10.30 to 11, and from 2.30 to 3. Church bells were excellent things when there were no clocks and watches, but now are an anachronism, though proclaiming time.

Push me those Norfolk biffins, because they have reminded me that in 1445 the people of Norfolk and Suffolk complained to Government of the increase of attorneys in those parts. It was alleged that there were twenty-four, and that no end of lawsuits were the consequence. The petitioners begged that the number might be cut down to six or eight, at which, let us hope, it remains.

There is no valid excuse for a man's getting tipsy. I am glad that the foolish act is made a legal crime. But if you want to know where a plausible extenuation for a clever person's tipiness can be found, I again refer you to DR. JOHNSON. "He that feels oppression from the presence of those to whom he knows himself superior will desire to let loose his powers of conversation, and who that ever asked succour from Bacchus was able to preserve himself from being enslaved by his auxiliary?"

I have Notes—any Commentator shall have them for a round but remarkably reasonable sum—of many Shakspearian Queries. Divers things want clearing up. How about the sack that William lost at Hickley fair? How much a dozen were Mrs. Keach's prawns? What became of Black George Barnes? Who was Master Sure-Card, who is alluded to only? Was Master Dumbleton's satin warehouse celebrated? Why did Master Smooth, as a silkman, exhibit the sign of the lubbar's (or leopard's) head? Is there a portrait of Mistress Eleanor Poins? If my friend, DR. DONALD, the new and most fitting Editor of *Notes and Queries* can answer me these questions, I will kindly ask him some more.

I think that of all the stupid, bumptious, yet goody-goody names that ever were assumed by boobies, the name "*Good Templar*" is the most offensive. The only excuse—what's that, *Toby*, don't mutter? The only excuse is that the blockheads wish to be distinguished from our neighbours the lawyers. 'Tis well, Sir, but there is no fear of a mistake. Lawyers may be—well, imperfect, but they are not fools.

'Tis difficult to signify, gracefully, to one's Religious Man (well, you say Medical Man), that his discourses are unacceptable. Perhaps this delicate remonstrance is as gentle as such a thing can be made:—

There was an old preacher in Hull,
He had nothing at all in his skull,
His flock came before him,
And said, "Cockalorum,
Your sermons are awfully dull."

I do not habitually drink beer. Why? Because I cannot habitually get good beer. But if one of our great Breweries would imitate the noble and beautiful example of the Brewers of Heidelberg, and other German cities, and would have a private club-room attached to the premises, so that the Select might get the genuine fluid fresh from the cask—*non sine fumo*—I should be heard of, on sundry evenings, in that vicinity. *Deutschland, Deutschland, über alles*, etc.

The most exquisite courtesy in language may accompany the most atrocious cruelty in action. I have felt this upon many occasions when I have been rejected by young ladies. I suppose a Japanese criminal feels it when his judge tells him that he "has behaved otherwise than was expected," and delivers him to be divided into portions.

LORD ELDON was occasionally accused of procrastination. His answer was neat. "Time enough, if well enough."

Some of our ancestors were wise, but some must have been very stupid asses. One of them lived in Shropshire, and made this proverb, which may still be current there: "He that fetcheth a wife from Shrewsbury, must carry her into Staffordshire, or else he shall live in Cumberland." It is so abject, besides being brutal, that I must expound. The idiot meant that a man who marries a shrew must take a staff, or stick, to her, or he'll find her an incumbrance. This was told me on the Wrekin. I drink to all friends round it.



COOL COURAGE.

(And long may it be the noble Distinction of the British Soldier.)

Officer. "WHY DON'T YOU SALUTE, SIR?"

Private. "DOD, MAN, A' CLEAN FORGOT!"

CHILDREN IN ARMS.

THERE be land babies and (as KINGSLEY testifieth) there be water babies, and among the former there is a class to which certain antagonists exist among the latter. These water babies have opposed themselves to those land babies, who might be distinguished from the others by the name of beer babies, but that, as a class, they include wine and spirit babies, so that they might generally be denominated intoxicating liquor babies by persons who choose to call good things by bad names; otherwise, and correctly, we may term them generous liquor babies. Your water babies are babies who can stand no drink stronger than water, or water bewitched in the form of tea and other slops. Conscious of their own weakness in this respect, and incapable of self-control, they go about crying to be put under restraint, and, in order that they legally may, they also clamour for the imposition of the same restraint on everybody else. The beer babies, and other babies of that sort, are not, indeed, babies in the sense of being really feeble and imbecile, but may be spoken of as babies because they have been so treated by the Legislature in having been subjected, in respect of their beer and the like beverages, to restrictions suitable only for the imbecility of tender infants.

Now, among the beer babies there is one baby, in special antagonism to the water babies, and particularly disagreeable to them, who may, by pre-eminence, not in babyism but in beer, be styled a great baby. This Great Beer Baby is MR. BASS, the Brewer, of Burton-on-Trent, and Member for East Staffordshire. He presided, the other evening, at an annual meeting of a society of smaller, although strong, beer babies, and other babies of the Bar (not forensic), belonging to the Licensed Victuallers' Association. This assembly was held in the Cutlers' Hall, Sheffield. The toast of the evening, "Success to the Association," was proposed by Beer Baby BASS, who might, as in discussing the Licensing Act he touched upon the Teetotal fanatics, have remarked that the sale of cutlery might as well be restricted as that of liquor, since, if people can

QUITE ANOTHER THING.

IN the course of a speech made to a meeting of sympathisers with the demagogues prosecuted by the Government for taking part in the late philo-Fenian meeting held in Hyde-park, MR. AYTON's rules notwithstanding, MR. OGDEN, denouncing the Act under which our Edile conceives that he has framed them, said:—

"Well might MR. HENLEY call it Algerine legislation (*cheers*). This was all done by the Government that formerly encouraged them to resist, and done through a fussy, meddling, unscrupulous, pettifogging instrument, conjured into office nobody knew how (*cheers and laughter*)."

By the "instrument," coupled with the epithets which moved the mirth and applause of his hearers, MR. OGDEN was apparently supposed by those gentlemen—and ladies for aught we know—to mean the CHIEF COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, and erector in Hyde-park of the Terminus which the Tribunes of the Populace will not worship or even respect. But in abusing that instrument, and complaining of its employers, MR. OGDEN is very unreasonable towards MR. AYTON and the Government. To embarrass truculent Tories in office is one thing; to attempt the intimidation of a Liberal Ministry is another; and it was to do the former thing only, and not the latter at all, that MR. OGDEN, and his associates received encouragement.

A Desirable Drink.

ACCORDING to a paragraph in the *Echo*, it is not improbable that a new beverage will be introduced into this country from Brazil, called Guaraná, which, amongst other qualities, is said to possess the property of "making the speakers eloquent." If this is so, a general desire will be felt that Guaraná should be imported in large quantities without delay; so that it may be ready for consumption in the refreshment rooms of the House of Commons next Session. Such potion would have been of the greatest service to a large majority of those Members who have had the painful task imposed on them this Autumn of addressing their constituents.

A CONSTITUTIONAL QUESTION.

WHEN is "Parliament out of Session" like a Magpie at a Publichouse? When it is chattering on the Stump.

get drunk if they like, so likewise are they free to cut their own throats or to stab others. The Arch Beer Baby, however, though he omitted to point that out, concluded a by no means babyish speech with a manful exhortation. Referring to the squalling and fits of the Water Babies who constitute the United Kingdom Alliance, MR. BASS said that:—

"The agitation had had the good effect of bringing the trade together, and he hoped they would realise their position, and stand shoulder to shoulder to face the formidable phalanx which was opposed to them. They had an enemy which set them an example in union and in enthusiasm. The United Kingdom Alliance boasted of their fund of £100,000, and he should like to see every brewer, licensed victualler, and person connected with the trade, subscribe so much a quarter towards a defence fund. If they could get the trade together, they would soon put the Alliance to shame."

Well said, Big Beer Baby. When those Water Babies combine, we Beer Babies should unite. We have come to a pretty pass when a Beer Baby, six feet high, or, say, four feet round, if he walk all the way from London up to Hampstead or Highgate, proposing to walk back again, is already forbidden, under penalties, to get a glass of beer with a bit of bread-and-cheese, or with his dinner, at a tavern, on a day which at another time of year may be a broiling hot one, between the hours of three and six of an afternoon—because it is Sunday! This is particularly prejudicial to the Beer Baby four feet round, for exercise is the condition of this child's existence; and if inability to get his beer in the course of his walk induce him to stay at home, and drink it there, he must necessarily go on increasing in circumference, and getting more and more plethoric, so as at last, some fine day, like *Toby Philpot*, in the old comic song, to die suddenly of pulmonary apoplexy.

THE WINTON TREE.

THE Prefects at Winchester College are said to be accustomed to swear, in imitation of Jupiter, "By the Styx." But the young gentlemen mean their ground-ashes.



A MIXED BAG IN THE LOWLANDS.

Young Lady. "WELL, DAVID, WHAT HAS PAPA GOT TO-DAY?"

Under-Keeper. "WEEL, NO VERA MUCKLE THE DAY, MISS. JUST FOWER BRACE O' PAITRICKS, AN' TWA DUKES, AN' A CUSHIE DOO!"

AYRTON AGAIN.

"THE result of the Hyde-park prosecutions was generally anticipated, and it is probable enough that the conviction will be affirmed on appeal. There is, however, much irritation at MR. AYRTON'S behaviour in this matter, especially in the light that has been thrown upon it by MR. VERNON HARCOURT'S letter. The courts of law may decide in favour of the present prosecution, but a court of honour, if it reflected public opinion, would convict the FIRST COMMISSIONER of a flagrant breach of faith with Parliament. After all the discord which has issued from MR. AYRTON'S department since the Right Hon. Gentleman went there, it is not surprising that the friends of the Government were loud in the expression of their hope that the Indian mail brought us correct news in the rumour that MR. AYRTON was to succeed SIR RICHARD TEMPLE."—*London Correspondence of Manchester Guardian.*

HE came to us first from the Indian shore,
In an Indian Office his pinions 'gan grow;
As a Bombay Attorney he first learnt to soar,
Leaving dusky competitors distanced below.

And England that owns how impartially rude
In his Office of Works and of words he has been,
To India would gladly her AYRTON retrace,
There to wallop his nigger, severely serene.

The Attorney she nursed, brow of brass, tongue of power,
Opponents to bully and Bench to o'erbear;
Take, India, as Lord of thy Treasury, the flower
Of the bud that thy courts first saw blossom so fair.

He has bettered the lessons thou taught'st in the past,
And by practice made perfect has mastered his tools,
Till, from making M.P.'s eat dirt singly, at last
He snubs the House round, as he frames his Park rules.

Has he not bowled HOPE over, and MANNERS defied;
Stricken DAVENPORT-BROMLEY o'er chaffed to his shoe;
Thrust the phalanx of Science, contemptuous, aside,
And slapped HOOKER'S face, in their teeth, black and blue?

Till he sits mighty monarch of all he surveys;
Who dares meddle with him, that dares meddle with all?
Never speaks but to chide, sets all tempers ablaze,
Raises tempests in tea-cups, and rides o'er the squall!

Dis aliter! Died the kind hope newly born,
The relief we had dreamt of denied to our prayers,
And our *Ædile* remains to enrich and adorn
"All the Talents" with all the soft Graces he wears.

But be cautious, my AYRTON; 'twas easy to win,
At thy weapons, the fight with wit, breeding, and lore;
In a far other charge thou now risest thy skin
Than that which, late, HOOKER and LUSBOCK o'erbore;

'Tis with BRADLAUGH and ODGER, rough tongues as thine own,
Thou ventur'st, now, equal battle to wage.
For attack and defence the same brass we hear blown,
And as callous a hand flings, as takes up, the gage.

If he thought that his AYRTON had JUVENAL read,
A truth of that satirist's *Punch* would recall—
How the best blood of Rome save the Tyrant could shed,
But was lost when he dared foul of cobblers to fall.*

* "Tempora servitim, claras quibus abstulit Urbi
Illustresque animas impune et vindice nullo!
Sed perit, postquam cædonibus casu timendus
Cæperat. Hoc nocuit Lamiarum cædi madenti."

Sat. iv., 151—4.

Look before you Leap.

It is possible, said an experienced Uncle to an adolescent Nephew, to be tolerably comfortable in marriage, if your wife enjoys good health and you enjoy as much money as will enable you to afford to gratify all her inclinations besides your own.

PIETY AND PARALLEL.



flection. At the sight of a monkey scratching himself in the Zoological Gardens, that philosopher might with much propriety observe, "There, but for Natural Selection and the Struggle for Existence, sits CHARLES DARWIN."

HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Happy Thought.—In advertising for Gardener, think him out well first, so that there shall be no mistake afterwards. The question is, what do I want him to do, or, rather, first and foremost, what am I going to have for him to do? To save "x's," I should wish a man to combine certain offices.

TELFORD writes to ask me would I like some Hens? Yes, certainly. PUNDLEY, TELFORD's farming friend, can give me a Duck or two, and can sell me a Pig. PUNDLEY lives in the south of Cornwall, twelve miles from any railway station. If I'll have the pig and ducks he wants to know will I come and fetch 'em, or how?

Suppose I close with PUNDLEY's offer, then with Cow, I've got Ducks, Hens, and Pigs. That's what I shall have for a Gardener to do. As the lodging-house keepers say, he'll have to do for two Ducks (or more), Hens uncertain, and a Pig.

The question is, how to word this properly in an advertisement. "Wanted, a Gardener, who has no objection to a Pig." That, I think, is the regular, and really the pleasantest way of putting it: then, to vary it a little, add, "And who can get on with a Cow."

Happy Thought.—Title for a song, "Who can get on with a Cow?"

In enumerating the above animals, I've quite forgotten the Pony. By the way, must purchase Pony. Also, no farm-yard complete without a Dog.

Note. Odd. The other day, when making an alphabetical list of what I should require, I found that with quite a rush everything came suddenly under the letter "P": now there's a run upon "D"—as, for instance, Dog, Ducks, Donkey.

Happy Thought.—Look in paper for how to word properly an advertisement. Search out precedents.

Look down column. Where are the Gardeners who want Employers, or where are the Employers who want Gardeners.

The first I come across is, "To Master Bread and Biscuit Bakers." Reminding me of ENGLEMORE at once. Master Bread and Biscuit. On again. Where are Gardeners' advertisements? Next? No. *A Single-handed Nurse*, &c. By the way, not much use where there are twins.

Now then Gardener, where are you? . . . The next that catches my eye is, "A Valet who only requires a nominal salary." This sets me thinking. Substitute Gardener for Valet, and wouldn't that suit my pocket? "Only a Nominal Salary." Might be fourpence a year. Still, if proposal comes from him, he can't complain. I'll read this advertisement on to the end. It continues as a reason

for the nominal salary, "not having been out before." Now, would this do for a Gardener? Let me suppose that I should find this form:—

"A Gardener who only requires a nominal salary, never having attended to a Garden in his life, and utterly ignorant of Pigs and Cows, wishes for a situation. Good references."

Now what should I do? He'd be cheap, that's certain, as far as wages go. But his references? What character could they give him, except to corroborate his own statement that he "never had attended to a garden," and that he was, as he stated, utterly ignorant of pigs, and knew just as little about cows. Such a reference would be unsatisfactory; and, after all, if they only said he didn't drink and was honest, wouldn't it be tantamount to describing him as a moral and sober idiot?

On the other hand, I remember my Aunt, who is really an experienced person, distinctly saying, that in choosing servants she would rather have one at low wages (a Cook for example) whom she herself could teach, and who would do what she (my Aunt) told her, without attempting to instruct her, than an elderly scientific professed or Plain Cook, whose only thought was, out of her materials at hand to make as little as possible for the dining-room, and as much as possible for her own private purse.

Then how did my Aunt instruct her? Why, by supervision, and out of a good cookery-book. Now, I ask myself seriously, what's the use of my having learned to read and write, and of having gone through the grades of a superior education, if I can't study, day by day, the gardening work, so as to instruct a gardener, and then see him carry out my orders under my own eye? True, I shall have to devote my time to it at first—but at first only; and, after awhile, I shall, from my own personal experience, be able to publish a useful volume on Farming (the *Pharmacopæia* before mentioned in these Notes) and Gardening, with an Essay on Pigs, Poultry, Peas, &c.

On the whole, I am inclined to advertise as follows, compounding my advertisement out of what I see wanted, so that thus I may get a thoroughly useful man, whom I could form myself. Besides, GUTCH's gardeners will start the affair, just putting things straight.

My Advertisement, as planned:—

"WANTED.—A thorough Out-of-door Servant, not less than twenty-five years of age, with good personal character and references, single, active, and English."

I mention this to exclude foreigners; and yet, when I think of it, the Dutch are great Gardeners.

Happy Thought.—Might, with a Dutch gardener, win a prize in Dutch Tulips. Imitate the BUNGAY style, and call it the Giant Emperor Nook Conquering Hero Tulip, or Emperor Vietor Nookensis.

Continue Advertisement, thus: Single—(it wouldn't do to have a Double-Dutchman)—*active, English or Dutch. Height no object.*

No, on second thoughts, omit this, or limit it, say, to six feet one. Over six feet one no giant need apply. I can't say height no object when, if he were seven feet, he would be an object—and a tremendous object.

Happy Thought.—But then I could exhibit him. Place him among the tulips, and call him the *Giant Jardinier Hollandais au Coin*—au coin looks as if he'd been placed in the corner for punishment, but it really means The Nook. Translation of the whole, The Giant Dutch Gardener in the Nook. Or, if only four feet high, *Homunculus Horticulturalisticus Nookensis*.

Advertisement continued.—"Middle height. One who requires a nominal salary only much preferred. If he has never been out before, he will be instructed on the premises. He must know something."

I don't want him to be an absolute fool—

—"of Pigs, Poultry (including Ducks), and a Pony, and must not object to a Cow."

The Cow may object to him, if he doesn't know his business, when he comes to milk; but that's his look-out, and he'll have to look out pretty sharply too, because a Cow kicks sideways, I believe.

"Apply, Nook Farm Dairy, or to X., at the Minerva Club, between Two and Four."

"X., at the Minerva Club, is myself; and I send the Messenger down to the Newspaper with this advertisement. Anxious to see what comes of it. Watch and Wait: Motto.

On first opportunity must be introduced to ENGLEMORE's stock-broker who farms.

While watching and waiting, I run down to the Nook, to see how things generally are getting on, and to meet Mr. GUTCH on the subject of preparations for Garden.

The world of Nurserymen and Seedsmen seems to have awoken to the fact of my being about to start a Garden. I am inundated with *Season Catalogues* (CAGNER's), BODGER, MUMPKIN, WUGGUM & Co's *Seed and Vegetable List*, *The Royal Bucks Nursery Garden Book*,

issued by HULLABY AND SONS, with form of order enclosed—so thoughtful this of HULLABY AND SONS!—and, finally, BUNGAY over again, who has sprouted out so wonderfully into all sorts of Lists, Guides, Prospectuses, and illustrated Garden Books, that I am inclined to think he is somehow connected with the printing interest. If not, the cost alone to BUNGAY of employing Vegetable Authors for the literary part of his (BUNGAY's) publications, and of fruit, vegetable, and flower artists for the illustrations, must be something enormous. Evidently, a man whose *spécialité* is vegetables, is required, and yet what draughtsman's while can it be worth to injure his health by sitting out all day copying peculiar parsnips and odd carrots, besides seriously damaging his constitution by changing the atmosphere suddenly from out-of-doors chill and damp to the tropical climate of a hothouse, where he'd sketch BUNGAY's *Early Glory* (Strawberry) or his *Golden Intermediate* (Grape).

This leads me into the subject of Fruit. It strikes me that Gardening is certainly an occupation, and with Farming is clearly uncommonly like a business. O, here's Mr. GUTCH!

MR. PUNCH'S PARLIAMENTARY NOTICE FOR SESSIONS, 1872—3.

AÉRIAL RAILWAYS.

Incorporation of Company—Construction of Aerial Railways—Erection of Castles in the air—purchase of Public Property—Sale and Lease of old characters—Amalgamation of Public Men—Amendment of Acts.

NOTICE is hereby given that application will be made to *Punch* in the ensuing Session for an Act to incorporate a Company under the name of "the Aerial Railway Company," and to confer on that Company when incorporated, the following powers or some of them:—

1. To make these Railways commencing and terminating as follows:—
 - (a) A Railway commencing at a point 10,000 feet or thereabouts above the Treasury in Downing Street, London, England, and terminating at a point 10,000 feet or thereabouts above the White House, Washington, United States.
 - (b) A Railway commencing by a Junction with the first-named Railway at its commencement, and terminating at a point 10,000 feet over the Imperial Palace at Berlin.
 - (c) A Railway commencing at any point on the above-named Railways, and terminating in endless National Litigation.
2. To erect Castles, Stations, Liquor-bars, Lager Beer-shops, and all necessary works and conveniences along the line of the same Railways.
3. To levy tolls, rates, and duties on JOHN BULL.
4. To purchase the old Horse in Leicester Square, the Bank of England, the Houses of Parliament, the British Constitution, and all Political and Commercial Corporations, bodies, and persons, in Great Britain and elsewhere, and to sell or lease JOHN BULL and the British Lion (subject to their debts and liabilities), and to invest the proceeds arising therefrom in the purchase of Erie Shares, and to repay all liabilities to foreign nations with the same at par, and to apply the residue in making the Railways and works.
5. To amalgamate the POPE, MR. WHALLEY, the President of the Fenian Republic, the Stump Orators at Exeter Hall, and other dignitaries and undignified persons whose names create discord and excitement—and to alter, amend, enlarge, and extend all or any of the Acts of the Hyde Park Roughs, and the manners of the Home Office and Park Managers, and to repaint the notice-boards prohibiting public meetings, and to make martyrs of professional agitators.
6. On or before the 10th day of December, plans and sections of the proposed Railway, and a Book of Reference thereto, and a copy of this Notice, will be deposited with the Man in the Moon, at Jack Straw's Castle; and at the *Punch* Office, on or before the 21st.
7. Copies of the Bill will be deposited at the *Punch* Office, and may be had by the Public at—to them—the insignificant price of threepence.

TONY,

Solicitor for the Bill,
Fleet Street.

Dated November 29th, 1872.

The Greatest Betting Nuisance.

A HORSEY betting-man is a comparatively tolerable member of society, wherein his proclivity to wagers is limited, so to say, by a Ring. He is agreeable to his like, within their circle, and does not trouble outsiders. But a bore altogether insufferable is the man prone to betting who seizes every possible opportunity of challenging you to bet. You cannot express an opinion that this or that is a fact without, if he thinks otherwise, his offering to "lay you what you like," that it isn't. He thus impedes conversation, and cuts argument short. This better is altogether worse than the other.

POSTMEN AND PHILOSOPHERS.



AND it is to see what discontent is being created on every hand by the economical acts of our careful Government. A paragraph appeared in the papers the other day announcing:—

"DISCONTENT AMONG THE LONDON POSTMEN.—On Monday morning the inspector on duty at the branch post-office, Buckingham Palace-gate, called together the letter-carriers and sorters of the south-western district, numbering over 100, and informed them that he had a communication from the Postmaster-General to read to them respecting the 'stripes' that had been awarded to about twenty-five of their number for meritorious conduct."

Instead of going down on their knees immediately, and singing a thanksgiving ode to Mr. MONSELL, what did these ungrateful wretches of postmen do?

"The men, with one or two exceptions, vociferously called out, 'We don't want to hear it.' 'Put it down, Sir.' 'We won't hear another word.' 'We want more wages, not stripes, nor Mr. MONSELL's buttons.' 'It will disgrace us to wear stripes, and we shall be laughed and jeered through the streets.' 'Buttons and stripes won't feed our children.' 'It's all favouritism.'"

Stripes are so very cheap that we cannot feel too sorry that the men to whom they were offered preferred shillings so very much as to be provoked by the tender of the former instead of the latter to behave as above and below:—

"The inspector made another attempt to read the report, but the uproar now became warmer still. Yells, hooting, groans, whistling, and other discordant noises were kept up until the inspector had to retire without reading Mr. MONSELL's report."

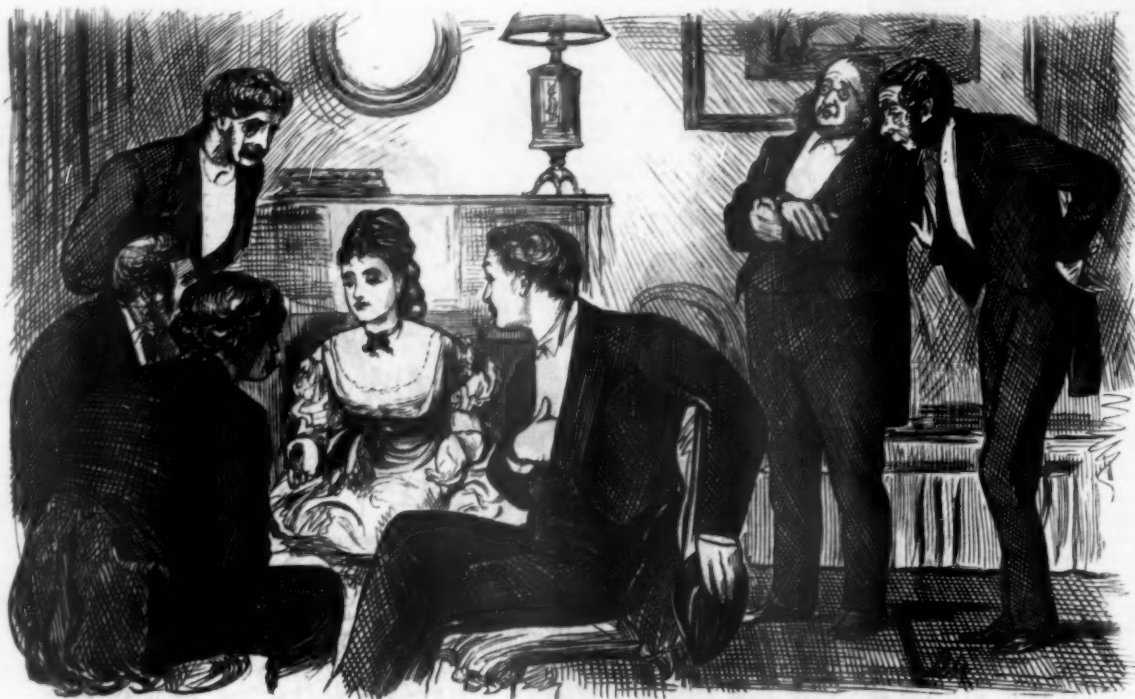
There is reason, however, to expect that firm and resolute Administrators will make these murmurers repent of their ingratitude.

"This being reported to the head-office yesterday morning, the men were informed that, if they did not choose to accept the stripes, they had better send in their resignations. The other branch offices are equally averse to the stripes. A great meeting of the whole of the carriers is to be called immediately by the delegates from each branch office."

Postmen are men of letters, and as such walk rounds. Thus they become philosophers of the peripatetic school; for pedestrianism favours thought. How often, when a knotty question arises in the mind, *solvitur ambulando*! Philosophy, unfortunately, teaches postmen to despise stripes, such as are proposed as the reward of good and not bad conduct. How fortunate it is that things of that sort are duly valued by the less thinking military mind! Decorations enable the War Office to save pay, but not the Post Office. As for the Postmen, not only do they not appreciate stripes, but, as will have also been discerned above, neither do they care a button for buttons. Of course they will be made to. Government needs to save as much as three millions and a half, gone in humble pie.

Commendable Considerateness.

MR. PUNCH is always anxious to stamp with his approval instances of thoughtful consideration for the feelings and pockets of others. In this favourable light he regards the conduct of a firm of wine merchants, in sending him their price-list with "Not to be forwarded" plainly printed on the envelope. If clergymen, charitable associations, and merchants and traders generally would adopt this plan, postage would be saved, and temper preserved at those times in the year when Mr. Punch, and his staff, and his readers, are away on the Continent, or at the seaside, or in the Highlands of Scotland, in the pursuit of health, or amusement, or game—periods of relaxation when they would rather not be molested with letters of any description, certainly not with communications bearing on the immediate necessity for rebuilding the tower of Dubbington Church, or the undeniable merits of the new white wine "Acidonia," or the urgent need of funds to maintain the *Home for Strayed Pets* in its present sphere of increasing usefulness.



A SAD CASE.

Mr. Kiljoye. "I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME, DR. BLAND! I WANT TO CONSULT YOU ABOUT MY POOR WIFE."

Dr. Bland. "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH HER?"

Mr. Kiljoye. "SUCH FEARFUL DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS!"

Dr. Bland. "DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS! WHY, SHE'S THE LIFE OF THE PARTY!"

Mr. Kiljoye. "AH, SHE ALWAYS BEARS UP IN COMPANY, POOR THING! BUT YOU SHOULD ONLY SEE HER WHEN WE ARE TOGETHER ALONE!"

QUIS CUSTODIET?

OH, BOBBY, my BOBBY, the stay of the street,
Deemed truest of all my true blues,
I no more dreamed of thee being false to thy beat,
Than the choicest chronometer that for the fleet
Ever AIRY at Greenwich did choose!

From the guilt of a strike can my BOBBY be shriven?
Who of strikes should know only as cuffs?
To break heads of those who to break laws have striven—
Of strikes, in a word, that to roughs should be given,
Not of strikes that are taken from roughs.

Blush, my BOBBY, at thought of the area-belle
Whose contempt thou henceforward shalt mourn:
Of the cook, who regaled her protector so well,
Cold shoulder, henceforth, her changed feelings will tell,
And that, not of mutton, but scorn!

And *Punch*, who hath still 'gainst the rough stood thy friend,
Since to follow roughs' lead thou'rt misled,
Can no more to the Force his protection extend,
Nor be to 't, as he once was, a *Punch* to defend,
But, rather, a *Punch* on its head!

Downing Street and Chelsea.

THE result of the appeal of the mob orators against the decision of the Magistrate on the proceedings taken against them by the Government under the Parks Act will probably remind many who have read MR. CARLYLE'S *Occasional Discourse on the Nigger Question*, of the name therein applied to the typical Blackamoor. It appears likely to be a case of QUASHEE.

TONE AND "TUNDING."

In the matter of the "tunding" at Winchester College, of course the Ushers of that seat of bullying have come to the rescue of the Head-Master with a manifesto. This, published in the *Times*, concludes with the following attestation:—

"And they would fail in the duty that they owe to the school if they did not record their testimony to the high tone that has been maintained within it, and the great and various advantages which it has derived from the Head-mastership of DR. KIDDING."

There can be no doubt whatever that the tone maintained during the period above referred to at Winchester College has been very high indeed. The cries of youth under the infliction of bodily pain are usually high-toned in the extreme; and several ground-ash saplings broken over a boy's back would, we imagine, compel him to vociferate in tones of the highest pitch. When a dog is cruelly whipped, he utters exclamations which have been put into articulate expression in the words "pen-and-ink." The tone of these, no doubt, is the sort of tone which has been thoroughly well maintained at Winchester College.

Down and Up.

"THE report that MR. AYRTON is to succeed SIR RICHARD TEMPLE as Financial Minister of India is denied."—*Echo*.

THE depression of India when it hears the report, the delight of India when it reads the denial! Words are powerless to describe all this. But the disappointment some people at home must be feeling!

INTELLECTUAL TREAT.

"'TWOULD be a fine thing," with a sigh said TOM NODDY,
"Were food for the mind nice, like food for the body."



PRO AR(E)IS ET FOCIS.

HOUSEMAID. "O!—SO YOU MUST GO ON STRIKE, TOO, MR. ROBERT, MUST YOU?—LEAVIN' OF US ALL TO BE MURDERED, LET ALONE BURGLARS? NEVER AGAIN DOWN *THIS* AREA—NEVER IN YOUR LIFE, SIR! THERE!"

[Locks gate, and puts the key in her pocket.

VOICE FROM BELOW. "NEVER AGAIN!—AS I'M A BRITISH COOK!!"

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COLOSSAL FARMING AT THE CAPE.



SOME of our readers will recollect, among the songs of other days, a mildly comic duet for the drawing-room, entitled, "When a little farm we keep." Perhaps it has, in more than one instance, been brought to mind by the following extract from some recent telegrams from Cape Town:—

"Ostrich farming is progressing. One farmer has hatched eggs by an incubator of his own construction."

Parcum parva decent. Little girls and boys, little pigs and sheep, are suitable to a little farm. So likewise are little fowls. Conversely, a large farm would require to be stocked with animals of proportionate magnitude. The farm whose fowls are ostriches should be a very large farm. On an ostrich farm all the pigs and sheep and children, and

cattle also, and horses, ought to be of Broddingnagian dimensions, so as to correspond with the ostrich cooks and hens.

A story was once related by LISTON the actor to an eminent songstress, on whose guilelessness he used to practise. He told her that he was once taken prisoner and enslaved by the Algerines, who, not finding him capable of any labour, skilled or other, took him, and, as the best use they could put him to, tarred and feathered him, and appointed him to sit on and hatch turkeys' eggs. An incubator of this sort, to match the one invented by the farmer above mentioned for the purpose of hatching ostriches' eggs, might be made out of an exceptionally useless missionary, if one big enough could be found, since properly to incubate eggs as big as those it would take a Goliath, or some equally gigantic Philistine of the British breed.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He addresses the Editor from the South Kensington Museum, where he reaches the Picture Gallery.)

DURING luncheon-time I was at first rather startled, though I gradually became accustomed to it, by the waiter from the inner dining-room rushing to the door leading to the central Restauration where we luncheoners were sitting, and snapping his finger and thumb wildly; really, I discovered, as a summons to the boy with the beef, or whatever the hot joint on wheels might have been, to bring it to the private diners; but, apparently, his action seemed to be the unpremeditated outburst of a joyous heart, desirous of relieving itself in the hours of business by rushing into a Highland Fling, to which exuberant dance, I believe, snapping the fingers is an indispensable preparation and accompaniment. It seemed hard that the audience should be so unsympathetic, for no one took any notice of his performance beyond turning round for a second to stare at him, under the impression perhaps that he really had come out to do something good in the dancing way, and would have done it but for changing his mind at the last moment, and so postponing the performance.

On quitting the room, I noticed a small box, with a slit in it, belonging to the "Inspector of Refreshments," and underneath was an announcement to the effect that "Visitors having cause to complain of inattention or of the inferiority of the refreshments, are requested to do so to the Inspector, or to leave their complaints in the box." Alas! would that I could have left all my complaints in that box, and have issued forth a new man! My complaint at that precise moment was indigestion, and I could not leave that in the box, or I would have done so with the greatest possible pleasure. Moreover, being perfectly satisfied with the character of the provisions and the service generally, I had no wish to see the Inspector, except to compliment him on the efficiency of this department, at least, of the S. K. Museum, which seemed to me, Sir, as Your Representative, managed upon a sensible and simple plan.

The object of my visit, I here reminded myself, was to find out if there were a likeness of CHARLES THE FIRST in the National Portrait Gallery, for which I had taken a ticket, included in my sixpence paid at the entrance. Wishing to see as much for my money as possible (I believe I am expressing Your sentiments, Sir, to the letter) I determined upon inspecting such productions of art as lay in my road to the N. P. G., and decided upon going out of my way and up-stairs, for a few minutes, in order to view the Art Students busy at their grateful studies.

The corridor immediately without the Refreshment-room is devoted to statuary. Most of the statues have got away bashfully into two recesses, where the bold but admiring visitor must follow them up, and rout them out. In a recess within a recess, quite a

private apartment of itself, I came upon an oversized figure of SIGMOR ROSSINI, sitting magisterially behind a wooden bar, in front of which the visitor, wishing to get a full view of the eminent composer's features, must stand as if he'd just been brought up in a police-court before the Stipendiary on a charge of pocket-picking. (A very difficult word, "pocket-picking," by the way, and one that ought immediately, for active service, to be changed into pick-pocketing. Why not?) After a few minutes, the spectator will find himself relieved from the oppression of guilt, which, in such a ghostly presence, will weigh him down—(it did me, but I am sensitive, after lunch)—by observing that SIGMOR ROSSINI has evidently been concentrating all his attention upon a dispute between SIR JAMSBETTER JEEREBHOY, Bart. (represented by his bust on a pedestal on your right) and the late Iron Duke, whose bust (on your left) has a splash of mud at the back of its head, indicating, perhaps, that the charge against the eminent Indian Baronet has been one of common assault, wherein the Iron Duke, having got the worst of it in the gutter, had summoned his assailant before SIGMOR ROSSINI, J.P., the case to be heard in this particular corner of the S. K. Museum. Whatever the legend intended by this group, it is certain that SIR JEEREBHOY has got the ear of the Court, and that the other bust, who has come off only second best, is getting a severe wiggling from the worthy Magistrate in the chair, upon whom he is, rather rudely and angrily, turning so much of his back as the sculptor has given him.

Finding sufficient food for reflection in these figures, I left the recess, and, while wondering why they haven't washed the back of the DUKE of WELLINGTON's head, or brushed it by machinery (it will be, of course, done after this hint), I found myself assisting at the moving of a heavy frame containing a stained-glass window. When I say "assisting," I mean that I co-operated about as usefully, and with as much energy as was displayed by some eminent elderly and clerical-looking person in authority who stood looking on at the process with his hands in his pockets, once interfering to suggest something, and getting snubbed for his pains by the active director of the workmen employed. They had to get this huge affair under an archway, for which it was too high. Such a dragging, heaving, shoving, and lumbering about generally, I never expected to see in a scientific establishment, where, one would have imagined, that ingenious mechanical appliances could be applied, on the spot, to all such ordinary business as this.

I saw at once what was wanted; and it struck me then and there, Sir, that I had been all my life a mechanical genius in disguise, without being aware of it. Who knows his strength until he gives a blow? Whether it was as Your Representative that this lightning flash of brilliant design electrified me, or whether it was as myself, I could not quite make out; but I was on the point of offering my plan for moving weighty bodies at the minimum cost of labour with the maximum of efficiency, at so much, to be paid down on the nail to me by the elderly official in a white tie and spectacles, if he had had his cheque-book about him, and was empowered to use it, when the legal maxim occurred to me, *Qui facit per alium facit per se*; and I felt that, as Your Representative, I was bound to consult you first, to ascertain what might be your views on the subject.

In the meantime, they had nearly got over, or rather got under the difficulty, which was, as I said before, an archway, and since then I have forgotten what my plan was. I rather think it had something to do with pulleys, a frame on wheels, and a hidden steam-engine. If you can work this out, do so. All I say is, in any case, "Halves!" I then ascended to the Pictures, where, among the Art Students, you will kindly leave

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

DR. CULLEN'S COOKERY BOOK.

FROM a speech delivered the other day at a meeting of the medical faculty of the Roman Catholic University of Dublin, it appears that a great many Irish Papists wish that Institution to be endowed by the State. Their principles or their priests forbid them to accept mixed education, and require them to demand separate instruction in certain branches of knowledge, including logic, modern history, and metaphysics. Is it necessary that those subjects, and the sciences of astronomy, geology, physiology, and chemistry, should be adapted for the Romish Church in such wise, analogically, as wines and some other goods are qualified for the British market? Must they needs be doctored, to accord with doctrine, by doctors of theology? Do the Pope and his Clergy require historical and scientific facts to be cooked, as Bubble Company Directors are wont to cook accounts for shareholders? In that case, the Pope would oblige inquiring Protestants if he would publish, *ex cathedra*, a Catholic Cookery Book.

Suppose endowment for separate instruction conceded to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects. Separate instruction would necessitate separate examination. Else, would it not have the effect, for one thing, of getting Roman Catholic candidates plucked at examinations for the Civil Service, the Medical Profession, and all other professions and employments, by Boards of Examiners, who would regard answers affected by Romish cookery as erroneous?



"COMPARISONS ARE ODIUS."

Mrs. G. "I REALLY MUST GIVE COOK WARNING, CHARLES. SHE DOES USE SUCH VERY BAD WORDS!"

Mr. G. "REALLY, DEAR! WHAT SORT OF WORDS ARE THEY?"

Mrs. G. "O—WELL—THE SAME AS YOU USE!"

OUT OF THE WATER-FLOODS.

"The Bill for the Suppression of Religious Corporations, introduced by the Minister of Justice to-day, declares that the laws of 1806, 1807, 1808, and 1870, relative to the suppression of religious corporations, and the conversion of their property, shall be applied to the province and city of Rome. The property of the religious corporations in the city of Rome will be converted into inalienable public rentes, and continue to be applied to the charitable purposes for which they were originally established."

THE Tiber spurns the bounds of his old bed,
Floods the Campagna's waste, the City's ward,
Sweeps to the sea on waters rough and red,
The wreck of ruined homestead, clean-swept sward,
And ravaged harvest-field, and cattle dead.

But worse than Tiber, loose from spring to sea,
Or Po, that soaks with salt the Lombard plain,
This other inundation, roaring free
Of the vex'd Vatican's rust-eaten chain,
Through gapped dams of Church doctrine and decree.

Ravaging and to ravage, still it flows;
Sweeps the piled produce of Church-lands away,
Crops of fat convent vineyard, croft and close,
Cathedral wreckage, spoil of abbey grey,
And robes and properties of holy shows—

From North to South the inundation leapt,
And now, behold, it has come even to Rome,
Up to the Vatican's old wall has swept,
Till its broad flood reflects St. Peter's dome,
And the Saint's chair hath all but over-stept.

The Holy City, holy men and maids
Hear now the impious flood beat at their walls,
In vain are prayers and comminations' aids,
Candle, nor bell nor book the tide appals,
That stronghold of scared monk and nun invades.

And if all vain are hands held up to Heaven,
How far more vain are hands held up to him
Whom your Church hath as Heaven's Vicerent given,
Whose eighty-year old eyes look dazed and dim
On the wild waves that his throne's base have riven.

Bear on, and let him ban: not in his hand
The bridle of the waters has been laid:
They flow and ebb, leap free or chained stand,
By God's unquestioned law set on or stayed;
The water-floods are His, as the dry land,
At His will Churches fall and Kings command.

A STRANGE QUEST.

THE following, which is the commencement of an advertisement in the *Times*, suggests uncomfortable thoughts:—"Australian Meat.—A Dutch Merchant seeks for a first relation in this article." If a suspicion once gets abroad that the Australian meat is not exclusively the flesh of sheep and oxen, the sale of that very useful article of food may receive a most serious check. The possibility of having our missing friends returned to us, partially cooked, in tins, is too horrible—for, considering the immense intercourse between this country and Australia, it can hardly be hoped that such a distressing bereavement, such a painful termination to a relative's career, as our extract seems to point to, can be confined to the Dutch nation. The "cold relation on the sideboard" may, after all, turn out to be something more than a humorous invention.

A Winchester Holiday.

THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER may not be aware that the Prefects of the College founded by his predecessor, are in the habit of making a festival rather than a feast of Ash Wednesday. They may eat some salt fish in honour of the day, and are not anthropophagous, but they pitch into little boys with ashen sticks.



"TIMEO DANAOS," &C.

First Boy. "IT YER, DID HE? WHY DIDN'T YER SPEAK TO THE P'LICEMAN ON DUTY?"

Second Boy. "P'LICEMAN ON DUTY!! O, I DESSAY! I AIN'T SO FOND OF 'EM!"

GREAT ATTRACTIONS.

A CORRESPONDENT of *Notes and Queries* says that there is now being exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition (Loan Museum, No. 846) "the first prescription compounded for the DUKE OF WELLINGTON when a baby"! Committees and Managers of Exhibitions, Museums, and Loan Collections, have here an idea presented to them which, if well worked, ought to bring them great attendances, large receipts, much popularity and public admiration, and the reward of an approving conscience.

With what delight would the majority of the visitors who usually frequent Museums and Exhibitions gaze on articles interesting from their association with the early days of great and famous characters both of past and present times, trivial as these might seem in the eyes of the cynic, the scoffer, and the *blasé* man of the world!

Let us enumerate a few objects of surpassing interest which would be certain to ensure the success of any Collection fortunate enough to obtain them:—

The box which held the first powder administered (in jam) to NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

The little wooden boat which ADMIRAL LORD NELSON was in the daily habit, when a boy, of sailing on the pond in his father's paddock.

A piece of the string used by BENJAMIN FRANKLIN to fly his first kite.

A note of excuse, written by the mother of DR. JOHNSON to the Master of the Academy at Lichfield, to account for SAMUEL'S non-attendance at early morning school, owing to indisposition.

A fragment of a Valentine composed by OLIVER CROMWELL at the age of ten.

One of MISS HANNAH MORE'S curl-papers.

MRS. TRIMMER'S first doll.

A soldier (one of a box) handed down as having been played with by the great DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

VITALITY OF ILLS.

THE *Post*, in a paragraph headed "St. Paul's Cathedral," notices a set of lectures in course of delivery under the dome of that building by CANON LIGHTFOOT, D.D., "On the Early History of Christianity, and its Influence on Society during that period." The reverend lecturer commenced, on the evening of Tuesday last week, with a discourse on "The Relations of Christianity to Society;" with reference to which we read that:—

"On the first point he dwelt exclusively last night, and in closing a very eloquent lecture, which was listened to by many hundreds of men, said that Christianity had been the instrument of abolishing slavery, for although we had witnessed it in our own day, its death-blow was declared when St. Paul said that all men were 'one.'"

In those same words if a death-blow has been struck at slavery, though slavery is not dead yet, it has surely been struck at a great many other things too, which also still live, and are too likely to be very long lived indeed. A death-blow has been struck at war, for instance; but the Millennium still appears as remote as ever, and Battle and Murder, though mortally wounded, look likely to survive the injury they have received till Doomsday. But slavery, one would think, should have received its death-blow from a text considerably prior to the one above quoted. A slave-owner, who meant to do as he would be done by, would enfranchise his slaves. It is not clear, though, that the author of the words which CANON LIGHTFOOT considers to have given slavery its death-blow enjoined PHILEMON to emancipate ONESIMUS.

A Long Story.

THAT interesting periodical, *The London Gazette*, publishes an appointment to the office of "Gentleman Usher Daily Waiter Assistant in Ordinary to Her Majesty." This must be about the longest title known to the British Constitution, and completely throws into the shade all such puny efforts as Acting Deputy Assistant Commissary General. If the attendance required of a G. U. D. W. A. bears any proportion to the lengthiness of his description, all we can say is that we hope his salary and perquisites are arranged on a scale of the utmost liberality. For our part, we should prefer another Court appointment, unfortunately just filled up, that of "Clerk of the Check."

A scrap of the cloth used for WILLIAM PITT'S first jacket.

MASTER BENJAMIN DISRAELI'S peg-top.

The last surviving member of the Noah's Ark presented to MASTER GLADSTONE on his sixth birthday.

A piece of slate pencil, the property of the present CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in his early years.

One of SIR JOHN PAKINGTON'S first copy-books.

A twig from a birch-rod said to have been in use at Harrow when LORD BYRON, SIR ROBERT PEEL, the EARL OF ABERDEEN, LORD PALMERSTON, &c., were pupils at that celebrated Seminary.

The money-box in which the founder of the house of Rothschild deposited his youthful savings.

As local attractions are of the highest importance, every effort ought to be made to secure some such treasures as the following:—

The first tooth parted with by THOMAS TRUMPINGTON, Esq., three times Mayor of Goggeshall, set as a scarf pin. [Lent by the Family.]

A steel pen used in the school-room by MR. COLEMAN BANKES BREWERY, now M.P. for his native town, SLICKFORD.

The advertisement which appeared in the *Lambey, Mareham, and Kidbrook Chronicle*, announcing the birth of MR. ALDERMAN HORRINGER. [Exhibited by his Governess.]

A bracelet made entirely of hairs from the mane and tail of the chestnut pony which had the honour to bear the DUKE OF DODDINGTON, Lord Lieutenant of the County, when his Grace was not more than eight years of age. [Exhibited by his Nurse.]

A bracelet made entirely of hairs from the mane and tail of the chestnut pony which had the honour to bear the DUKE OF DODDINGTON, Lord Lieutenant of the County, when his Grace was not more than eight years of age. [Lent by the Dowager Duchess.]

A Striking Difference.

THERE are two opinions as to the wisdom of putting power into the hands of the Seniors in our Public Schools (Monitors, Prefects, Prepositors) to inflict corporal punishment on the Juniors. Some uphold the system, others think it Preposterous.

A HUNDRED YEARS HENCE.

(Extracts from a Diary, copied by Our Own Clairvoyant.)



Anno Domini, 1772. New Year's Day.

DINED with our good friends the ROBINSONS, at their new aerial mansion in Upper Piccadilly, suspended just two hundred yards above the chimney-pots of old Apsley House. An early evening: balloons ordered at eleven. Snug party of a dozen, and simple though select menu. Cuckoo soup, Chinese oysters, stewed asstring, camel hump-steak, broiled humming-birds, and hothouse dates. How very much more sensible is a plain dinner like this, than the horribly long banquets of a score or so of courses which our forefathers thought fashionable a hundred years ago! No wonder that their newspapers were so full of quack advertisements for curing indigestion, which is never heard of in our more enlightened age.

St. Valentine's Day.—After reading my wife's Valentine for every year, poor wretch! she makes one for me out of her own head, she says; and every year it happens to consist of exactly these two lines:—

"Thy nose is red, thine eyes are blue,
Still I remain thy loving Suz!"

—after this annual enjoyment, I escort her to the House to hear the great debate on Female Universal Suffrage, which, despite the active intervention of the Speakeress, was adjourned when the House rose at four o'clock, P.M. Certainly, these early sittings are far more wise and healthy than the foolishly late hours that were kept in the old times. I have heard my father say that, in his younger days, the Commons used to sit till nearly eight o'clock! But time was sadly wasted then in useless talking, which has sensibly been stopped by the Ten Minutes Legislation Act.

All Fools' Day.—This being the day when Thames trout-fishing begins, JACK WALTON and I set out by first balloon from Brighton, and hire a punt at Billingsgate. We fish along the Surrey shore for half-an-hour or so; but the water being too clear (thanks to the steam-filters which have lately been erected), we shove out in the Pool to the middle of the stream, and, as the farthing steam-boats are continually passing, and thus roughening the surface, we are soon enabled to hook some scores of fish. Returning, in the evening, along the Middlesex shore, we capture a fine otter, gorged with grise and whitebait, sleeping on the bank. The hounds have not yet hunted lower down than Vauxhall Bridge; but as the Thames is daily getting so much purer than it was, I shall propose Blackfriars as the place for their next meet.

May Day.—With my friends the LARKERS to see the Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, rowed in the new patent razor-keeled steel waver boats, only six inches in width. Cambridge having won, for the fifth time in succession, we old Light Blues made a little party for the "Star and Garter," Richmond, where we played at steam skittles till six, and then had tea and shrimps. Our bill only came to nineteen pence a head, including all the ginger-beer we drank upon the ground. A great improvement this upon the costly entertainments for which, my grandfather has told me, the place was once so famous.

The Derby Day.—Started in a four-winged brougham balloon at half-past two, and alighted on the roof of the Grand Stand punctually at three o'clock. The air was not so crowded as it was last year, and I saw but few collisions or explosions by the way. JACK RATTLE got his gas knocked out by getting jammed at the aerial turnpike over Sutton, but all his party luckily had brought their parachutes, and so none of them were hurt. The race was run in seven seconds under the half-minute, which was considered by the knowing ones as being rather slow. But now the making of steam-horses is exciting so much interest, there is less care paid to breeding good fast-footed living beasts.

Lord Mayor's Day.—To Guildhall at nine o'clock, to breakfast with the new Lord Mayor, feeling most devoutly thankful in my mind that the Dinner and the Show have, through the wisdom of

our civic fathers, long since been consigned to the limbo of oblivion, together with old Temple Bar—that bar to modern progress—through which they yearly used to pass. By the courtesy of his Lordship, who was my fag at Eton, I sat at the top table, and so had a good view of all the most distinguished guests. The EMPEROR OF AMERICA was placed on the right of the LORD MAYOR, and on his left the PRESIDENT OF THE GERMAN REPUBLIC, while the Kings of France and Russia sat in the next seats. Returning thanks for Ministers, the Premier, Mr. Punch, remarked that since the Act was passed last Session for prohibiting the sale of ginger-beer after six o'clock, P.M., the national prosperity had sensibly advanced, and the hateful crime of drunkenness had become well nigh extinct.

Christmas Day.—This being Leap Lear, my wife—poor wretch!—kisses me under the mistletoe, and presents me with a Christmas-box of bonbons made with her own hands. Then we go to eat our turkey, stuffed with humming-birds, at her father's family mansion near to Crystalford-on-Thames: a longish drive for our young zebras, but the india-rubber asphalt makes a smooth and easy road. What strong nerves, and what long ears too, must our ancestors have had to have borne the noise and jolting of the hard rough granite roadways of a hundred years ago!

MUTES AND LIQUIDS.

A NOBLEMAN lately deceased, directed in his will, which was proved a few days ago, that neither handkerchiefs nor scarves should be given or worn, nor gloves given at his funeral. As dead men tell no tales, so, even though they be noble, do they set no fashions, and therefore it is too much to hope that the example of this rational nobleman will have any influence on Society. It is only live lords that Society is prone to imitate. People will probably, until they shall have generally become philosophers, continue to tax themselves with funeral expenses, and impose them, under penalty of censure and excommunication, on the wise. Thus it may be feared that the only human being that will ever be interred without idle ostentation will be the Last Man. Government, however, could put a stop to it, very probably indeed. Not a few persons would be glad to be effectually relieved of the obligation to "show respect" to the memory of a deceased relative by the unnecessary consumption of drapery and furniture, and the distribution of clothes unsuitable for wearing apparel. This relief would be given them by a tax of what is called a prohibitory character. We know that ordinances on the subject have failed, and we remember POPE'S

"Odious, in woollen, 'twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor NARCISSE spoke."

But the art of putting on the screw was not understood then, as it is in these Income Tax days. Such a tax, for the rich as well as the poor, would in all likelihood give general satisfaction, except to the undertakers. But they would have no right to complain of confiscation. Their trade, except within very narrow limits, panders altogether to foolish extravagance. Thus it is an evil in itself. Undertakers deal in articles which nobody has any business to buy at all, and which anybody injures others by buying, in that he thereby perpetuates a custom directly noxious and tyrannical to others. The undertaker is not like the publican, who deals in liquors which are intrinsically cordial, and intoxicating or detrimental to those only who abuse them. Yet the dealings of publicans have been limited by a statute which is endured; but if an analogous enactment were to forbid the people from spending money which many of them hate to spend, they would no doubt joyfully accept that further but beneficent step in sumptuary legislation.

Three Courses.

THE PRESIDENT'S outbreak of temper set everybody asking, "What is the Government of France just now?" Clearly (says the Left) it isn't a Monarchy. But, just as clearly (says the Right) it isn't a Republic. Suppose we defined it—*a Thiers Etat?*

An Old Story.

PROFESSOR DUNCAN (not Mr. Ephraim Jenkinson) is now lecturing at the South Kensington Museum on "Cosmogony." One cannot but be reminded of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, or fail to think of the interest he would have taken in these lectures.

STORMY ELECTIONEERING.

ONE of the Candidates for the representation of Orkney and Shetland, is visiting those somewhat inaccessible islands in a steamer. A sailing-vessel would seem more suitable for a gentleman on his canvass.

Punch at Lunch.



OR we may have Lights from Below." That is a good phrase for an intimation to the Lords that the Commons have certain views. It was used in the debates over our own Revolution, other guess things than rows at Versailles.

I am going to found a Humane Society for giving rewards to persons who have Saved portions of other peoples' Lives from boredom. The first medal I mean to decree to a dear and very long-winded friend of mine, who had a gout-fit, the other night, just before his guests arrived to dinner, so they feasted without him.

The Ghosts, I hear, have all struck, so the Christmas stories can be made terrible only by their dullness.

Said a Frenchman to a German, "When the Vendôme column is restored, we mean to put a statue of a French soldier on the top." "Right," said a German to a Frenchman, "that is a place of safety."

The *Morning Post* contradicts the statement that an Unequal Match has been the result of a wealthy young nobleman's study, in his tutor's house, of HORACE's charming *Ne sit ancille*. 'Tis well, for all plebeian damsels are not *Hester Grazebrook*s.

I observe that my friend, the *Inverness Courier*, recommends that a statue be erected in the Parliament Close, Edinburgh, to JOHN KNOX, whose tercentenary anniversary has just come round. With all my heart. KNOX was a very jocund Christian, and gave capital dinners on Sunday evenings.

But I do not think that my respected friend should recommend the destruction of the statue of CHARLES THE SECOND in the same place, because he was "a vindictive persecutor" of Scotland. When people sell one's father "for a groat" that he may have his head cut off, one ought not to be expected to entertain very violent affection for them. How's that, umpire?

ÆLFRIC uses the word "undeep" for "shallow." It is a good word, and I recommend it to my young friends. It is a shade gentler than the other one. But I do not recommend them to follow him in calling a shallow thinker an undeopthanol man, as the spelling is bothersome.

You have kept rather good company, my *Toby*, even before you kept mine. I have read of

"RAPHAEL, the sociable spirit, that desired
To travel with TOMAS."

My friend SIR JOHN LUBBOCK tells me that a Sumatran scrupulously abstains from pronouncing his own name, not from superstition, but as a punctilio in manners. When the legitimate drama shall be inflicted on Sumatra, how will *Norral* be played? Yes, stay! As MATHEWS Senior managed, when young N. was afraid to speak. "This young gentleman's name is *Norral*. On the Grampian Hills this young gentleman's father feeds his flock—a frugal swain, whose constant care was to increase his store, and keep his only son, this young gentleman, at home. For this young gentleman had heard of battles," &c.

PLATO says that a Ruler should have personal Beauty. Should H. M. want a Viceroy for anywhere, She knows my address.

'Tis difficult to get good ink. I wish I had some of the kind described on a label which I copied at Smyrna some time ago. "English Ink. Proceeded in London. This fluid, for writing, of English origin, has been composed in a manner to can adopt it to metallic pens, in first, it is of a green blue and becomes very black, and it is very apt for the writings who can make use to the copying press. It do not mould, nor leave any chest, and resist to the acids."

When a man bores me by quoting too much VIRGIL, I am apt to bid him do what DANTE did with that Poet.

Not that I object to quotations. On the contrary, this made me very angry. MR. JUSTICE HANNEN (to whom my best bow and warmest felicitations on his accession to his new throne) is asked to upset a lady's will, because "she was a very eccentric person, a great talker and a great writer, and very fond of interspersing her conversation and her writings with poetic quotations." Never mind growling, my faithful, but it does describe your master. And he "shall have his Will," as WILL SHAKESPEARE saith in a sonnet.

However, if I write, talk, or quote too much, I desire to be remonstrated with. Another's eye and judgment are valuable. Do you remember this, in the afore-said SHAKESPEARE?

"O, would some Deity
Bestow on us the gift to see ourselves
As others do, what harms should we escape?"

Somebody sends me a joke—where is it? O, here. "MR. DISRAELI was asked to talk politics at Glasgow, on his installation. He courteously declined. *Dis aliter visum*." Let it pass.

I respect the young man who swallowed the postage-stamp on his beloved's letter, "because her lips had touched it," and I should regret to inform him that, being a sensible girl, she used a stamp-damper.

They didn't tund boys at my school, and our Master wrote good English, almost as good as mine. We also composed poetry. This is the sparkling verse in which a friend of mine (where is dat Barty now?) criticised a French exercise by another boy:—

"Such French as this
The French would hiss
Till they were heard at Dover:
'Twould make meek PASCAL
Call you a rascal,
And make BOILEAU boil over."

If the author sees this, let him send me the one-and-nine he owes me for that guinea-pig. Come, now!

Sportsmen used to take a deal of trouble to go after birds. Real sportsmen still do, scorning the poulterer's men. But trouble is foolish work. I saw somewhere this summer a foreign gentleman's device. He had stuck up three tall poles, at the end of his garden, and a bigish bush at the top of each. He had built himself a little hut. To the bushes came the birds, and he, lying in ambush, shot at them, and sometimes hit them.

The demise of SIR JOHN BOWRING has brought up the name of JEREMY BENTHAM, who would be confounded with JEREMY TAYLOR by most folks, only providentially they never heard of either. It occurs to me that in these days of excessive legislation a strong word of BENTHAM's might be remembered. "As from a rubbish cart, a continually increasing and ever shapeless mass of law is from time to time shot down on the heads of the people. Thus does the Government, as is written, rain down snares."

The next Pope is, I am privately informed, to be CARDINAL ANTONIO PANEBIANCO, or, as we should say, the REVEREND ANTONY WHITEBREAD. May one adapt a line from *Rejected Addresses*?

"And if he can save all the fat from the fire,
We'll move that old Rome be called *Whitebread's Entire*."

The *Dumfries Advertiser* justly remarks that "TITENS is facile Princeps Queen of the lyric stage."

"Accipe, cape, rape, sunt tria verba Papa." That was said truly, if unevilly, a good many years ago. It is certainly not true now. S. S. has just refused £130,000 because it was proffered by the KING OF ITALY. I should certainly not refuse it myself, for that reason, or any other, but I insist on admiring His Holiness's fortitude.



THE YOUNG EUPHEMIST.

Aunt Mary. "WHAT IS MEANT BY DECLINING A NOUN, ETHEL?"
Ethel. "POLITELY REFUSING IT, AUNT DEAR."

LIST, LIST, O, LIST!

It is wonderful that, in these fine times for the working-classes, the rate of desertion from the British Army has, in twelve months, not exceeded eight thousand men, and that the average of desertions has of late amounted to no more than between seven and eight hundred per month. Pensions have, for private soldiers, been virtually abolished in the Army, and men in the Reserve get but fourpence a day, whilst soldiers are surrounded by civilian working-men who, earning their six or seven shillings a day, strike for more.

We ought to think ourselves very lucky that the strike of the Police has not been followed by a strike of the Army. Let us hope to experience nothing of the kind. Civilians on strike sometimes use to go about with banners flying and bands of music. Soldiers, possessed of colours and military bands, have peculiar facilities for making those demonstrations. Perhaps, one of these fine mornings, our ears will be saluted with the passing strains of "*The British Grenadier*," and our female servants, on rushing to the front-door, will gaze with admiration on the Hotstreams marching past, on strike. Fancy military pickets placed about the streets to prevent enlistment! and imagine gallant fellows rattening each other's kits! These events are not so very unlikely that their improbability renders it quite absurd to make enlistment and continuance in the Army a little more worth a man's while than they are now.

It is rather to be feared that the spread of education will create some difficulty for the recruiting sergeant. At least, in proportion as men are taught to think, they must be averse to soldiering, if it involve the least likelihood of active service. To any reflecting man it is matter of grateful wonderment that, in the absence of compulsory military service, we are able to get any soldiers to fight our battles at all. Recruits are not Mussulmans; they have no prospect of MAHOMET'S Paradise held out to them. Neither are they Crusaders, absolved by priests, and believing themselves to hold passports to everlasting happiness from the POPE. Yet they put themselves in the way of sufferings, and especially mutilations, as bad as

A WORD OF WELCOME.

"A COMMISSIONER from Pondicherry, named CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR, has arrived in Paris, bringing a lac of rupees (125,000 francs) for the emigrants from Alsace-Lorraine."

COME, Frenchmen, sound his fame afar,
CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
Due your best words of welcome are
To CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
Greet him with gittern or guitar,
CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
Let his long name be ne'er a bar,
CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
In brightest saloons bid him star,
CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
He comes to heal the wounds of war,
CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
He helps to raise your funds to par,
CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!
So let no cloud your welcome mar
Of CHECKABENDALCADERMARECAR!

ETIQUETTE REMARKABLE.

WRITING from Rome, the Correspondent of a contemporary records an audience granted by the POPE to the GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS of Russia, the members of his suite, and the Russian *Chargé d'Affaires* to the Holy See. The paragraph which contains the foregoing information concludes with the following:—

"The Imperial party wore uniforms, and paid their respects to CARDINAL ANTONELLI afterwards."

It is difficult to comprehend the relation of time expressed in the above sentence by words which seem to represent persons who wore uniforms when they went before the POPE, as having waited on ANTONELLI after they had worn those uniforms. Did they take their uniforms off as soon as they had left the POPE? If so, surely we ought to conclude that they put on some other description of clothing before they visited the Cardinal.

ANOTHER SITE.—There is no truth in the report that a proposition has been made to remove one of our great Public Schools to Rodborough.

any mode of confessorship or martyrdom. Fortunately for the peaceful, who yet require protection, there prevails very extensively among mankind a noble monomania, producing insensibility to prospective pain, and misery not yet present.

When, however, men get to be capable of some degree of reflection, they will proportionally hesitate to risk the chance of a wooden leg, or an empty coat-sleeve pinned to a breast-button. It will be necessary to offer them inducement. The revival of pensions will perhaps be the best, because by how much a man has ceased to be a fool, by so much he becomes specially anxious to secure a provision for disability and old age.

Some of you, who would like to save bloodshed, may wish that we could fight with troops consisting of steam automatons. In the Navy we can to a great extent do the fighting with such combatants, and should in the event of a war. Expensive Ironclads enable us to economise sailors. A steam-soldier, however, would, on the whole, most likely cost much more than a common one, although the latter might live to require support for some years from a grateful country. Of the two, the man, even if handsomely paid, would be cheaper than the machine.

THE RIGHT NAME FOR HIM.

HAIL, BESSEMER, whose water-level true,
In scorn of Neptune's bile-disturbing state,
More than BRITANNIA'S self aspires to do,
Nor only rule the waves, but rule them straight—

Their prayer must be who the vex'd Channel cross,
That in thy match 'gainst Neptune thou mayst thrive;
Be it a simple game of pitch and toss,
Or one more complicate, of motions five.

The Greeks read fates in names: the way I've found
On thee a name appropriate to bestow,
With a slight change of letters, not of sound,
Christ'ning thee "*Baissez-mer*!" or "*Sea, lie low!*"



BETHNAL GREEN.

East-End. "‘ARY SCHEFFER!’ HIGNORANT FELLERS, THESE FOREIGNERS, BILL! SPELLS ‘ENERY WITHOUT THE HAITCH!’"

THE FREEDOM OF THE BRIDGES.

(A Recitation by a Ratepayer.)

O EDILES, ye of this Metropolis
By name the Board of Works! With good design
You go to Government, and ask for power
To set from tolls the London Bridges free.
Traffic and trade those Bridges do impede,
Some of them, those, the central ones, which span
From bank to bank the crowded shores of Thames.
The Toll-taker, that intercepts my cab
When I am in hot haste to catch the train
At Waterloo, is a confounded Bore.
Abolish him. But Bridges there are other,
Commerce and travel whilst they not impede,
Repelling settlers with a little toll,
Which serve to keep a pleasant Suburb clear
On the other side o' the River; Hammersmith
Bridge, also Putney; think what they have done
From scall of bricks and mortar to preserve
The peaceful little promontory of Barnes,
Therewith Roehampton, Mortlake, Sheen, and Richmond,
An open piece of country close to Town.

To free suburban Bridges would add cost
To cost enough *per se*. And who's to pay?
Answer me that, Sirs, you Commissioners.
They should the charges bear who'll reap the gain.
And who be they? Say you, the Ratepayers!
First let the Ratepayers tell you what they think
Ere you extort their sovereigns for an end
To them not worth a farthing. What have they
Gained by your turnpike tolls' enfranchisement?
For every penny saved I pay a pound.
How many rates, e'en now, the Ratepayers pay!
Assessed on each point at a monstrous rate,
Saddled, besides the Poor's-rate of old time,
With heavy rates ere these new days unknown,
Main Drainage, Education, and Highway.

And now, as if those burdens were too light
For our bowed backs, the Water Companies
Behold, by Act of Parliament empowered,
About to visit us with imposition
Of who knows what expense?—for fittings new,
Adapted to receive their filtered slush
In novel sort purveyed. And will you add,
By tolls' redemption, to our miseries?
Then shall we groan beneath a Board of Works
As tributary Christians under Turks.

PEOPLE YOU EXPECT TO MEET.

MR. SMITH, who speaks his native English with a slightly foreign accent, whenever he returns from a week upon the Continent.

MR. BROWN, who can't appreciate BEETHOVEN, but dotes upon the bagpipes.

MR. JONES, who, when he shares a Hansom with you, somehow never has small change about him.

MR. ROBINSON, who carefully abstains from volunteering a political opinion until he has consulted half-a-dozen newspapers.

MR. CRUISER, who keeps a schooner yacht, but, except in a dead calm, never ventures out of harbour.

MR. SHARPE, who, when he drops his money into the collection-plate, can make a sixpence sound as though it were a sovereign.

MRS. SNORRINGTON, who calls her little knifeboy a Page, and when she hires a fly talks of taking carriage exercise.

MR. TYTLE TATTLE, who, from some official source of information, always brings the latest news of the intentions of the Government.

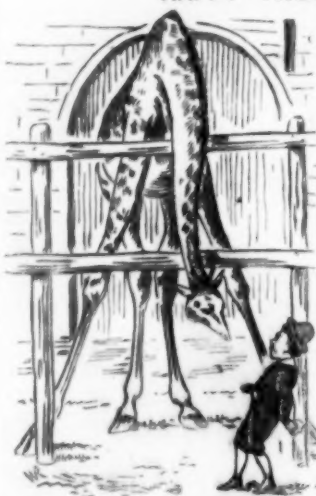
MR. HODGER, who considers TUPPER far superior to MILTON, and goes ready primed with arguments to prove it.

MR. DODGER, who invariably takes an old umbrella to a party, in the hope, by lucky accident, to change it for a new one.

MISS SNIVELLER, who keeps a sentimental diary, and bullies her small brothers.

MR. FUNTIMAN, who cannot cut a tongue without cutting a stale joke about it.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



8 Mr. GUTCH is unable to come himself, he has sent his Foreman, or Head Gardener.

He is of a despondent turn, and appears to view any difficulty as almost insurmountable. Occasionally he omits his aspirates, and occasionally puts them in again, in their wrong places, so as to do justice to the letter "H" in his conversation.

The moment he sees the Nook, he looks round as if he were taking the whole four acres in at a glance, and shakes his head without saying a word. He has such a melancholy air that I almost expect he'll shed tears, beg me not to speak to him, and walk out of the front gate with his handkerchief up to his eyes, distractedly.

He doesn't go so far as this, however. He simply observes, "It's in a bad state, Sir," which is, I admit

at once, true; adding, hopefully, that "I'm sure we can make something of it."

To this he replies, "To do any good with it will be a difficult job. Why," he goes on, "I suppose this place hasn't been touched not by no one for a matter of two year or more."

I believe him to be right.

"Now," he asks me, after looking round again, and rubbing his chin, and sniffing, "what are you going to make of this, Sir?"

That, I tell him, is precisely what I was about to ask him.

"Flower and Kitchen, I s'pose," he says, eyeing the extent of ground, and communing with himself.

"Certainly," I answer; "with pigs and a cow."

We walk on a little. He seems too oppressed by the utter hopelessness of the situation to say a word. Can't make out what he expected to find here. If the place had been perfect, I shouldn't have appealed to GUTCH, and GUTCH wouldn't have had to send his Foreman.

He walks on silently. Presently he stops, and takes up a lump of earth.

"It'll be a long time afore we can do anything with that," he says, as if he had been called upon to cook and eat it.

If left to myself, of course it would be a very long time before I should make anything of this clod of earth. However, in order to draw him out, and hear what he has got to say on the subject (because if he's got nothing to say on the subject, I'd better give up the house, grounds, and whole scheme at once), I pretend also to take a desponding view of the clod, and we both shake our heads over it.

"Heavy clay!" he goes on. "No doing nothing with it for a long time. 'Tain't like a light soil, or a rich loamy soil"—Here he weighs it on his hand, surveying it with ineffable disgust, and then, appealing to me, says, "Look here, Sir! What are you to do with that?" It's art-breaking work, it is!"

And he throws down the clod, as if reproaching me with having chosen such a Heaven-forsaken spot, and having trifled with his professional feelings as a Gardener in bringing him to see it.

"Isn't it good for growing things in?" I ask diffidently. The truth is, that I begin to wish I'd never gone in for the Nook, or, rather, that at all events ENGLEMORE hadn't been so hasty in the matter.

"Well," says Mr. GUTCH's Head Gardener, putting his wideawake hat on one side of his head, and scratching the other deliberately with his right hand,—“well, we might work it so as it may come pretty right and do fairly”—this is a great admission for him, and I quite brighten up again: after all, the Nook's a nice place; “only o' course it'll be four men's time, at least, to break up the earth.” Here he stoops down and brings up another lump, with what appears to me to be straws sticking in it. Holding this up for my inspection, he says, “Why it'll be a goodish time afore we get this Scotch out. I see,” he goes on, with another comprehensive look round and about, “the Scotch is everywhere. You don't get that out easily.”

This last observation he makes with a knowing look at me, which, in itself, is rather flattering to my experience of horticulture, as it implies that I am perfectly well acquainted with the difficulties of dealing with Scotch (of which I have never heard till this minute, and which sounds at first like Smutch), and that in consequence as

he, the Head Gardener, wouldn't think of deceiving me, so I mustn't dream of trying to humbug him.

“Digging,” he proceeds, “and plenty of manuring. It'll stand a deal o' that when the Scotch is once out, or else it'll lose 'art.” I should be sorry, I say, if it did that, and it shall have any amount of manure that may be necessary.

“Half-a-dozen cartloads,” says Mr. GUTCH's Foreman.

“Certainly; as much as you like,” I reply, heartily, in a spirit, as it were, of true old English Country Gentleman's hospitality. Let GUTCH's Foreman make himself quite at home.

“We'll get rid of the Smutch,” I say, decidedly. It's the first time I've tried the word, and I pronounce it boldly.

“The Scotch, Sir?” he inquires.

“Yes,” I reply; and then, as if to be quite certain we mean the same, I point to it in the clod, and ask, “what do you call it?”

“Scotch,” he answers; “but they has hother names for it in different counties. P'raps, Sir, you've 'eard it called something else.”

Very possibly: certainly never Scotch.

Happy Thought (poetical).—

But Mr. GUTCH

Will stop the Scotch.

*Happy Thought (practical and prosaic).—*Four men will do it all. How much?

The Foreman can't exactly say, but Mr. GUTCH will write to me on the subject. I shall then want some bushes, he supposes.

“Yes, of course, bushes,” I answer.

“And trees,” he goes on.

“Well,” I reply, doubtfully, not liking him to think that I shall yield to every one of his suggestions, “I don't know.”

*Happy Thought.—*What trees?

The Foreman replies, “Well, mainly, young 'uns has'll look well. Fruit-trees for the wall, hand in the front, by the walk there, you can't do better than 'ave a hawk, a hash, or a helm.”

Is he going to make a park of it? I really don't think he understands that I only want this place to be a small Farm-garden or Garden-farm.

“Then,” he continues, “you'll have the front laid out in flower-beds, o' course.”

Now he has mentioned it, I see, for the first time, that this must have all along been my original design.

“You'll want a few hardy plants for bedding out, and quick climbers and some roses, o' course.”

*Happy Thought.—*Beds of roses. By all means. There are various sorts of roses, I believe; what does he recommend?

“Well,” he returns slowly, “there's the Glory of Die John, a wery nice 'un; then there's Sellin Forester as'ud come in well; and Madame Bosankett is a good 'un to creep. Bulldy Nige would look well, a John Chirping, a President Lincoln, and a Raindy Botes. You can't do better, too, for making a show, than a Hollibo, a Rolison, and a Tirer 'Ammyrick.”

“All roses?” I ask.

“All the best sorts as is growd,” he replies. “Then there's Wer-beeners. You'd like some Wer-beeners?”

“Certainly,” I answer. “Verbenas, by all means.” He really seems to forget that I'm arranging for a small Garden-farm, not a Botanical Show-place.

“For Wer-beeners,” he continues, “there's Charles Squedgeley with a cherry centre, and Mr. Pinto, and Miss Pinto pale flesh and nearly white she is, but they're for exhibiting. Then, s'pose you 'ad a goodish few Sinuaries. There's Reuton's Miss Jones, white and rosy, and Lord Wezzlemore, yellow, profusely covered with small reddish-brown spots—no, that there's a Caloslarier, though—and there'd be a good place for a lean-to house by the wall yonder.”

*Happy Thought.—*A “lean-to house” must be a sort of Tower of Pisa on the Premises.

I really don't understand what GUTCH's Foreman thinks I want to make of the place. He has partially recovered from his despondency, and notes down that I shall require four men, plants, bushes, and trees. Will I have a flower list, to note down anything that may strike my fancy? I thank him, and accept. He is off.

When he's gone, I examine the catalogue, and am quite taken at first with the long names. I mark off in pencil the *Philodendrammedonensis Bipinnatifidicatifidum*, which sounds like something between an antediluvian monster and the chorus of a comic song: then a *Sericotelinelladocalyx Moribifolia splendensis*, which must be quite a firework of a flower, with a pop-bang to finish with.

*Happy Thought.—*A flower with a pop-bang shoot.

Under *Azaleas*, I select Baron *Bagwig*, fine form, with scarlet spot; *Duke of Cambridge*, rosy carmine; *Martha Spry*, richly spotted with crimson on the top lobe; *The Inimitable Sambo* (one of BUNGEY's, I find), covered with small crimson red specks, and of a profuse flowering habit; and, as something satisfactory to finish with, *Lady Candlish* (Improved).

Up to town, to find answers from Gardeners addressed to “X” at Minerva Club.

BALLAD OF THE BABES IN THE SEA.



OTH gentle folk and simple folk
give ear while I advance
A deed of dreadful villany
and most untoward chance,
That in the Medway River,
beside the Chatham docks,
Befell November, seventy-
two, by all the city clocks.

The founder of a family in
Woolwich Town resides
(A family with lungs of brass
and lusty iron sides);
But of this famous family of
sisters eke and brothers,
"The Twins," for pretty
childish charms, outvalled
all the others.

This Twin a bouncing daugh-
ter, and that Twin a proper
son,

Each pretty Woolwich Infant
weighing five-and-thirty
ton.

And much their father loved them, yet times became so ill,
That tho' his babes were very dear his coal grow dearer still;
And so unto his Uncle in their behalf he wrote—
His Uncle lord of all the fleets on British seas afloat,—
"My Uncle GÖSCHEN, to your care I lovingly commend
My tender little Woolwich Twins—good Uncle, be their friend,
For to supply their childish wants I cannot well afford;
But you are rich, and readily can yield them bed and board."
He sealed that loving letter up and kissed his children small,
Then to his trusty lighterman he cheerily did call:
"Come, take my Twins across the tide all in thy lighter-berge,
And with this letter render them to their Great Uncle's charge."

Eftsoons that trusty lighterman those Woolwich Twins did steer
All up the Medway River in November of the year;
"Till see, my gentle gossips," he pleasantly did say,
"There rides your good Great Uncle's ship scarce fifty yards away."
Whereat his gentle gossips raised a merry childish crow,
And to the *Decatation's* side the lighterman did row.

Then their Great Uncle GÖSCHEN through his speaking-trumpet
cried,—

"Now who are ye who seek for me upon the Medway tide?"
Whereat, by the companion-rope, a-blowing of his whistle,
That boatswain lighterman he climbed and gave him the Epistle,

Which GÖSCHEN, having pondered on and proved its purpose plain,
Quoth he, "My Nephew is too poor these Infants to maintain,
And though I'm rich and readily could yield them board and bed,
My Nephew dear and I, I fear, must differ on that head;
Yet if I send them back to him my nephew would lament,
So it were best to murder them, methinks, by accident."

Resolved at last the purpose bold of his bewildered brain,
"What ho!" said he, "I've sport for thee—rare sport—my trusty
Crane,

For underneath thy very bill, in yonder lighter-boat,
O Ancient Crane, with valour vain two pigmy foemen float.
So draw thy breath, my martial Bird, arouse thy strident shriek,
And bear the twain in bitterest pain of death before thy beak."

A glow came o'er that martial Bird, though he with old was weak,
With menace shrill he shook his bill, and raised his strident shriek;
Then from the poop with awful swoop those pigmies he did seek.
But age had palsied half his power, and though high up in air,
One of his Infant foes he caught, and clutched and clawed him there:
That Infant tore his talons sharp, and spurned his probing peck.
And shook him free before—pardy!—the Crane could perch on deck.
But out, alas! O cruel chance!—triumphing as he leapt
Into the lighter where his seat his sister Twin had kept,
Forgetting quite he was not light for such a lighter boat—
Since that these twain upon the main could neither swim nor float—
They both went down, alas! to drown beneath the billowy ocean,
All through the dreadful villany of their Great Uncle GÖSCHEN.

So side by side, beneath the waves, they take a peaceful rest,
For not one storm that round us raves their slumber may molest;
But pious Periwinkle comes, and covers them instead,
And Mussel eke and Limpet crawl to beautify their bed—
And thus in ancient Medway's arms the Babes are lying dead.

Now shame for Merry England that her Children thus should drown
Through those we chose for counsellors to counsel with the Crown!
But throw one more such Babe o'erboard and GÖSCHEN know for true,
There's thirty thousand Englishmen will throw you over, too!

But murder aye will out, they say, nor vengeance ever miss
At any time a cruel crime, and so it chanced with this;
For first 'twas whispered under breath, then published through the
land,

That those sweet Babes were lying drowned off Chatham's coral
strand.

Whereat a good Society, entitled the Humane,
With diver and with diving-bell, and drag and tackle-chain,
Went searching for those Infants small beneath the Medway main.
And long they sought them vainly, but, at last, below the flood,
They found that pretty pallid pair all smothered up in mud.
O, then, with lamentations loud they hoisted them on shore,
And to their native Woolwich town the tender bodies bore;
And to their weeping father's charge, by verdant Woolwich plains,
Condelingly did render up his Innocents' remains.

Nay, never cry so bitterly: wise Doctors have a notion
They'll waken up the Babes, yet, to roar at Uncle GÖSCHEN.

UN MAUVAIS QUART D'HEURE.

WHEN MR. THEODORE CHICKET (age 24) had an interview in the
library with MR. GOLDING RENTMORE (age 58), to make proposals of
marriage for his youngest daughter, EUGENIA, and found that eminent
merchant indisposed to accept him as a son-in-law until he
could show that he was in receipt of an income at least three times
its present amount.

When that industrious author, MR. MOLEGROPE, called by ap-
pointment on MESSRS. LINTOTT AND TONSON, in Paternoster Row,
and heard their reasons for declining to publish his long projected
work on *The Destiny of Morals in Relation to the Development of
Materialism*, except at MR. MOLEGROPE'S own risk.

When MR. CROSBY HALL read the letter from MISS LILY WHITE,
in which that changeable young lady set forth, with some prolixity,
her reasons for thinking it was impossible they could ever be happy
together (although she should always think of him with respect and
esteem), and requested him to return all her letters and presents.

When MAJOR DE CLANCY DE CLANDON, in an interview with
MESSRS. KNEEBALL AND KERSALL, was informed by those acute
lawyers that they had failed to come to an arrangement with his
creditors, and could only suggest the interference of the Judge in
Bankruptcy.

When the REVEREND DUNSTAN DOGMEY received an influential
deputation from his parishioners, headed by the Churchwardens, in
his study, and listened to a strenuous protest from them against the
innovations he had introduced into the services at St. Anselm's,
with an intimation that if he did not desist from his antics they
should be compelled to lay the matter before the Bishop.

When MR. FERDINAND DASHFORTH was sent for by the Master and
Fellows, and informed that they thought a temporary sojourn in the
country would be beneficial both to himself and the College of which
he had ceased to be an ornament.

When MASTER ROBERT HOWLER sat in the waiting-room of
MR. ENAMEL, dentist.

When MR. GEORGE OSBOURNEY, JUNIOR, had to go in and tell
"the governor" that he had exceeded his allowance for the last
three years, and was pressed by various tradesmen for a settlement
of their accounts, amounting in the whole to £418 10s. 6d.

When MR. and MRS. HUSSELWHITE returned home, after an ab-
sence of six weeks at the sea-side, and found that the rain had come
through the ceiling of the best bed-room, that the soot had fallen and
spoil the drawing-room carpet, that there was something amiss
with the cistern, and that the "goings on" of the servants had been
positively "awful."

When MR. RICHARD THAVIES attended, at the invitation of the
executors, to hear his uncle ABRAHAM'S will read, and learnt that
the old gentleman, having never forgiven him for marrying poor
and pretty CLARA CLIFTON, instead of the wealthy but plain MISS
BESTHORPE, had bequeathed him an annuity of £100, and left the
residue of his property (sworn under £90,000 personality) in equal
proportions, to the County Hospital, the Society for the Suppression of
Smoking, and the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National
Debt.

When MRS. PARR VENUE, in the course of a country call on her
neighbour, MRS. NORMAN OLDACHER, discovered that LADY BULWELL
was giving a grand ball, to which she and her daughters were not
invited.

When MR. LEONARD DE VINCEY walked through every room in
the Royal Academy, without finding his grand mythological picture
of *The Labours of Hercules*.



"MISUNDERSTOOD."

SCENE—An Evening Party. Enter Young Molyneux.

Private Chorus of Ladies. "WHAT A HORRID-LOOKING MAN! WHAT IS HE SCOWLING AT!" &c., &c.

[Now we happen to know that Young Molyneux is one of the best-tempered fellows extant, but he is dreadfully shortsighted. He has forgotten his eye-glass, and is helplessly peering about for the Hostess.]

HAMLET ADAPTED TO THE FRENCH.

(ACT III. SCENE 4.)

PERSONAGES.

Hamlet, by M. THIERS.

Queen Mother, by MADAME LA FRANCE.

Polonius, by one or all of Three Old Parties.

SCENE—Versailles.

Enter QUEEN and POLONIUS.

Polonius. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him. Tell him his speeches are too long to bear with: That needs o' the time have stood between the wrath Of the majority and him. I'll hide me: Pray you be round with him. . . .

Queen.

I hear him coming.

[Polonius gets behind the arras.]

Enter HAMLET.

Hamlet. Now, Madame, what's the matter?

Queen. HAMLET, thou hast the old parties much offended!

Hamlet. Madame, the old parties have me much offended.

Queen. Come, come, they say you give them too much tongue.

Hamlet. Go, go; they'd have me give no tongue at all:

But let them wait: sit down—you shall not budge

Till you have heard my allocution out

On the Republic as I'd have it be,

And the Republic as it still has been.

[Seizes her arm.]

Queen. What wilt thou do? Thou wilt not coup d'état me? Help! help, ho!

Polonius (behind). What ho, help!

Hamlet (drawing). How now!—a rat? Dead for a ducat, dead!

Polonius (behind). O, I am slain! [Makes a pass through the arras.]

Queen. O me, what hast thou done? [Falls, and dies.]

Hamlet.

Killed an old party?

Which of the Kings? I mean the Kings that would be.

Leave clapping of your hands. Peace! sit you down;

And let me reach your heart; for so I shall,

If that cursed Commune have not brazed it so,

That it is armed at proof 'gainst common sense.

[Pointing to Pictures in the Arras.]

Look here, upon this picture and on this,—

Republics twain, Conservative and Red.

See what a calm is seated on this brow;

The crown of peace; in her hand Order's helm;

The sharp sword sheathed, no arms but Industry's.

Like the Archangel MICHAEL trampling down

Anarchy and masked Faction and Misrule;

A combination and a form, indeed,

To which would Order's friends but set their seal,

They'd give assurance of a France new-made.

That's my Republic. Look you now, what follows.

The Red Republic—like a fiend of Hell

Blasting her angel sister! Have you eyes?

Will you this gentle Genius sacrifice,

And put up with that Gorgon?

Official Announcement.

THERE were strange names in England in the time of the Puritans, there are strange names still across the Atlantic; but can anything be much stranger than this, which we find in the Court Circular, in its record of a well-deserved honour—"MR. COMMISSIONER OF CHARITIES PETER ERLE?"

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 7, 1872.



MONSIEUR HAMLET.

(ADAPTED TO THE FRENCH.)

"LOOK HERE, UPON *THAT* PICTURE, AND ON *THIS*!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

(He takes an Evening from Home at the Gaiety Theatre, makes an explanation concerning himself and the S. K. Museum, and addresses the Editor as usual.)



REMEMBER, there is but one CHARLES MATHEWS, and great ought to be his profit—which "adaptation from the Turkish" has not, it will strike your readers, much to do with the Kensington Museum, where I was left, till called for, last week. Sir, the *Game of Speculation* has been reproduced at the Gaiety Theatre, and as I do not know how long it is to run, I hereby advise all whom it may concern to see our Charles the First, meaning, of course, CHARLES MATHEWS, in the rôle of *Affable Hawk*. Parenthetically I may remind any thoughtful person who does me the honour

of reading these papers (written, Sir, by me as Your Representative Man), that my aim and object in visiting the S. K. Museum was to go through it on my road to the N. P. Gallery, where I expected to find a portrait of CHARLES as "made up" by MR. IRVING. Hence it will be seen that my thoughts, running on one CHARLES, very easily ran on to the other; and moreover, be it remembered, some weeks ago I ventured to suggest that this very comedy should be given. It is given. Q. E. D.

CHARLES MATHEWS is still inimitable in it. Mind, it is not a play of action, but a play of good dialogue,—a play with several telling situations belonging to the region of pure comedy, and not to farce. *Affable Hawk* is a finished picture, the other characters sharp, striking sketches. When poor FRANK MATTHEWS played *Earthworm*, and whined and wheedled for the smallest advance of interest on account, what a scene that used to be between him and *Affable Hawk*. I should much like to see MR. BENJAMIN WEBSTER in *Earthworm*, which is, in its own way, as grotesque a character as is the part of *Graves* in *Money*. Let any playgoer acquainted with the *Game of Speculation* call to mind *Triplet*, *Graves*, and *Penn Holder*, and he will at once see how naturally the part of *Earthworm* would fall into MR. WEBSTER'S hands, and how admirably it would be played. However, in the multiplication of Theatres there is vanity (and plenty of it), and vexation of spirit too; and as we cannot get what we want, we must be contented with such castes as we have, and be thankful. The fable about the bundle of sticks does not evidently apply in theatrical matters, as, though union is strength, yet the concentration of a company of sticks on one particular spot can only result in a display of the most utter feebleness, and must end in total failure.

The parts in *The Game of Speculation* are not easily filled. Putting aside the principal character, which I hold as an article of theatrical faith can only be completely played by CHARLES MATHEWS, every one of the others, excepting the conventional young lovers, well and carefully represented here by MISS BROUGH and MR. BISHOP, demands what is known on the stage as a "character actor," that is, an artist whose weakness would be shown in a sustained effort, but whose strength lies in small, eccentric, part. Now, at the Gaiety they are as good as they can be; but, from the absolute necessity of the case, not by any means so good as others specially picked for the occasion (which was impossible) would have been. Taken for all in all, and remembering that we have come only to see CHARLES MATHEWS in *Affable Hawk*, it must be allowed that the play is very fairly done, and in some respects, as in the *Frederick Noble* of MR. BISHOP, and in the *Grossmark* of MR. SOUTAR, there is, to my mind, a decided improvement on the originals. *Julia* is charming and ladylike at the Gaiety, and, to do justice to her, I could almost say would I had never seen dark, sparkling-eyed MISS OLIVER at the Lyceum. I am true to my first love—Heavens! what is this? Do I forget, Sir, that on these occasions I am not myself at all, but only Your Representative? I do not forget it. But . . . I saw her for a moment, and methinks I see her now . . . forgive me, RICHARD is himself again, as much, that is, as he ever can be as long as he Represents You.

To all those whom Providence has blessed with any sum from ninepence to four pounds four shillings and threepence, the last-named amount in coppers being for the purchase of *Punch*, wherein

is written this advice, Your Representative says, unhesitatingly, "Go and see CHARLES MATHEWS as *Affable Hawk*, and while you're there don't talk, but listen, and you'll have enough to talk about after it's all over, when, probably, if you've never seen it before, you'll announce your intention of going to see it again, and will become in future a wiser and a better-off man, an honour to your country, a blessing to your children, and an ornament to your fire-stove."

Being on Theatrical matters, I will defer the few remarks I have yet to make on the S. K. Museum and the N. P. Gallery till next week. You see, Sir, after studying Art during the day, one must have some little relaxation at night; and going to the Theatre is as little relaxation as it is possible to take, that is, consistently with my representative position. I think that one of these fine nights, when not too blowy, I shall go to St. Paul's, and hear a Lecture to Young Men by CANON LIGHTFOOT. Pretty name, Lightfoot: so suggestive of the Ballet. He might finish up with a *pas de discours*. There's a CANON GREGORY, too, who goes in for Lectures. A propos of whom a Foolish Young Man (whom I didn't send to a Lecture, but gave him one on the spot) asked me, as a conundrum, "With what powder ought this Canon to be loaded?" The answer was, of course, "GREGORY'S Powder;" but I didn't guess it. A man who will say such things as that, ought not to be asked out to dinner.

But, dear me, I've got from the Gaiety to St. Paul's, from gay to grave, from lively to severe. By the way, Sir, do you know that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has appointed MR. BATEMAN to the Rectory of Southchurch, Essex? I quote from the papers, and believe it for a fact. Only it's not MR. BATEMAN of the Lyceum. And with this idiotic "sall" (he called it) I was once more taken in by the foolish young man above mentioned. There ought to be Lectures to Foolish Young Men: except that all young men are foolish. *Vive la Bagatelle!*—a game, by the way, that I detest, and not to be mentioned in the same breath with billiards.

We are to be overdone with *Cromwell*. Because Charles is being well executed nightly at the Lyceum, we are therefore to have *Cromwell* at the Queen's, *Cromwell* at the Princess's, and, I suppose, a burlesque or two on *Charles* and *Cromwell* at the small theatres, with perhaps at Christmas a few pantomimes on the same subject, with *Cromwell* afterwards *Clown*, and *Charles* afterwards *Harlequin*. Why doesn't some one bring out *Henry the Eighth*, there's a *Cromwell* in that. Better that Foolish Young Man! He comes to me with another conundrum, this time theatrical. He asks me, "If MR. GEORGE BELMORE didn't come on to his proper cue and injured MR. IRVING'S scene, what quotation from Shakespeare would the latter make?" I guessed it at once, and replied, "There was the *Wait* that pulled me down, O Cromwell!" The foolish young man went away, shut up like a gibus and sat upon utterly. Never again with you, Robin, as the song says. The Foolish Young Man looked in again suddenly, to suggest that this would be the time to let houses in Cromwell Road, South Kensington. I have given strict orders not to admit him again on any pretext. I remain, Sir, as before,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

TEMPERANCE FOOD AND DRINK.

THAT great Statesman and Champion of Temperance and Liberty, SIR WILFRED LAWSON, the other day, addressed his constituents at the last of the three northern towns commemorated in a line by the Minstrel:—

"Warkworth, and Naworth, and merry Carlisle."

O, how merry, if truly represented by the Coryphaeus of the United Kingdom Alliance! Likely to be how much more merry if compelled, by the triumph of that conspiracy, to addict itself to thin potations! Yes, and MR. EDMUND POTTER, Carlisle's other representative, addressed his electors also. Is not this POTTER most potent in his potting? He should be, to balance the Teetotallers' Baronet. MR. POTTER'S speech is not reported in a contemporary that summarises his colleague's; but if equal in eloquence and wisdom to that, it must have been splendid. SIR WILFRED LAWSON expressed himself in oratory which, popularly speaking, we may call "the cheese," and here is a specimen of the ripe Stilton:—

"He condemned the Parks Bill as foolish and uncalled-for, and with respect to the Alabama claims rejected that American attorneyship had been triumphed over by English statesmanship."

If SIR WILFRED LAWSON is personally a total abstainer, which he may be presumed to be since he labours to enforce total abstinence on others, his view of the Alabama affair exemplifies the extraordinary influence exerted on the appetite for food by the exclusion from drink of "intoxicating liquors." "How nice," he exclaims, in another form of words, "how delicious, and savoury is Humble Pie!" Water, certainly, is the right stuff wherewithal to wash that viand down. Humble Pie is not rich. At any rate its digestion is not to be helped by a glass of brandy.



POOR PUSSY'S NIGHTMARE.

ALL on a bare and bleak hillside,
One night this merry Christmas-tide,
"A shivering, hunted hare did hide—
Poor Pussy!

Though we had hunted Puss all day,
The wind had blown her scent away.
And baulked the dogs—so there she lay,
Did Pussy!

There to the earth she humbly crept—
There, brooding o'er her lot, she wept—
There, on her empty stomach, slept
Poor Pussy!

And there, whilst fell the frozen dew,
She dreamt an ugly dream or two,
As starved wet folk are apt to do,
Did Pussy.

Loud hungry hounds of subtle ken,
And thundering steeds, and hard-eyed men,
Are fast on Pussy's trail again—
Poor Pussy!

Onward she strains—on, on they tear!
Foremost amongst the foremost there
Are ruthless women's faces fair!
Poor Pussy!

One moment's check! To left—to right—
In vain she spends her little might!
Some yokel's eye has marked her flight—
Poor Pussy!

What use her five small wits to rack?
Closer and faster on her track
Hurries the hydra-headed pack!
Lost Pussy!

"For pity's sake, kind huntsman, stop!
Call off the dogs, before I drop,
And kill me with your heavy crop!"
Shrieks Pussy!

With shuddering start and stifled scream,
She wakes—she finds it all a dream!
How kind the cold, cold earth doth seem
To Pussy!

In harrying Puss we had great fun,
And trust that ere this year be done
She'll give us yet one other run,
Will Pussy!

A softer wind, a cloudier sky,
A nice damp turf for the scent to lie,
Are all we ask! Till then, good-bye,
Dear Pussy!



TOO LATE.

Middle-Aged Customer. "MR. BASSEBRIDGE, MY MUSICAL EDUCATION HAS BEEN UTTERLY NEGLECTED, BUT I'VE A STRONG DESIRE TO PRACTISE SOME INSTRUMENT. WHAT SHOULD YOU ADVISE ME TO TAKE UP?"

Conscientious Tradesman. "WELL, SIR, I SHOULD RECOMMEND THE TRIANGLE—OR—YES—I THINK A MUSICAL SNUFFBOX, SIR, WOULD BE THE BEST!"

"ON THE CARDS."

It is on the Cards that a considerable number of us, whose only reproach is a small and stationary income, may have to discontinue the use of butcher's meat, coals, fruit, vegetables, and other expensive luxuries.

It is on the Cards that the exportation of money for the conversion of the heathen abroad may be checked, until the improvement of the "heathen" at home has made a little more progress.

It is on the Cards that the commencement and duration of the Session of Parliament may be governed by other considerations than the convenience and amusement of Noblemen and Gentlemen addicted to field sports.

It is on the Cards that it may be found practicable to maintain discipline in Public Schools, without giving the big boys power to bruise the little boys.

It is on the Cards that law may be made less costly, less dilatory, and less vexatious.

It is on the Cards that the dissemination of blasphemy and sedition on Sunday, in Hyde Park, may be stopped.

It is on the Cards that all the dirty, idle, mischievous, and neglected children, may be taken out of the streets and sent to school.

It is on the Cards that the various religious parties in this country may cease from their rivalries, disputes, and animosities, and combine together against ignorance, heathenism, poverty, crime, vice, dirt, and misery.

It is on the Cards that the First Commissioner of Public Works and Buildings may relieve his colleagues and his country, by voluntarily resigning office.

It is on the Cards that the Head Master of Winchester may spend a portion of his Christmas vacation in the practice of English composition.

It is on the Cards that a few of us may live to see the centre of Leicester Square made either useful or ornamental.

It is on the Cards that at some future day the Metropolis may possess proper Municipal Government.

WINCHESTER MEASURE.

WE'VE had letter-writing enough and more
About Winchester tundry;
Till the thing begins to be felt a bore
By all and sundry.
Masters and parents, boys young and old,
To print they rush all,
Their views as discipline to unfold,
By the Winchester bushel.

There are letters from boys who've been tunded
Of yore,
And rather like it:
From boys in whose souls ash-stick's so sore,
To "ground" they'd strike it;
Letters from parents who think their lads
The better for kicking;
From parents who argue that only cads
Can improve by licking.

A letter in English less classic than queer
From Head-Master RIDDING;
Another from his assistants, good cheer
To the Doctor bidding.
A letter from MR. ALLAN MACPHERSON,
Papa of the victim;
But none from the "good and gentle" young person
Who cruelly licked him.

Lastly, not one letter, but a batch
Of the victim's own,
Wherein more sense, with spirit to match,
By this schoolboy's shown,
Than in all the old folks who've written—Head-
Masters
Or Masters-Assistant,
Papas or pedagogues, pedants or pastors—
Seems existent!

Whatever Winchester training may be,
That boy's a trump;
In spite of tundings from WHITE, P.C.,
With ground-ash or stump—
His punishment, while he feels it unjust,
He takes, sans blather or ban,
Yes, out of the lot who've kicked up a dust,
The boy is the Man.

It is on the Cards that Ireland may become contented, and Irish priests satisfied.

It is on the Cards that railway travellers may set out on their journeys with some little confidence in the prudence, care, and good management of Railway Companies.

It is on the Cards that the public may be allowed to visit the British Museum and the National Gallery every day in the week.

It is on the Cards that the laws now in force for the careful preservation of hares, rabbits, pheasants, partridges, and other animals *fera natura*, may be reconsidered and revised.

It is on the Cards that we may enjoy the blessing of female doctors, female lawyers, female barristers, female professors, female voters, female Members of Parliament, and a body of female clergy.

PRIESTS AND PEDAGOGUES.

A TELEGRAM from Berlin a few days ago announced that the Lower House of the Diet had debated a motion of HERR MALLING-KRODT against the exclusion of members of ecclesiastical congregations and orders from teaching in public schools. This exclusion, as you know, was decreed on the 15th of last June. The Government is supported by the House in its resolve to take education out of the hands of the Clergy. What of that? Why, if we hear much more about "tunding," and such like manners and customs at public schools, it is not impossible that the British Parliament may support a secular Ministry in enforcing the same dispossession. Clergymen in general are as prone to, as they are unfit for, the exercise of arbitrary power, and they commonly rule with favouritism, which many of them seem to regard as an element in the government of the universe. Moreover, is the training of intellect for the investigation of truth wisely confided to the dogmatic and evasive clerical mind?

THE HIGH LEVEL.—The Tight-Rope.

HAPPINESS FOR THE HUMBLEST.



SUBTLE minds of enlarged sympathy have derived pleasure from the following announcement in the *Post* :—

"THE DUKE OF BUCKLEUCH'S BIRTHDAY. — The London tradesmen of the DUKE OF BUCKLEUCH celebrated the anniversary of his Grace's birthday yesterday morning by dining together at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street. Mr. BAILY, of Mount Street, presided over a larger gathering than for some years past. The pleasure of the evening was increased by the excellent musical arrangements, under the direction of Mr. HANSFORD."

When a selfish fellow in narrow circumstances reads such a piece of news as the above, it inspires him with the mean and miserable passion of envy. But a largely sympathetic one is moved by its personal with amiable and happy feelings. Instead of envying the nobleman to whom it refers, he puts himself in his place, and, by so doing, essentially as well as ideally ennoble himself, by making that nobleman's happiness his own. To do that, besides energetic benevolence, no more is necessary than adequate imagination. Try to fancy yourself a Duke, consider what an extensive benefactor you must be to your species when you have a host of tradesmen holding a festival every year to celebrate your birthday. All the delight felt by his Grace himself when he makes this reflection, you yourself experience if you succeed in the endeavour to imagine yourself him. Thus much of the enjoyment attending rank and wealth, too, you can realise without paying anything for it; whereas it must cost an actual Duke something considerable. The hold BUCKLEUCH's good health, and long life to him!

"WELCOME BACK, BOBBIES!"

Now, welcome back, our Bobbies, to our arms that love you well, Your HENDERSON, your Public, your *Punch*, your area-belle: Defiance of authority no more, let's hope, to show, Nor go wrong, like naughty children, when a Good-child bids you go.

We look to you, our Bobbies, example high to set; Our A I stands, by right, a-top of our civic alphabet. But the staff that London leans on is broken in her hand, When he that should bid roughs "move on," along with roughs takes stand.

You are soldiers, though your colour be the lobster's yet unboiled: True blue's a noble uniform, that never should be soiled. As your duty's to keep order, so 'tis orders to obey, Not to argue with your officers, or their commands gainsay.

To hold her own authority has in these days much ado, Now each man's as good as another, if he isn't better too. In your helmets of black felt walks crowned the majesty of law, And, as her light is your bull's-eye, it should be without flaw.

If the force of Order listen to Disorder's Siren song, Nor put wax into their ears when Good Children tempt to wrong; Needs must that we deaf ears should turn e'en to their just demands, And stint what else had been bestowed with large and liberal hands.

But let bye-gones be bye-gones; you were misled, you fell; You've been punished; you've asked pardon; you've been pardoned: all is well. Henceforth be the faith of London in her Bobbies as before, And delegates, disobedience, and defiance be no more.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

You must have been strangely misinformed. The name of the Winchester Founder was WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM, not LICK 'EM.

THE RETURN OF THE ADMIRAL;
OR, RED-HEART RUM.

WE thought a British Admiral beneath St. Paul's should sleep, And therefore we did not consign old TRUNKION to the deep. The skipper said, "Although extinct may be the vital spark, We will not have him eaten up by yonder brutal shark."

"What matter if the spirit dwell no longer in the clay? Still spirit put outside of that will keep it from decay. What spirit for that purpose will the fittest spirit be? The New Tea Spirit, Robur, lads, suggests itself to me."

"The New Tea Spirit Robur, Sir, this vessel can't afford, Because a certain quantity is all we have on board. There's but little gin and whiskey, still less brandy, and there's some, But not a single drop too much, prime Old Jamaica Rum."

"St. Paul's must hold our Admiral, whatever may betide, So take the biggest cask you have and his corpse put inside. Then pour in Old Jamaica Rum, and fill it to the brim; But our Admiral shall never sink as long as we can swim."

Still lower ran our alcohol, and lower as we flew, Till stunted were the officers, as first had been the crew; And all hands in chorus shouted, "To a pretty pass we've come! We have scarcely any Robur, and are almost out of Rum."

One morn was BARNEY BUNTING with BILLY BOWLING found Dead drunk abt the binnacle, when the boat-wain's mate went round.

Their words were inarticulate amid the tempest's roar; But, "They've been and tapped the Admiral!" aghast the seamen swore.

The New Tea Spirit, Robur, first was advertised about, And after that came Red Heart Rum on posters likewise out: But never for a moment did we countenance the "hum" That our late lamented Admiral came o'er in Red Heart Rum.

THREE GOOD COURSES.

GEOGRAPHERS, and Chartographers, and Topographers, are understood to adhere to some old-world notions about Arcadia in connection with Greece, and the Morea, and the poets and fabulists of old; but a large and daily increasing number of agreeable, intelligent, and influential people, residing in London and its suburbs, and in the country districts, have made the valuable discovery—they make no secret of it—that this blissful region is much nearer home than it has been the custom to suppose; indeed they go so far as to assert that they have found Arcadia, *Happy Arcadia*, much to their satisfaction, in Middlesex, in London, in Regent Street, in Waterloo Place, in the Gallery of Illustration!

These same enterprising explorers further allege that after making acquaintance with Arcadia, *Happy Arcadia*, and its inhabitants, few in number but very agreeable, they were entertained at a *Five o'Clock Tea*, which they relished greatly, and were then about to rejoin their wraps and overcoats—at least those of them who were nervous and timid—on hearing that there was something which was *Very Catching*, but being solemnly assured that they would find nothing which was infectious (except the laughter), remained, and congratulated themselves that they had not yielded to a momentary panic, and so lost the diversion of going a-fishing with young Mr. Dibble, Miss Dora Keettle, and the other worthy successors of IZAAK WALTON.

Altogether, there can be no doubt that those who have wit enough to exchange the disagreeable realities of London, in these gloomy months, for the Gallery of Illustration and its pleasant illusions of *Happy Arcadia*, *Five o'Clock Tea*, and *Very Catching*, will be able to lay their heads on their pillows at night, and say, with the EMPEROR THEODOLITE, "We have not lost a day!"

A Game of Balls.

A BALL, danced on Thursday last at Brighton, is understood in fashionable circles to have been the Ball of the Brighton season. It was announced as the "County Croquet Ball." Thus in Sussex it appears that the pastime of Croquet comprises one grand ball additional to the ordinary number of Croquet balls. But in the case of both them and it we perceive, on reflection, that the ball is at the foot of the player. Mark you that.



"SAUCE FOR GOOSE, SAUCE," ETC.

Intelligent Officer. "YER CAN'T, SIR! WHEEY SORRY, BUT IT'S PAST TWELVE O'CLOCK."
[Poor Jones, after his six songs and long walk, would have given his head for— But no matter; a time will come!]

END AND MEANS.

THE Government may be congratulated on the happy circumstance that the system of fancy surcharges for Income-tax under Schedule D is at length, after a long period of laudable perseverance in it, beginning to answer its purpose. A resolute agitation against that impost is becoming general among those who are plundered by its unequal incidence. In particular, the subjoined pleasing announcement has appeared in the *Times* :—

"THE INCOME-TAX.—THE LORD MAYOR, in compliance with a requisition, numerously signed, both by liverymen and merchants in the City of London, has convened a public meeting to be held on Friday the 13th inst., at half-past two o'clock, in the Guildhall, to consider the incidence of the Income-tax, and the justice of its final repeal. His Lordship himself will preside on the occasion."

It was a wise and beneficent thought to aggravate the Income-tax so as to make it absolutely intolerable, with a view to arouse an agitation against it which would enforce its repeal. In no other way could the Ministry have counteracted the discouragement of all demands for the abolition of it by the persistent repetition of the cry that there can never be an end of it, and that the Act which created it is like one of the laws of the Medes and Persians, which altered not. The plan of surcharging its victims, under Schedule D, served to bring home to the British Public, and set vividly before their eyes, the point that in regard to taxation they are practically placed in the same state of things as the people of Sparta were respecting theft. There it was held not at all morally wrong or dishonourable to steal, only the thief had to take care not to be found out. Stealing was regarded as merely a *malum prohibitum*; not a *malum in se* at all. So, as regards the Income-tax, the people, that is, that part of them whose earnings it confiscates, have had impressed upon them by extraordinary extortion on the part of the instruments of the Inland Revenue, that it is all fair to cheat the Government by making false returns if you can, only risking the consequences. The Income-tax Assessors set the example of fraud by surcharging traders and earners, and the class of those likely to be surcharged are thus taught that fraud is at least as fair for one side as extortion is for the other, whilst their only self-defence from being cheated practi-

THE PESTILENCE OF STRIKES.

TOADIERS of the "Working Man,"
 See to what your Cant has led.
 "Strike," the Bakers said, "we can;"
 Struck, and tried to stop our bread.
 Next the Guardians of the Peace,
 Even, struck against us too.
 "We will," threatened the Police,
 "Leave you to the ruffians' crew."

Then struck Stokers, of a class
 Public servants, at our light;
 All they could they did, of gas,
 London to deprive at night.
 Mutinies are strikes like these;
 Thus its head Rebellion rears.
 Soldiers, sailors, if you please,
 Next will strike, turned mutineers.

A Long Affair.

THERE is news from Japan. "Four native priests have left for Europe, to study the various religions." It is to be hoped that these priests are single men, without wives and families to lament their absence, for many a day must elapse before they will see their own country again. England alone has claims upon their notice, which they will find themselves unable to attend to within anything like a moderate period of time. Should they extend their investigations to America, no date for the return of the studious party to Japan can possibly be fixed.

Republican Loyalty.

HER MAJESTY'S friend, the Member for Chelsea, has asked the *Times* to contradict the statement, in a report of the "English Republican Conference," at Sheffield, that the appearance of a Post Office Order from SIR CHARLES DILKE was received with cheers, and to say that it is not true that he has subscribed to that association. For all his attachment to Republican principles, SIR CHARLES DILKE refuses to sacrifice his Sovereign.

cally is to cheat whilst they are able. The Government, in adaptation of what DR. JOHNSON once said to DR. PERCY concerning politeness, has in effect proclaimed to the sufferers of exaction :—"Sir, we have thrown away morality; we are to be as fraudulent as we can." Action on this understanding, if it were to become general, would very soon render the collection of the Income-tax impossible; and then the possibility of finding a substitute for it in England as well as in other countries would be discovered.

In the meanwhile, it has perhaps occurred to the promoters of the Anti-Income-tax meeting in the City that the existing relations between the Governors who impose, and the Governed who evade, excessive and partial taxation, are demoralising, and that injustice on the one side had better cease to develop roguery on the other.

rites and liberties.

It may appear remarkable to observant foreigners that, whilst publicans are compelled to close their houses during certain hours on Sunday, dealers in tobacco and vendors of drugs are allowed to keep open shop. Apprised of the unlimited toleration accorded in this country to every form of dissent, perhaps some of our lively neighbours might suppose that, like Methodists, Baptists, and Non-conformists otherwise named, Tobaccoists, and Chemists and Druggists, are members of peculiar denominations enjoying rights of conscience in the observance of a Sunday. So that, for example, if one of them were asked, "Are you a Sabbatarian?" his answer would be "No; I am a Tobaccoist."

It is not generally known or imagined that we have in our midst a sect of Buddhists. That name, however, has been applied to nursery gardeners, whose cult includes both grafting and budding. Toleration for ever!

Fine Art Gossip.

WE understand that an eminent Equity Draughtsman is engaged on a work of Art, which he hopes to finish painting in time to be able to send it to the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Punch at Lunch.



On the railway from Yeddo to Yokohama has been opened by the MIKADO. There is some comfort in railway travelling in Japan. If an accident, through negligence, happens, the Board of Directors is chopped to pieces, and its wives and children are sold to pay damages to survivors. Here, a Company abuses the sufferers, *via* the Secretary. As TOM HOOD wrote about another sort of folks: there's a fire, and "the streets with loud voices are filled."

"O! it's only the firemen a-swearin'
At a man they've run over and killed."

There is rather a good picture in the *Charivari*. A ruffianly prisoner brought before a Judge, takes off his cap with exquisite politeness, and observes, "Ah, M'sieu, I have not seen you for at least two months. I trust that Madame is quite well."

I read in the *Pall Mall Gazette* that a farmer has discovered that to let oxen, when indisposed, devour apples, is an excellent method of cure. Dear me! When I was seventy or eighty years younger, there was a "nonsense song," highly popular, and two lines were,

"They don't feed cows on apple-tarts,
Poor people have a right to anese."

Extrusion of the "H" may, I think, be called exasperating.

MR. GLADSTONE (in his beautiful valedictory address to the University of Edinburgh) mentioned that among the Greeks ugliness was regarded as a kind of sin. I have heard strong-minded ladies assert that in England there exists a similar superstition.

"One ought, every day," says GOETHE, "at least to hear a little song, read a good poem, see a fine picture, and, if possible, speak a few reasonable words." I always do this. I sing and read something of my own, look into my glass, and remark how very superior I am to the rest of creation.

ALDERMAN KELLY, the publisher, gave a very good reason for preferring deceased authors to living ones. He said that the former never kept him waiting for copy.

What do you think, my TOBIAS? This detested weather—well, well, we won't talk about it. But the Registrar says that it is most healthy, the rains cleanse the sewers, and mortality diminishes. To insult us with statistics, when we can hardly speak for colds, is cold-blooded officialism.

There is a vacancy in the School Board. Why not put a School-boy in it? He would give the theorists some wrinkles.

The *Saturday Review* points out that the advertisements of the Hoftheater, at Dresden, are habitually composed in bad German. This is very sad. Look at the exquisite English of the modest and simple announcements by our own Managers. However, do not let us be proud.

"A Bank of England note is practically a Mint Certificate," said the *Times*. It speaks well for the good sense of our young ladies, that a man wants a good many of such things to get at a Marriage Certificate.

Does the study of Phrenology make folks mean? I heard of a phrenologist who was very anxious to inspect some poor man's head, so got him to shave it. Having examined the lumps and bumps, he dismissed the man, who, being too needy to buy a wig (the scientific person utterly declining to pay for one), had to wear a red nightcap for months.

A criminal requires great interest to get himself hanged in these days. When DOCTOR DOBB was condemned, the jury, the City of London, and 23,000 other persons petitioned for his life—and in vain.

"Tis not a day or two shows us a man," remarks MRS. EMILY IAGO. Or a woman. I know a family in which there was an old maiden lady, who by the united voice of everybody was declared "the sweetest old lady in the world." Yet the family did nothing but quarrel. When she became extinct, so did all the quarrelling.

MR. DISRAELI said, in the House, that *Hansard*, instead of being the Delphi of Debate was the Dunciad of Politics.

Mistletoe time is approaching, and the fact reminds me that an engaged young gentleman got rather neatly out of a little scrape with his intended. She taxed him with having kissed two ladies at some party at which she was not present. He owned it, but said that their united ages made only twenty-one. The simple-minded girl thought of ten and eleven, and laughed off her pout. He did not explain that one was nineteen and the other two years of age. Wasn't it artful, Tobias?

What bad handwriting comes to me, incessantly! A person has no more right to send you a letter which you cannot easily read than to talk to you in a mumbling voice which you can't easily hear. However, at the second difficulty the letter, long or short, goes into the fire.

The "valiancy" of some of those Gas-Strikers in writing to abuse the HOME SECRETARY for assisting to supply labour, was noteworthy, considering that everybody hopes they will have to write to him again asking for remission of their sentences—and asking in vain.

At dinner the other night a lady remarked to me, in reference to this grand new sea-bottom exploration, that of course it was very delightful to learn that invisible shells could be found at awful depths, but that it would be much more delightful to hear that the dredgers had brought up some of the real Treasures of the Deep, the "reflecting gems," and "wedges of gold," and "heaps of pearl," that SHAKESPEARE (who knew everything) says are lying about in every direction. I said I would mention her idea to my friend MR. LOWE, but that I feared she was worldly.

Something, I forget what, that has lately occurred, reminded me of the story of a Judge who, alluding to an unfortunate match, said that marriages between "January" and "May" were seldom lucky. He received a letter from Scotland asking his reason for fixing those particular dates.

Bother about not buying things at the Co-operative Stores. I just shall buy there. Perpend. I wanted a porcelain plate on which to inscribe daily my electric inspirations. I saw just the thing in an elegant window in Oxford Street. The price was four shillings. I bought quite as good a one at the Stores for two and threepence. There it is before you. Whereby I am, by one and ninepence, able to purchase *bon-bons* for my little friends at Christmas than I should have been had I gone to the shop. Now one fact's worth a hundred arguments, and it will take at least a hundred to make my little friends see why I should have paid four shillings for the porcelain, and given them fewer *bon-bons*.

In the North they are getting up another memorial to BURNS! Our friends there seem shockingly afraid that he will be forgotten. But he will not. His less objectionable works have been mentioned favourably in several leading "Cookney" magazines.

Sycorax, the blue-eyed hag, *Caliban's* mamma, was a witch, and was transported. They would not put her to death "for one thing she did." What was this? Is the question again agitating the Shakespearean world. Nobody seems to have remembered that she came from Argier, which is Algiers. What would be a good, redeeming deed in the eyes of cruel African savages? The idea is too shocking for anything but a Christmas fireside story.

IMPORTANT, IF TRUE.



N the afternoon of Monday last week the DEANS of CANTERBURY and CHESTER, on behalf of a large number of the Clergy of both Provinces, waited on the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, at Lambeth Palace, to present His Grace, and the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, with memorials "praying for some change either in the compulsory rubric or in the damnable clauses of the Athanasian Creed." Is not the change past praying for? Can it be made without the sanction of Parliament—a Parliament which includes three ROTHES, MR. MIALL, and SIR GEORGE BOWYER, with other gentlemen of those gentlemen's respective persuasions, and others besides of other persuasions dissident from the Forty

Articles save one? Are orthodox Clergy prepared to accept the licence of heterodox Legislators to reform a Rubric or a Creed?

This is not the place wherein to enter into a theological discussion respecting the Creed of St. Athanasius. Even if it were, all such discussion would, on the memorialists against the use, or for the modification, of that ingredient of the Liturgy, be wasted. They continue to ignore, in spite of having had it pointed out to them, that the question of leaving the Athanasian Creed alone or not ought to depend upon the opinion entertained of its truth or falsehood. They still require to be reminded that, if a statement of infinite importance if true, is true, then it cannot be too carefully retained in its integrity, nor too frequently resited in the hearing of as many people as possible. The idea of tampering with or shelving a terrible truth because its declaration is terrific, could only, reason suggests, occur to a very peculiar kind of intellect. If reverend gentlemen believe the Athanasian Creed, and are not idiots, they would, one thinks, rally faithfully round it; if otherwise believing, indeed, they are wise in doing otherwise. But then, if they do not believe it, why do they not say so? Wanted, by a numerous body of reverend Divines, consistency, candour, and common sense.

WANTED.

"WOMEN'S SUFFRAGE.—The Central Committee of the National Society intend to appoint a Corresponding Secretary (lady or gentleman)."

We imagine that a little surprise will be felt at the last two words within the parenthesis. One would have supposed that no man need apply for such a post as a Secretaryship to a "Women's Suffrage" Society. Can it be that the champions of "Women's Suffrage" think it possible that no woman is likely to be found adequate to the duties of the situation?

It will look like a satire on their assumptions and claims, if the "Women's Suffrage" Society have to stoop to avail themselves of the services of a member of that sex, a large majority of which is suspected of feeling a very moderate amount of enthusiasm about the craving desire of (some) women to mix themselves up with politics and elections.

"If he isn't, he should have been."

SHALLOW people have been asking on what possible ground BOB LOWE, an Englishman born and bred, should have been asked to preside at the Scottish dinner. We should have thought it clear from his tight grip o' the bawbees. "*Ipsis Hibernia Hibernior*" used to be said of the English settlers in Ireland. "*Ipsis Scotia Scotior*" is surely true of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER whenever the cash is concerned.

Testimonial to John Knox.

THE Kirk of Scotland holds peculiar views on the subject of Lights. The chief of these may be said to be the Moderator Lamp. The REV. DR. CANDLISH is also a shining light; his name implying that he is indeed something like a candle. Not to be confounded with any parson of the Ritualist party, whose weakness for wax-tapers induces them to burn daylight.

THE CHALLENGER HER CHALLENGE.

I'm a spar-decked corvette, built of wood not of iron,
I am good under steam, under sail;
No Sheffield-plate dead-weights my topsides environ,
So I ride like a duck through a gale.
By my Lords I'm about to be put in commission,
For a cruise of three years, if not four;
And for all I'm short-handed, I carry provision
Such as corvette ne'er victualled before.

Mine's no cruise to train officers, boys, or blue-jackets,
Or BRITANNIA's old flag to display;
To observe and report South American rackets,
Or enjoy life in Naples' blue bay;
To practise manoeuvres, or study steam-tactics,
Hunt down pirate-junk or slave-dhow;
The Challenger now aims at higher didactics,
And on different guests sets her prow!

Her task's to sound Ocean, smooth humours or rough in,
To examine old NEP's deep-sea bed;
Dredge up samples precise of his mattress's stuffing,
And the bolsters that pillow his head;
To study the dip and the dance of the needle;
Test the currents of ocean and air—
In a word, all her secrets from Nature to wheedle,
And the great freight of facts homeward bear.

And by way of a treat—when the *Fauna* and *Flora*
Of all lands and all seas I've run through,
And learnt if the Austral Antarctic Aurora
Our Boreal in beauty outdo—
In the Isle of Kerguelen, with nothing between us
But the thinnest of clouds—O what fun!—
I'm to lurk and look on at the transit of Venus,
Across the broad blush of the sun!

For this I bear science to seamanship plighted,
In THOMPSON and NARE and MACLEAN,
While from highest to lowest aboard all united,
To serve both alike volunteer.
Broadside guns have made room to ship batteries magnetic,
Apparatus turns out ammunition,
From main-deck to ground-tier I'm a peripatetic
Polytechnic marine exhibition.

"Mighty fine!" says JOHN BULL. "But, pray, how about cost?"

Cash soon makes ducks and drakes in the Ocean."
Treasury leave was asked first: prayer, of course, aside tost,
Till LOWE went to figures with GÖSCHEN.
When they found that the outlay for all this provision,
To question the land, and the sea,
Would be no more than keeping my hull in commission,
With nothing to show for 't, would be!

Said LOWE, laughing, "To pay by results is my plan;
For results here 'll be nothing to pay.
Let the Challenger go: and I'll challenge the man,
Be it RYLANDS himself, who 'll gainsay;
For he, like myself, though he's not been to college,
And's a shallowish sort of a mob,
Has, at bottom, I'm sure, no objection to knowledge,
So long as it don't cost a bob."

And so I'm to sail on my grand cruise of science,
And a prouder ship ne'er put to sea;
In the good of my mission high souls have reliance,
Whatever the LOWE view may be.
Of the axiom that "nothing of nothing can come,"
I'm the Challenger. How is it true?
When 'tis clear to BOB LOWE, as a rule-of-three sum,
Good for nothing I'm not, 'cause I do.

Exemplary Exploit.

SERGEANT BATES, Colour-Sergeant of the American Artillery, has successfully accomplished the feat which he bet 1000 dollars he would perform, of walking from the Scotch Border to London with the Stars and Stripes without having his flag insulted. It now remains for some wise Englishman to attempt the corresponding achievement of marching from one end of the United States to the other with the Union Jack.



CHRISTMAS BILLS.

Little Wife. "I wish, dear, you'd 'mutiny'!"

The Major (horrified). "Sh—h, my dearest Lizzie! What are you thinking of? Good Heavens! 'mutiny'! And I thought you were so proud of the Regiment——"

Little Wife. "Well, then, I wish we were Policemen or Postmen; for we could 'mutiny' then, and your pay would of course be raised, and then we might manage to pay these horrid bills!"

A SONG ABOUT SHOOTING-STARs.

Ye flaming meteors, which of late across the sky have shot,
Is your material solid, is it gaseous, or what?
Some say that ye are aerolites; I think ye are not, all.
It is not when you mostly shoot that stones do chiefly fall.

I have a sort of theory, which I wish I could explain,
You somehow were connected with the late continual rain.
I have a kind of notion that you some relation bear
To the quantity of water which has floated in the air.

Methinks I have observed, myself, and others, too, heard say,
That washy weather commonly succeeds to the display
Of such celestial fireworks as your late nocturnal flight,
To simpletons a portent, and to sages a delight.

Some fancy BIRLA's Comet, which about this time is due,
Has seized with a convulsion been, and burst up into you.
It may be with a Comet's tail a brush that we have had,
And that is why so long it has rained cats and dogs like mad.

Barometer might rise and fall, and wind might change and chop,
But the rain it still rained every day with gush, and splash, and slop,
And the muggy, misty atmosphere of such a sort did seem
As that which we experience in a wash-house full of steam.

'Tis like enough your Comets may but vapour be, or gas,
Through which, or part of it at least, this Earth may sometimes pass.
And we, who need vast distance to discern so thin a shape,
May, with but such a drenching as we just have had, escape.

Perhaps, since Comets fly with such velocity per day,
Some few weeks hence, and some few hundred million miles away,
In its unmeasured orbit through unbounded space on sail,
We shall behold the Comet which has switched us with its tail.

DARWIN, NOT DOGBERRY.

MR. DARWIN, in his lately published work on *The Expression of the Emotions in Man and Animals*, informs us that our male semi-human progenitors "possessed great canine teeth," and that "men are occasionally born having them of unusually large size, with interspaces in the opposite jaw for their reception." We also learn from the *Genealogist of Man's Pedigree*, that "if our ears had remained movable, their movements would have been highly expressive."

"Dost thou not suspect my ears?" says, or was meant to say, the sapient City Officer in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Nobody can suspect the ears of an accomplished Naturalist, though he himself appears to suspect those of his ancestors. Otherwise, we should have suspected the ears of the philosopher from whose speculations the foregoing extracts are quoted, of egregious longitude.

What Will She Do With It?

At the Yorkshire Christmas Cattle Show a "silver-mounted claret jug was taken by a cow." No one will grudge the cow this or any other distinction which its merits and good conduct deserve, but it is not easy to see what pleasure or benefit such an animal (strictly teetotal in its habits) can derive from the possession of a claret jug. Claret is not the usual beverage of cows, and even if it were, the jugs which hold it are so constructed that it would be impossible for those creatures to drink out of them; and the mere contemplation of a claret jug, silver mountings and all, must be a matter of indifference even to the most high-bred cows. Altogether, one feels that a new wooden pail, filled with ordinary fresh water, would have been a far more useful present.

A DEED OF DARKNESS.—The Gas Stokers' Strike.



“MY OLD FRIEND HOMER.”

(“Every day must begin for me with my old friend HOMER—the friend of my youth, the friend of my middle age and of my old age—from whom I hope never to be parted so long as I have any faculties, or any breath in my body.”—MR. GLADSTONE, Dec. 3, 1872.)

∴ GHOST (rises). “But if a clamorous vile plebeian rose,
Him with reproof he checked, or tamed with blows, | ‘Be silent, wretch, and think not here allowed
That worst of TYRANTS, a USURPING CROWD.’

—THAT IS MR. POPE’S TRANSLATION OF A PASSAGE OF MINE, SIR. WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?”

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



HOPE to meet ENGLEMORE at the Minerva Club.

Arrive at Club. Annoyed at finding the steps thronged by a crowd of respectable-looking artisans. At least, some appear to be artisans in their Sunday best, with a variety of neat things in hats, and others present a sort of groom-out-of-place appearance, specially about the trousers, which are clearly perquisites of the past adapted to straitened circumstances.

Happy Thought.—Evidently something to do with the Strikes. Perhaps a Deputation to call on one of the members.

bers. If so, shall complain of it to the Committee as a nuisance.

In the hall, more of the deputation, without their hats. Tall and healthy, tall and unhealthy, short and thin, short and fat—in fact, all sorts and sizes, with a hungry, restless look about them, and an indescribable awkwardness of hands and feet, as if the disappearance of both would be an intense relief to them.

"Any letters?" I ask the Hall-Porter.

"One, Sir," he answers, and presents me with what I know at once to be a trifle from ENGLEMORE. He says:—

"Saw your advertisement. Good. Have pushed it about. Wired country friends to send up to 'X,' Minerva Club. Personal interview saves trouble. Hatfuls of Gardeners. Pick and try. Look here. Going to have Mister Housewarming. Theatricals. Peter Playacting. Put you down for part. Larks. Got Major Sideboard at last. Quite a G. B. for L. s. d. down. Took off Daniel Discount ten. That's good enough for you."

"LITTLE ENGLEMORE."

"P.S. Heard of Mister Pig just sent you. At least he won't suit anybody else, so you might get him cheap. Wire 'Yes,' if pig or not."

"P.P.S. Hope you'll like the Jolly Gardeners sent to order. Love to 'X,' Minerva."

At first I don't quite understand. Another second clears up the difficulty. I must ask about answers to advertisement.

"Any letters addressed to 'X,' here?"

The Hall-Porter draws a deep sigh. "O," he says, "it's for you, Sir, is it?" Whereupon he produces a packet of about fifty, and as he does so, I notice the simultaneous shuffling of the members of the deputation in the hall. There is a confused murmur which sounds like "It's him!" in a variety of undertones.

The Hall-Porter continues: "Yes, Sir, besides these here" (meaning the letters), "there's been all these men waitin' for you yesterday, Sir, and to-day."

What these for me? The deputation!! I look round. They are all bowing and scraping; and the others outside, having guessed instinctively the cause of the commotion, are now coming up the steps, and entering the Club.

"There've been complaints made by the members, Sir, last night, and I was to hand you this from the Committee, Sir. (Here he produces an official-looking document. It contains a warning—a reproof—and necessitates an explanation.)

Other members coming in, pass ill-natured remarks. What am I to do? The men are all bending and smirking. A very tall one, with a deep voice, "presumes that he is speaking to Mr. X."

Happy Thought.—Like STANLEY finding LIVINGSTONE. "Mr. X., I presume?"

I am obliged to admit that his presumption is correct. DR. LIVINGSTONE restrained himself, and did not rush into MR. STANLEY's arms. I, too, restrain myself. I don't at the instant exactly see what to say. Hall-Porter looking on. Members in the distance watching, with a view to reporting the whole proceeding to the Committee.

"Yes," I say, "I am 'X.' Why?"

Epigrammatic, but, on reconsideration, unbusiness-like. The

applicants smile—all except the gloomy tall man (six feet two, and I won't have him, I settle that at once), who, in answer to my question why he hadn't written instead of coming in this manner, says, "I thought as a personal application were better as savin' time on both parties which might be himportant to hall." The same idea has occurred to all of them, for they all nod, and more or less express themselves like a chorus in an opera, with the long man and myself doing the two solos. The long man continues, gravely, "I come 'ere yesterday, d'reckly as I see your hadvertisement." Chorus gesticulate again, just as if they were singing, "And so say all of us," without the previous portion of the tune which celebrates the joviality of the individual.

"I've honly left my present place, account of the family going abroad and 'aving no more use for a gard'ner." Chorus evidently don't believe in him a bit. The tall Gardener goes on again with further particulars. I am not listening to him, but thinking how I shall get rid of them all. I hear him saying, "I'm a married man, and my wife can cook or make herself otherwise useful in a house," and I am on the point of dismissing him to begin with, when the oldest member of the Club enters the hall, and wishes to know what all this disturbance is?

The Hall-Porter looks appealingly to me. I beg to offer an explanation. The irascible old man won't be pacified. "It's a mob, Sir!" he says, and I feel that I agree with him. I show him how the mistake arose on their part from the unfortunate wording of my advertisement.

"It's too bad, Sir; 'pon my word, it's too bad," the old member blurts out. "And if this sort of thing's allowed, we shan't be able to keep an umbrella in the Club," whereupon he steams off through a glass door, and puffs himself to the writing-room, where he allows some of his heat to evaporate in a thundering letter to the Committee.

Happy Thought.—Tell the frozen-out Gardeners to meet me in St. James's Park. On consideration, this might be taken for a Republican Demonstration.

Hall-Porter asks, if I couldn't get some gentleman's rooms to see 'em in?

Happy Thought.—Of course. ENGLEMORE's! His old lodgings. Through the tall man, whom I treat as the spokesman, I request the applicants to walk round to Duke Street. They reply through him that they don't know where Duke Street is, and exhibit incredulity as to my intention of ever seeing them again.

Happy Thought.—Direct Club Commissionnaire to guide them. Intrust him with half a sovereign to be divided among them in liquor at the nearest tavern.

Ezant Omnes. Thank Heaven!

If ENGLEMORE sent most of these fellows up, or got his friends to do so, I must have a row with him; at all events, he shall have the benefit of them in his rooms, if possible.

It is possible. MRS. DUMPER, ENGLEMORE's landlady, knows me, but though "Mr. ENGLEMORE is giving up, yet she is doubtful whether"—In fact, she is hesitating, though she has not seen my crowd, who are still in the public-house, and I have only requested to be allowed the use of his sitting-room, just for half an hour, merely to see some gardeners who have called about my place. She is not in the least interested, and demurs.

Happy Thought.—I say to MRS. DUMPER, "I fancy that Mr. ENGLEMORE's rooms would suit me; because I shan't live in the country altogether."

"Well, Sir," she says, seeing her way to a tenant, "you can look at 'em now, and if you like to use them for 'arf an 'our or so there won't be any great 'arm done, I desay."

I take my seat at ENGLEMORE's table, after calling to the Commissionnaire to bring the men up here. Quite Magisterial.

The gloomy man, who has been making himself gloomier than ever with beer, I dismiss at once. He is so utterly taken by surprise that he has nothing to say for himself; and every one else's interests being dead against him, nobody has anything to say for him, and so there's an end of him. He's a weight off my mind. I'm sorry he hasn't obtained the situation, but he has encumbrances, and holds such views on pigs, poultry, and a cow, as are utterly irreconcilable with mine.

Number Two.—Is an unhealthy-looking person with weak knees. He says he understands glass. Whatever else he doesn't understand, one thing he sticks to, and that is—Glass. I tell him I haven't got any glass, that I don't intend to have any glass, and that—to put it forcibly—I hate glass. At this last blow he staggers from the room and disappears. With him go three others who had come there solely on the strength of their knowledge of Glass.

Number Three.—Muddy-faced, short man; gloomy style in gaiters. His eyes seem inclined to blink. He bobs at me with his front lock, and attempting to focus his gaze on the top button of my waistcoat, awaits my questioning.

"What can you do?"

Directly I have spoken, his eyes begin to wander. Perhaps he is trying to recall all his accomplishments.



CONTINGENT ADVANTAGES.

Emily. "WHAT HAS MADE YOU TAKE TO THOSE GREAT GLOVES, GERTRUDE? THEY MAKE YOUR HANDS LOOK GIGANTIC!"

Gertrude (engaged). "O, MY DEAR, MY HAND IS DISPOSED OF; AND WHEN THAT'S THE CASE, ONE CAN GIVE UP APPEARANCES, AND GO IN FOR COMFORT."

"Well, Sir," he presently answers, with rather a silly kind of laugh. "a good deal depends on what you may want."

I admit that a good deal does depend on it. Referring to my notes of what to ask applicants, I find briefly "to inquire (a) Can he Pig? (b) ditto Cow, (c) Ducks, (d) Poultry, (e) Farm?" Also, N.B. and special, "Can he Pony?"

"Single-handed?" he asks, fixing his gaze on the button where he had previously been so successful.

"I don't quite understand," I say. His eye wanders, and he speaks very carefully, as if weighing every word, and finding them all uncommonly heavy.

"My meaning is—as do you—keep another man—or—" here vagueness seems to seize him suddenly, but he tries my top button again, and finishes with—"or all this—for—one?" Then he frowns.

"For one," I answer.

He won't let that top button out of his sight for an instant now.

"With—occashnal 'elp?" he asks; then adds, while allowing his features to relax into what he intends to be a persuasive smile, "You'd have occashnal 'elp, I s'pose, Sir. Cos you see, Sir," he goes on, his tone becoming almost pathetic, "a pig, a cow, a pony, and what not besides, is more than one man's time sing'anded."

On deliberation, I concede a boy now and then. He shakes his head over it. "Very sorry, but he don't think as it'll do, and he don't think as I'll get anyone, who ain't not quite starving, for such work as this."

He is suddenly changing his manner into one of impertinence. It breaks upon me all at once—of drunken impertinence.

This decides me. He may withdraw. He lingers. He ought, he says, to have his expenses for coming up on such a fool's errand. I can't hear of such a thing.

"Can't hear?" he suddenly exclaims, becoming quite violent and offensive, "Who's you, to send for poor 'ard-workin' men up 'ere, trepannin' them up for nothing? Darn you an' your pigs and your cows! Why, I'd be above offrin' a respectable man such a place as yours, and if there's a law in this land, I'll—"

Here a decent-lookin' woman rushes into the room, and seizes him. "JOHN," she says, "you're spoilin' your chances; don't be

a fool." He looks sullenly at her, as if he'd like to argue this point. But she continues to me: "He took something next door, being a temperans gen'ally, as went against him, and he ain't quite hisself just now."

Fortunately, she is able, with the assistance of a friend or two outside, to get him away before he is less and less himself, as he is every moment becoming, and so rapidly that who he'll be when he reaches the front door, and gets out into the cold air, it will be difficult to determine.

Examination continues.

A QUESTION TO BE ASKED.

(Apropos of a late Trial.)

WHEN a goose who is heir to a title and lands, wants to raise the wind,

And promises sixty per cent. to the Jews—query, should not this promise bind?

To teach vicious geese of the same breed, who under Jews' claws have smarted,

That young idiots who go that road and their money will soon be parted.

On the whole, *Punch* would say, that as vultures who prey on garbage keep down

The pestilent breath of way-side death that else would poison the town,

So those who lend at sixty per cent. are Society's scavenger vultures, Who keep down the plagues that in folly and vice of young spend-thrifts find their cultures.

And as carrion-vultures, in the East, though foul, protection have got,

'Twere well if young gentlemen who fire at our vultures should be made to pay their shot.

"HEAVY WET."—The Present Season.



QUITE ANOTHER THING.

Paddy (the loser). "ARRAH, G'ALONG! I SAID I'D LAY YOU FOIVE TO WAN, BUT I WASN'T GOIN' TO BET MY HA'F-CROWN AGIN YOUR TATH'IN LITTLE SIXPENCE!" [Escort fighting.]

PEOPLE YOU OBJECT TO MEET.

MR. WHISKY, who never sees you without saying how very fat you've grown, or how very pale you look.

MR. HUMDRUM, who, when in society, confines his conversation to the changes of the weather and the rising price of coals.

LADY DAWDDLER, who, if you meet her in the Park, is pretty sure to ask you to carry her fat lap-dog for her.

MR. QUAYER, who raves about the music of the future, and never says a word of sense about the music of the present.

CAPTAIN BLUSTERHAM, who bellows out your name when he meets you in the street, and shakes you by the hand till he nearly wrings your fingers off.

MR. WHEEZER, who fancies that he is an invalid, and explains to you the symptoms of his latest ailment.

MR. HARDUPPER, who, upon the strength of old school fellowship, will never miss a chance of borrowing half a sov. of you.

MR. BOREN, who even now discusses the merits of the Tichborne case.

MESSES. SAWNONES and PILSARLIC, who, when they happen to meet at dinner, invariably talk shop together, and take away your appetite.

MR. JEREMIAH DOLDRUMS, who thinks he has a grievance against one of your best friends, and takes you by the button-hole in order to explain it.

BARON MUNCHHAUSEN, Junior, who once was captured by the brigands, and every time he sees you embellishes the incident.

MR. and MRS. CADGER, who, if you invite them for a day or two, always come provided with luggage for a fortnight.

Gentlemen at Large.

Jim. BILL, I say, show us the Skeleton in your Cupboard.

Bill. I ain't a got no skellinton in ne'er a cupboard, but (indicating his waistcoat-pocket with his thumb), 'ere's a bunch of skellinton-keys!

LINES BY A LOVER.

WOULD you then know my CELIA's charms?
She carries pug-dogs in her arms:
E'er dresses in the newest taste,
By lacing tight deforms her waist,
Bears on her head a brigand's hat,
Gay feathers flaunting high on that:
Her hair is only half her own,
The other half elsewhere has grown:
Her cheeks a dab of rouge reveal,
Her boots three inches high of heel:
Her fingers are bedecked with rings
As paltry as the songs she sings:
Her talk is slang, she votes men slow
Unless a thing or two they know:
She loves champagne, detests cold mutton,
Knows barely how to fix a button:
Will wager gloves in racing bets,
But, having lost, to pay forgets:
In dancing she can twist and twirl
As deftly as a ballet-girl.
Yet ne'er has learned with grace to walk,
But struts with an audacious stalk.
She treats her servant like a slave;
She spends, but ne'er has learned to save:
Loves shopping, bonnets, and bazaar;
Can skate, ride, row, and smoke cigars:
Reads trashy novels by the score,
But votes all better books a bore:
Will flirt with whomsoever she can—
O, am not I a happy man!

Defamation of Character.

It is a long time since the Chaldean monarch, noticed by MR. GEORGE SMITH in his admirable paper on a remarkable Cuneiform Inscription, lived, but for all that due respect ought to be paid to his memory. We were sorry, therefore, to read in the newspaper a statement for which there does not appear to be the slightest foundation, that IZDUBAR "in his search for immortality had learnt the legend of the Deluge from SISIR." We hope MR. SMITH, OF SIR HENRY RAWLINSON, or some other friend of KING IZDUBAR, will at once give so injurious an imputation the fullest contradiction.

A STROKE AT A STRIKE.

THERE are some things men may strike at, and some things that they mayn't,
At the risk of stifling all question, if they are in the right or they ain't.

One of those things is the bull's-eye that lights the Policeman's beat,
And another's the gas-lamp that illumines dwelling and shop and street.

We can't have the springs of order and light, of a sudden, the levers made

Wherewith to screw up wages, or adjust troubles of trade.
And any Union that tries this on Disunion will bring about
Betwixt the public that suffers, and the workmen that turn out.

The Stokers on strike the *Marseillaise* may sing in Trafalgar Square,
But till they make a better case for their sudden and strange

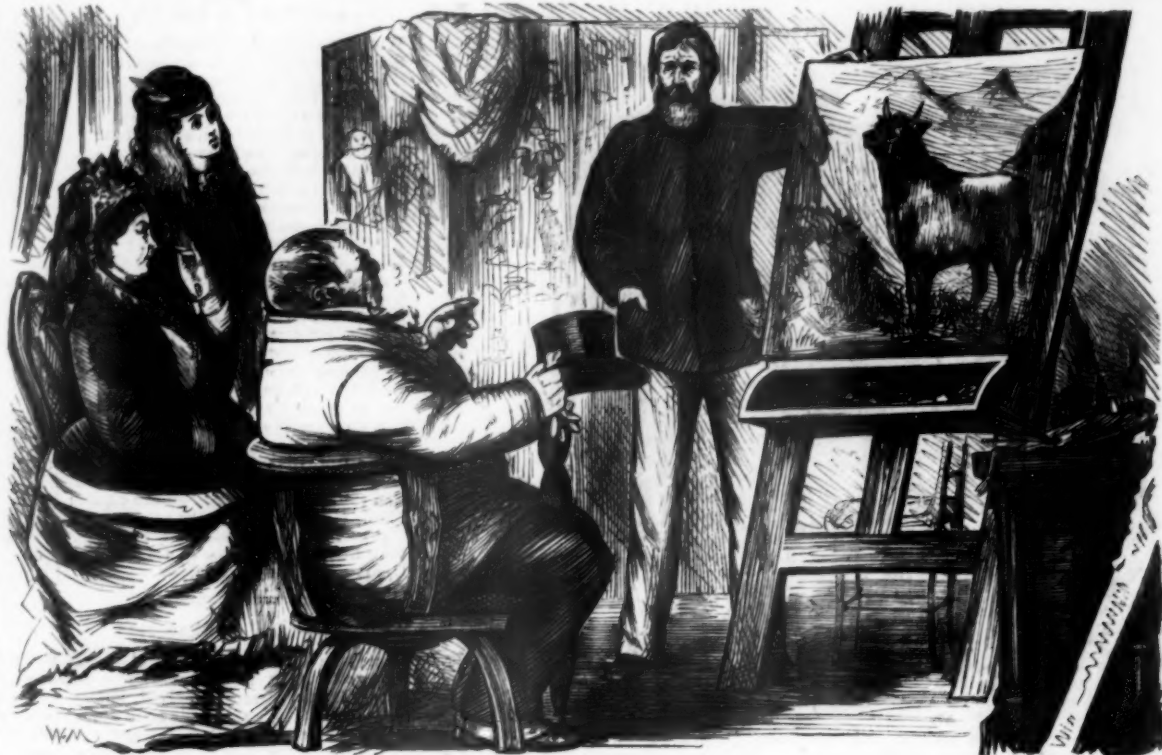
out-flare,
They'll find folks disposed to treat their tall talk as gas of very bad quality,

And to retort on their prayer for support with cold-shouldered inhospitality.

If there's tyranny in masters, there's tyranny in men;
We've learnt the lesson before, and now seem like to learn it again;
But of all the strikes, ill-stricken, that ever *Punch* did see,
This strike of the Stokers seems the worst, on all accounts, to be!

Better Conduct.

It is a long lane that has no turning. The most hardened offender may reform. Wonders will never cease. Somebody is not so black as he is depicted. Strikes may come to an end, coals and meat may become reasonable in price, the rain may stop, MR. AYERTON may grow polite, next May may be warm—for November has passed and gone without a fog!



CATTLE-SHOW CRITICS.

Patron (Proprietor of Prize Animal). "YES—IT'S LIKE OLD BEN; BUT THAT'S NOT MY IDEA OF THE PICTURE. WE'D HAVE LIKED THE PRIZE CUP IN THE FOREGROUND." "WOULDN'T WE, MY LOVE?"

'My Love.' "YES, DEAR. AND WE THOUGHT OF OUR HOUSE IN THE BACK-GROUND, DIDN'T WE, LUCY DARLING!"

'Lucy Darling.' "YES, 'MA DEAR; AND THE PRETTY RIBBON WITH THE DEAR LITTLE TICKET ROUND HIS NECK—" [*Poor Smudge!*]

A BIRTHDAY IN DECEMBER.

MDCXCIV.

Ye Ministers of all denominations,
Including you, my Masters, named of State,
Whose chief end, in discourses and orations,
Is truth, the thing that is, to inculcate;

All you, besides, who Cant hold in aversion,
Evasions hate, and platitudes condemn,
And vote that stern and resolute coercion
The rising tide of Anarchy should stem:

Ye who do phantasms, quacks, and shams detest,
And humbug execrate in all its shapes,
Drink ye to him who hath essayed his best
Mud Pythons all to squelch, and Dead Sea Apes.

Philosopher, Historian, Joker see,
Who doth, his living peer? Unto the brim
Fill, and, for choice, the stoup with barley-bree,
For Caledonia did engender him:

True THOMAS, though no Rhymer, Chelsea's Sage,
The fourth of this month was his natal day.
Many returns thereof augment his age.

THOMAS CARLYLE! His good health. Pros't.
Hooray!

His Likeness.

THE many readers of *Middlemarch*—unfortunately this is not the time for taking the periodical census, or some information might have been obtained as to their total number—may be glad to be told that there is now to be seen, at the Kensington Museum, a miniature portrait of CARSAUDON.

PUNCH'S POCKET-BOOK.

We have been favoured with an early copy of this extraordinary work, and we do not feel that we have received any favour at all, though doubtless the gift was prompted by the best intentions. An examination of the work has entirely disturbed our system, and caused us to neglect our daily duties. When we state that the volume is adorned with a superb plate called "*Science in her Silver Slippers*," by the indomitable KEESE, with a series of miniature cartoons, by the inexpugnable TENNIEL, with a mass of comic inspirations by the inextinguishable SAMBOURNE, and with a wealth of fairy-like gems of initials by other accomplished parties, we shall be thought to have said enough. But we do not, ourselves, share in the thought, and when we proceed to mention that there is a mass of literature composed of the choicest specimens of graceful yet mordant satire, of lyrics in which the playful maintains successful grapple with the ferocious, of a Very Last Idyll which must have been written by the Poet-Laureate, or by some one else, of a Court novel which will excite, it may be, no small indignation, and of a perfect Instructor in all foreign languages, which will enable the feeblest linguist to talk like a GOETHE or a LAMARTINE, we find that we have only half exhausted the catalogue of artistic and literary treasures to be found under the brilliantly coloured binding of this most exquisite of all Christmas books. But that we hate puffing, and rather prefer to understate the merits of a work than to bestow on it the slightest exaggerated praise, we could say much more, but though he who dares more than may become a man is none, he who doth not lay his hand upon this book in the way of kindness, and give it to every woman he knows, is a wretch whom it were base flattery to call an awful idiot.

CAUTION TO JOURNALISTS.

To call a spade a spade may or may not be libellous; but it is a libel to call the Knave of Spades a knave. A British Judge would no doubt also rule that it was libellous to call a Rake a Rake.

Punch at Lunch.



OME, Siatets, now your Brothers are home from the public schools, try those youths with a bit of dictation. This has been sent me by a young lady of Connecticut, who says that a prize was offered at the Teachers' Institute there to any one who could spell the whole correctly. "It is an agreeable sight to witness the unparalleled embarrassment of a harassed pedlar gauging the symmetry of a peeled potatoes, which a sibyl has stabbed with a poniard regardless of the innuendoes of the lilies of Carnelian hue."

The good LORD ROMILLY resigns the Rolls. Instantly favour me with two quotations in which his name occurs. Well? One is in WORDSWORTH'S poem, *What is good for a bootless bene?* And the other? BYRON'S—

"I'd preach on that till WILDERBOUCE and ROMILLY
Should quote in their next speeches from my homily."

Good, Tobias. And whence comes the name? Perhaps from Romilly, in Savoy. Good again—catch that merrythought.

In DRYDEN'S very wickedest comedy occurs this:—"You may call him a fool, Gentlemen, but it is well known he is a Critick." JOHN could plant a hit.

Melancholy of the Minor key. "I deny your minor," as *Falstaff* might have said, had SHAKESPEARE pleased. My Major key is that wherewith I open my cellar-door. My Minor key is that I use when compelled to take out my cheque-book. Now, which suggests melancholy?

From whom does MONTAIGNE quote *Jactantius morient quæ minus dolent*? Needless, now that every lady knows Latin, to say that it means—

"They blab the most who're wopped the least."

Another row, I see, brought about by dogs. But in the old days, when two dogs quarrelled and fought, their masters did the first on the spot, and the second next morning. In this late case, only one of the parties produced a pistol, and he had to go home for it. The Magistrates disapproved of this one-sided duel. But the *juvenes qui gaudent canibus* are always in trouble, Toby. Don't sulk. Am I a *juvenis*?

DR. CUMMING prophesied that 1860 "would be the beginning of scenes that to Christian people would be most pleasant." It was not a very good shot. In London we had the riots in the Church of St. George's-in-the-East; in the country there was the great fight between TOM SAYERS and HEENAN; France stole Savoy and Nice; the Maronite Christians were horribly massacred by the Druses; and South Carolina seceded,—thus "beginning" "the greatest civil war ever known."

WHEN it was proposed to refuse to the BISHOP OF NATAL the courtesies of the Athenæum Club, the late SIR JOHN BOWRING was very indignant. He asked one of the orthodox Bishops, who urged the exclusion of DR. COLENSO, "what he meant by bringing his theological prejudices into a society of gentlemen?"

Middlemarch is the event of the year, there can be no two words about that.

When my friend, BOB LOWE, in that famous speech, opposed the lowering of

the franchise, he used a jolly sort of illustration. He said that "it was idle to degrade the vote. Any Working Man could have one for the price of one hundred and twenty pots of beer." If the beer were good, I wouldn't lose one pot for a vote, leastways in a metropolitan borough.

Nobody honours our clergy more than I do, but some of them puzzle me considerably. Last week the Ritualists and the Calvinists took sweet counsel together as they went up to the voting place together to cause the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER'S exclusion from the Oxford pulpit. I am happy to say that they were soundly beaten. Then a very worthy clergyman, the DEAN OF NORWICH, who was also appointed to preach, writes a long letter refusing to do so. Now, if he believed that the other Dean would teach incorrect doctrine, why did not DR. GOULBURN preach sermons administering the antidote? *Erasis*. As a third Dean wrote, or thereabouts, touching a fourth;

"And O how the graduates giggle and gape—
For the good Norwich Dean tucks his gown for escape!"

"Why do you call the man Sir ROGER TICHBORNE?" sternly demanded VICE-CHANCELLOR MALINS, from the Bench. "He calls himself Sir ROGER!" I have never called him a baronet, so my head is safe; but is there not some law making it high treason to confer a title not proved to be derived from the QUEEN'S Majesty? Gracious! suppose MR. WHALLEY should have his head cut off! As the Scotchwoman said, after somebody's execution, "It might not be much of a head, but it was the only one he had, poor man!"

What a tremendous crowd came to see the fat cattle this year! I doubt whether half the people saw any four-legged beast. I did not go, being in mourning for the late QUEEN ANNE, and not caring

To bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the Cattle-Show,

as dear THOMAS HOOD put it. But I would have gone if the spectacle had terminated with the solemn flogging of six fat footmen who had refused to eat Australian meat. [He did go. Vide picture, later. T.]

A Correspondent wrote to me, the other day, to ask whether, if the lady you take down to dinner proves sulky or stupid, it is a breach of etiquette to drop her altogether, and talk to the one on the other side of you. I fear that my answer was a little Jesuitical. I wrote that no Lady, with a large L, was ever sulky or stupid, and that no particular ceremony was usual with a Person who is not a lady.

But, to speak *seriatim* (as a Vestryman would say), you have no right to assume that because a Lady does not talk to you she is either stupid or sulky. The chances are that you open with effete nonsense, and she takes your measure. You should begin with something pleasantly startling. If she is single, ask her why she isn't married; and if she is, ask her whom she means to marry when her present husband dies. Be original.

I declare that I always learn something from conversation with any woman. But then I am so umble:

"Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much.
Wisdom is umble that he knows no more."

Now, most Men are stupid. They know their trades, more or less. But for anything else where would they be but for the leading articles?

If Ladies read those articles, and could hear their Lords reproduce them, much injured and blundered, in the talk after dinner, the former would have a greater contempt for our intellects than now. Which thing is needless.

In the Church of St. Andrew, Holborn, is a monument, dated 1603, with an inscription beginning—

"My Turtle gone, all joy is gone from me."

I showed this to an Alderman one day, and he said that some of our ancestors had very proper feelings.



A BIG FISH.

*Artful Damsel (who has made a successful throw). "O, LORD FEUBIGGIN, HOW-
EVER SHALL I MANAGE—"*

*Lord Feubiggin (caught, too). "PRAY LET ME SHOW YOU! ALL DEPENDS ON
HOW YOU PLAY YOUR FISH!"*

*[We betray confidence for once. This Picture comes from a Letter sent by a
newly-married Lady (now of title), to a particular Friend of hers, and is
called a "Reminiscence of Scotland." Perhaps our Readers can guess at
the Story—we cannot.]*

PLACETS AND NON-PLACETS.

In Re DEAN STANLEY at Oxford.

THAT Oxford still should bring forth broods
Of the old Obscurantist strain,
The scarlet of whose Doctors' hoods
Is of the Babylonian grain,—
Who hold that light but serves to blind;
And reason but to lead astray,
And deem it cruel to be kind
To those who walk a wider way
Than the strait road, high dogma-railed,
Along whose marge, if they were able,
They'd string up heresies, impaled
Like vermin on a Keeper's gable—
That of all plans, on which impacted,
Truth's light is variously refracted,
This should be still an Oxford facet,
And such a large one too,—*NON-PLACET!*

That, braving shock and counter-shock,
Oxford has trained a growing band,
Who hold that Truth is based on rock,
And Orthodoxy but on sand—
Believe that Churchmanship, though broad,
Sincere and strong and sound can be,
That who live Christian life unflawed,
Are like most Christian light to see—
That to love others, not to judge,
Is the true Christian's truest part,

Freely of light to give, not grudge,

What most draws Christian heart to heart:—
That he whose life, books, sermons still,
Have shown this faith in work, word, will,
St. Mary's pulpit mounts, to grace it
With the Broad Church's Colours—*PLACET!*

That Charity lukewarm or worse

To BUNCEON and his kin should seem,—
Faith without flavour of a curse

To GOULBURN but a hazy dream:—

That a Church without power to ban,
No counter-power to bless can own;
Nor Christ's seed sprout in soul of man,
Unless gall-watered when 'tis sown.—

That what most worthy love appears

To simple folks, these guides eschew;

What most sets Christians by the ears,

That most they and their Church pursue;—

That, while the Sermon on the Mount

Stands as Christ's word of chief account,

The hands that seem the first to efface it,
Should be styled Orthodox, *NON-PLACET!*

But that the Broad Church should have laid

Its basement walls so deep and wide,

That to her, ev'n in Oxford, aid

In stress of need is quick supplied—

That, when the bigot's blast is blown.

Even though "STANLEY!" is the cry,

And Heresy's red cross has flown

Through clerical England, hot and high,

They who put trust in truth o'erpower

Those whom the name of truth appals,

Till Obscurantism's soldiers cower,

Beaten, in Convocation's halls—

That here, in BUNCEON'S, GOULBURN'S, spite,

The tide of battle should flow right,—

That e'en here, Bigotry's "sic-jacet"

Should be writ, and in large text, *PLACET!*

That still on Earth the rising tide

Of light and knowledge, in its sway,

With all the ills it sweeps aside,

Should wash some germs of good away—

That blind belief in chiefs and creeds,

And child-like faith devout, dim-eyed,

Which oft have served poor souls in needs

Where Science had been vain to guide—

Though, if on faith, not dogmas, fixed,

Sufficient simple minds to rule,—

Must take the light with darkness mixed

That serves to illumine Reason's school,—

That ill and good should thus be blent,

May cause hot spirits discontent,

But while in all around we trace it,

Rebellion 'twere to cry "*NON-PLACET!*"

But that this flood of love and light

Is ever rising and to rise,

That strength to bear its billows bright

Still grows in weakling human eyes—

Till souls which, bat-like, loved the dark,

Begin, at length, the light to love,

Nor longer dread the dawn to mark,—

But own it, also, from above—

That e'en on Oxford's stubborn rock

No more they claim to rear a hold,

For captive Reason under lock

Of Grey Authority may sleep controlled—

That the one son of Mother Church

Who has left Oxford most of the lurch,

Defeating Oxford's wrath, should chase it
Beaten and baffled, *VALDE PLACET!*

Bravery and Beauty.

THE Officers and Men who were engaged in the
Looshai Expedition are, it has been announced, to receive
the India Medal of 1854, with a clasp for Looshai.
None but the brave deserve the fair. Clasp is equivalent
to Buckle. If that clasp which those gallant fellows
have especially merited could be conferred upon them,
that would be something.

AN Expensive Wife makes a Pensive Husband.



DIM IDEA

OF THE IMPRESSION LEFT ON OUR MIND AFTER HALF-AN-HOUR'S PUSHING AND CRUSHING AT THE CATTLE-SHOW!

MISS PEACE TO MR. PUNCH ON THE ATHANASIAN CREED.

MR. PUNCH,

SOME years since I was staying in a large Country-House in Ireland, and I was informed by my host that the household, including visitors and their servants, numbered over sixty souls. On the Sunday morning, carriages and cars and a large family omnibus conveyed the whole party to church, and it was like going to the Derby without the lunch. When we reached the end of our journey, we found there were two churches standing at opposite corners of a pretty churchyard, which was common to both. One was a Protestant, the other a Roman Catholic church. The party divided, some going to the former, some to the latter. When the services were over, we were all conveyed back, Catholics and Protestants entering the carriages indiscriminately, and sitting side by side.

I took the liberty of expressing my admiration of the harmonious feeling which appeared to exist between Christians of different persuasions, and my host explained the cause of it to me in a few words. He said, "I never allow politics or religion to be made a cause of contention at my table."

Now, Mr. Punch, reasoning by analogy, could not this "Athanasian Creed difficulty" be bridged over, if the example which was set by my friend the Irish country gentleman was followed in the English Church? Some very sensible gentleman suggested, in a letter to the *Times* some few weeks since, the following remedy. Let those who wish to adopt this Creed meet together ten minutes before, or ten minutes after, the regular services, and satisfy their consciences by saying or singing it. It would avoid a scene which we have at a church I know of, at stated intervals when the Athanasian Creed is read. At the commencement of the Creed, my friend Mr. HALL EXETER, a very good and charitable gentleman, sits down, folds his arms, and scowls round the church. On the contrary, my friend Mr. ST. ANTONIO, another very good and charitable gentleman, pours it out *ore rotundo* in a tone of triumph, as much as to say, "Ah! old HALL EXETER, you can't shut me up!" Your humble servant stands up, and consumes the time by reading the CHARLES THE MARTYR or Guy Fawkes services—both political services, which

have been stamped out by common sense; and taking stock of the rest of the congregation, I observe that the majority look bored. Now, HALL EXETER and ST. ANTONIO and I are all good friends and neighbours, and nothing but this special Creed stirs up strife; and, what is worse, it stirs it up in church. Surely, HALL EXETER and ST. ANTONIO can accommodate one another in manner proposed by the *Times* Correspondent; and, even assuming that some of the Church of England people who nail this Creed to their masts, and "No Surrender!" carry out their threat of secession unless the Creed is dinned into the ears of all the English Church whether they like it or not, let them carry their threat out and go, and we shall simply lose those who would turn out my sister Charity as well as

Your loving Friend,

PEACE.

RIGHTS AND LEFTS.

"HEAVEN defend the right!" said Chivalry, and the Right, it is said, has triumphed in France. Has this fact anything to do with that sentiment? Perhaps we shall see; but at present it is not quite clear that Right and Left, in French politics, are equivalent to right and wrong. It may be thought time that Right and Left should, as names of parties, supersede Liberal and Conservative in the British Parliament. Conservatives can only be so called, by a figure of speech, on account of the sacrifices they have made to Democracy; and Liberals, in like manner, on the other hand, from being the authors of sumptuary, Sabbatarian, and paternal measures, which are infringements of liberty. M. THIERS has made M. GOULARD his Minister of the Interior. M. GOULARD is said to be, politically, a Right-minded man. Placed in a position of great influence over Prefects, Sub-Prefects, and country Mayors, M. GOULARD will, it is to be hoped, so acquit himself as to give buffoons cause to say that inflammation has been allayed by GOULARD's Lotion.

ADVICE TO BACHELORS.—Never marry a Horsey Girl. She will be a Nagging Wife.

HAPPY THOUGHTS.



EXAMINATION for place of Gardener finished. I fix on one man. He has no objection to anything. Pigs he's at home with, he says, and Cows are rather a pleasure to him than a trouble. Flowers he understands as well, he tells me, as he does fruit and vegetables. Stable-work and Pony are a mere joke to this handy person, on his own showing. Evidently the very man for me. Before settling finally, he looks up with a chirrupy sort of a smile,—he is a fair-haired man, by the way, with a fresh, countrified looking face, reminding me, on the whole, of the description, in the old song, of the Flaxen-headed Ploughboy.

Happy Thought.—The Flaxen-headed Ploughboy Comes whistling o'er the Lea; To those who don't like whistling A nuisance he must be.

However, he looks up with this particularly chirrupy sort of smile, and says:—

"If you wanted a married person, Sir,——"

"You're not married, though?" I ask.

"No, Sir; but if it so chanced as you did want a married man, I could come married."

I never knew a servant so accommodating. I really feel that it won't do to presume upon this willingness to too great an extent. I reply, therefore, that I should prefer him single, not having anything for a wife to do; unless, perhaps, my Aunt, when she arrives, could find her some employment.

He touches his hat, and observes respectfully,——

"As you please, Sir; it's all one to me. My object is to make all things comfortable for all parties, and give satisfaction."

Happy Thought.—Ask for his character.

He will give me the address of his last place, and, if I will have the goodness to write to the DUKE OF SHETLAND, I shall find that His Grace will be able to speak of him in terms which, he trusts, will corroborate his own account; and, should this not be sufficient, an application to His Serene Highness THE MIKADO will establish his claims to being a first-rate professional Gardener in all sorts of fancy lines.

At first it strikes me that he is joking. This is so improbable, and he is so serious withal, and so pleasant and cheerful about it, that in an off-hand manner, as if correspondence with Mikados and Dukes was among my daily routine of letter-writing, I signify that, if I find after a month's trial he should suit me, I would then write to his former employers for testimonials.

Happy Thought.—In order to avoid mistakes, I ask him, as he is withdrawing, whether he really means the MIKADO, or has made a mistake in the name?

He draws himself up with some dignity, and replies, "I am not likely, Sir, to have made any mistake. The MIKADO has done more for me than any other nobleman or gentleman living, and I am bound to say, Sir——" (here he is absolutely becoming affected almost to tears)—"I am bound to say, Sir, that, but for him and the DUKE OF SHETLAND, who gave me the first cuttings of the *Hortensia floreatus*, I should never have known an hour's happiness."

He does not appear at all inclined to stop at this point, but has evidently much more to say, which I nip in the bud.

Happy Thought.—Gardening simile appropriate. That this should occur to me is a cheering sign, as it shows that my mind is gradually being given to the subject. Can't do anything with any subject, no matter how trifling, unless you give your mind to it.

I nip him in the bud, and he bows himself out. I fancy I hear him sobbing on the stairs. If so, he must be as tender as one of his own young plants. Odd about the MIKADO! Perhaps he got into his service on purpose to learn something about Japanese Gardening; and that is what he has been alluding to as fancy-work. Now to other business.

Mem.—Aunt returns from Aix day after to-morrow, thoroughly galvanised.

Mem.—Little Uncles, JACK and GILL, from the sea-side with Nurse.

Mem.—The Nook, Nookside, sufficiently furnished for habitation.

Mem.—GUTCH's men at work on Nook ground.

Mem.—Cow, Pig, Pony, still unbought. Do it all in a lump. Queer sort of lump—a Cow, a Pig, and a Pony.

Write to ENGLEMORE. Inform him of my having settled with Gardener. Tell him that, "under the circumstances" I haven't time for theatricals, or would be very happy to join him in his house-warming, and will he at once introduce me to the Gardening and Farming Stockbroker whom he mentioned?

Letter sent by hand.

Happy Thought.—While waiting for answer, go to bookseller's and buy Shilling Manuals on farms, flowers, &c.: *The Little Flower Gardener*, *Every Man his Own Seedman*, *Hints for Horticulturalists*, *The Little Poultrywoman's Guide*, also *The Economical Vegetable Book*.

Happy Thought.—"The Economical." Hope this'll keep the MIKADO's young man in check.

Anecdotes of the Rat.—Perhaps hardly necessary—and yet, in an old place—not in the house, of course (for if they are in, I'm out, that's all), but in the stable there might be rats.

Gossips on Gooseberries, including a treatise on fruit-growing generally and the cultivation of the Grape. I must have a work on Pigs.

Happy Thought.—Write one (after experience) myself. Title, *Kill and Cure: being a Scientific Treatise on Pigs. A Baconian Essay*.

I hit upon one work then which I decide to buy, before all others: *The Bee, its Habits, &c.*

Happy Thought.—This is a brilliant idea. It strikes me as ENGLEMORE, by way of answering my letter, comes himself in a cab. I say, impetuously, to him, "Look here. I've settled what I'll do. I'll keep Bees."

"First-rate thing—Mr. Bee," is his reply. "Put him under little Harry Hive, and then run away as hard as you can."

"I shall buy a book on the subject."

"That's it," he returns, at once quite taking the idea, but in his own way. "Book for Bee, B for Book. *The Bee, and how to avoid Him*, I know. Once get accustomed to them and they mean £ s. d. Getting accustomed to 'em is rather a bore tho'," he goes on, as if he knew something about it; "because you have to live with your head in a bag for a week and your hands in mufflers, something between the diver at the Polytechnic and a prize-fighter with boxing-gloves; because when they don't know you Mister Bee will sting Colonel Stranger all over. The Honey's good enough for your little ENGLEMORE, without Mister Bee."

This rather discourages me. Now about his Gardening Stockbroker. Can I see him, and get some hints?

"All right, Colonel," he replies. "He's gone home, and you're to come. Pack up Captain Carpet-bag and little Tommy Toothbrush, that's all."

I see, we're to stay the night, eh? ENGLEMORE winks slyly, and answers, "All among the barley. Twenty miles away. Train down. Daniel Dinner, Peter Port. If you're winking call me early, Mother dear, without a headache. Major Ozone on the premises."

I accept, make ready and am off, with him.

Happy Thought (still in the Gardening vein).—I'm going to be "bedded out."

WORDS AND THEIR WORTH.

TOUCHING the Committee of the Convocation of Canterbury appointed to consider and report upon the best way of dealing with the Athanasian Creed, we read in a newspaper that:—

"It has been agreed by a majority of over two to one to recommend that an explanatory Rubric shall be appended to the Creed, in order to remove the objections which the damnable clauses now excite."

What explanation the explanatory Rubric is to offer, our contemporary does not say. There is one which, since it can raise no controversy, may be suggested here. The proposed Rubric respecting, let us say, the minatory clauses, might simply announce that they do not concern any persons who cannot either believe or disbelieve the Athanasian Creed because they do not understand it. Perhaps, if their Reverences would all put themselves through a metaphysical self-examination, that salvo would be found to be necessary for even the most orthodox of them, not excepting DR. PUSEY himself, if Puseyism can be regarded as orthodoxy. What is the worth of mere words,—eh, BISHOP WORDSWORTH?

THE CONCHOLOGIST'S PARADISE.—The Seychelles.

ALL ROUND THE WORLD.



UCH curiosity appears to be felt as to the exact route which the vessel, that has just left our shores on a long voyage of scientific discovery, will take between this date and the year 1876 or '7, when the Royal Society, and the Geographical Society, and Society in general, look forward to the pleasure of welcoming back the gallant band of sailors and savans who are now commencing their circumnavigation of the globe, with abundance of energy, enterprise, knowledge, spirits of wine, and the best of good wishes for their prosperity, success, and safe return.

A large sum of money is annually spent in this country on education, and it would be most unjust

to accuse us of neglect of the topography of Ancient Rome, or indifference to the geography of the Peloponnese; but, for all that, the phrase "round the world" does not seem to convey to their minds such an accurate notion of its exact import as the countrymen and countrywomen of ARSON, COOK, and CHAMBERLAIN ought to be imbued with. To remedy this defect is our present laudable object.

Leaving the exploration of the seas that wash the coasts of Sweden, Switzerland, and some other European countries, for a future occasion, the *Challenger* will, after quitting the Channel and dredging for a short time in the Atlantic, German, and one or two more of the better known Oceans, shape its course direct for the Antarctic Sea. Touching at the Orkneys, to sound the inhabitants as to the respective chances of SIR PETER TAIT and MR. LAING at the forthcoming election; at the Canaries, for the information of the ornithologists of the party, the whole of which, it is hoped, will obtain a bird's-eye view of those interesting islands; at Madeira, for the benefit of the dinner-table, and at St. Michael's for an acceptable addition to the dessert-table; at St. Helena, on account of its historical associations; at Norfolk Island, to deposit the Norwich newspapers; and at Juan Fernandez, to ascertain from the oldest inhabitants whether they preserve any reminiscences of MESSRS. SELKIRK and CRUICKSHANK, the vessel, all the crew thinking tenderly of Burton-on-Trent as they pass through Bass's Strait, will keep well on its way till it reaches Australia and the adjacent islands of New Zealand, New South Wales, and Van Diemen's Land.

In Australia, or the neighbourhood, the *Challenger* will remain for some time, in order to take on board a supply of tinned meats and kangaroo soup, and to explore the mountains which are believed to project from the bottom of the Antipodean Sea.

The Coral Sea will be the next attraction, and the friends and relatives of all on board may confidently look for handsome presents of bracelets, brooches, necklets, studs, and sleeve-links, in the beautiful material, to which the jewellers and lapidaries residing in those latitudes and longitudes know so well how to give artistic designs and elegant shapes.

Calling at Japan to renew the stock of tea-trays, at Cochin China to replenish the poultry-coops, and at Jamaica for some of its very best preserved ginger, and paying particular attention to the Gulf of Carpentaria, out of respect for the distinguished President of the British Association, the *Challenger* will by this time be thinking of turning her wheel homewards; and, with that end in view, will commence a thorough investigation of the *Fauna* and *Flora* of the various Pacific Oceans, of the Gulf Stream and its influence on the weather and conversation, and—in order to settle the long-standing controversy as to whether it is dangerous or not—of the Bight of Benin.

Having mixed in the best Arctic Circles, having taken care that not one iota of the Delta escape the most microscopic survey, having dredged the Spanish Main from end to end for galleons, doubloons, and other "Treasures of the Deep," having touched at Africa, Aden, the "still-veiled Bermoothes" (celebrated by SHAKESPEARE, and for their arrow-roots), the Cape for a reinforcement of warm clothing, Malta, Gibraltar, and some other places, the *Challenger* will accomplish its voyage round the world by bringing back its machines and instruments to Sheerness, where its arrival will be telegraphed to the latest editions of the evening papers, and signalled by the

appearance on board of the Local Authorities to present those congratulations, in which the whole country will heartily and unanimously join.

We have now endeavoured to trace the career of the good ship—it may be with one or two trifling inaccuracies in detail, for which our excuse must be the absence of the latest edition of KEITH JOHNSTON'S *Atlas*—and, in conclusion, wish to say something respecting the sanguine hopes entertained by the Royal Society, the Zoological Society, the Admiralty, the Press, and other learned and scientific bodies, that not the least important results of the Expedition may be the acquisition of a Sea Serpent and the capture of a live Mermaid. It is understood that the authorities at the Zoological Gardens have agreed to give a sum for the possession of these interesting and long-sought creatures which would enable the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to announce a surplus in his next annual Budget; and if, unfortunately, it should prove impracticable to bring them home alive, through insuperable obstacles of transport, diet, change of life, &c., that the British Museum, the College of Surgeons, and other public institutions too numerous to particularise, are prepared to pay as liberally for their stuffed remains, that the entire expenses of the voyage would be met over and over again.

CO-OPERATION v. CONFISCATION.

GRATERS.—The Government cannot possibly attempt to protect you from Competition by suppressing the Civil Service Co-operative Stores. They are Free-Traders; and if they were so much as to dream of such a retrograde step, they would have the spirit of MR. CONDON rapping at their backposts, and be kicked out of office besides. These stores, Gentlemen, have sprung out of a fiscal system especially designed, by liberating commerce, to benefit shopkeepers. Civil Servants are in the receipt of stated incomes known to Government. They cannot evade the income-tax by false returns. Some other people can. Thus these people profit by a form of taxation which they also shirk. Civil Servants cannot shirk the taxation; they can only profit by it in the same way that you do; namely, by seizing the advantage which it confers upon traders—that of obtaining goods cheap. If you, and your mercantile compeers, do not wish that all poor gentlefolks, and all rich as well, should ultimately betake themselves to the Co-operative Stores system, you had better unite in petitioning for the repeal of the Income-tax.

In the meanwhile you could endeavour to excel the Co-operative Storekeepers in the quality of your groceries, and at the same time to undersell them in the price. The latter thing one would think you could well afford to do, because, as a rule, you can assess your own incomes at your own figures, subject only to the risk of a surcharge, which you can contest, with no greater difficulty than that of taking a compulsory oath; whereas Clerks in Government Offices, and all other persons employed by the State, have to subsist on stipends taxed to the uttermost farthing, and cannot help themselves.

A TERRIBLE ADVERTISEMENT.

DEAR PUNCH,

AM I in my senses? Is this an English newspaper that I see before me? Can I believe my eyes, when they tell me it contains such an advertisement as this?—

GUILLOTINE wanted, second-hand.—Send particulars, and lowest cash price, to B., &c.

Who is B., I wonder? Can B. stand for KING BRADLAUGH, the Monarch of Hyde Park? Has a revolution happened since I dropped asleep last evening, and are our citizens preparing for a Reign of Terror? The bare notion of a Guillotine being wanted here in England so shatters my weak nerves, that I try vainly to compose myself. And to think that B., the wretch! should want a "second-hand" one! Gracious! Where are the police? Only see what comes of their striking for a day or two!

Yours, in great alarm,

PHILIP FLUTTER.

Aspen Villa, Quakebury.

P.S.—Perhaps now it is too late MR. AYNTON will bestir himself to put down Hyde Park Sunday meetings.

Most Musical, Most Melancholy.

A COCKNEY Gentleman who had been hearing a concert of old music, where every piece that was performed was in the programme termed an "Op.," observed, as he went out, "Well, after all these 'Ops, I vote we have some Malt."

NOTE FOR THE MORALIST.—Virtue is *not* its own reward. If it were, it would be as common as Vice.



TAKING IT FOR GRANTED.

Engaging Photographer. "JUST LOOK A LITTLE PLEASANT, MISS! THINK OF 'IM!'"

LABOUR AND WAGES.

THE most effectual way to obtain an increase of wages for Working Men, would probably be one which would prove not only altogether unobjectionable, but, moreover, beneficial in the extreme—that of extending the sphere of remunerative employment for women. It may be that, if women were enabled more generally to maintain themselves by their own industry than they now can, they would be in proportion less generally disposed, as they certainly would be less tempted, to marry. Hence would follow an arrest to the progressive increase of population, especially among the labouring classes, male as well as female. The fewer the hands became, the greater would become the demand for them; the rate of wages would rise accordingly: there would be no occasion for strikes, and the labourers would be all satisfied. Our numbers might remain stationary like the population of (in that particular) happy France, or they might even decrease; but suppose they only came to a stand-still, the necessity for the spread of building over, enclosing, and tearing up the face of the country would cease likewise; and the beauty of Old England, the wild woods and commons, and downs and flowery fields and meadows yet undestroyed, would still indefinitely remain at least in *status quo*. And butcher's meat, and all other good things, would anyhow not keep on getting dearer.

Philanthropists who wish to elevate the condition of the agricultural labourer, and, in so doing, preserve somewhat of an Arcadia in the as yet rural districts, should reserve their premiums of sovereigns and pairs of breeches for old rustics who, instead of having married early and brought up families, have, on the contrary, supported themselves for sixty years or so in respectable celibacy, and should assign corresponding rewards to aged laundresses, maid-servants, and other industrious females who have all their lives remained spinsters of good character, or, if widows, who, having lost their husbands early, have never married again. Trades Unions would practise a far-sighted policy if they encouraged women to compete with their members for employment as extensively as possible.

SHAKESPEARIAN MOTTO FOR CATTLE-SHOW.—"O my sweet Beef!"

MORE OF ONE THAN T'OTHER.

"The distinguished visitors were then conducted over the Hall by Messrs. COMFORT AND GIBLET, the Directors."—*Times Report of the Cattle-Show.*

WHEREFORE thus the Directors miscall
Who assume the control of the jam,
In the huge Agricultural Hall
At the height of the Cattle-Show cram?

Where, as *Punch* was squeezed small as an eel-skin,
'Twixt cattle pens, broad farmers' backs,
Smart young ladies in high-heads and seal-skin,
Stands, implements, touters' attacks,

These Directors, methought, he heard bawl,
Through the struggle for space, sight, and air,
"Here," quoth GIBLET, "'s no Comfort at all!"
"Here," quoth COMFORT, "is Giblet to spare!"

The Return Visit.

SHOULD any of the following persons feel disposed to follow SERGEANT BATES's example, and desire to make a walking tour through the United States, carrying the British flag, leave of absence for any length of time they please will be granted them with the utmost readiness:—

MR. AYRTON,
MR. ODGER,
MR. BRADLAUGH,
MR. WHALLEY,
Our Tax-Collector,
The Waits.

We should have been most happy to include the Claimant, but there are legal difficulties in the way.

COMPANION OF THE BATH.—The Sponge.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—DECEMBER 21, 1872.



A SOP TO CERBERUS.

[Respectfully dedicated to M^r. THURS, GAMBETTA, and the "Fry's,"

MESMERIC BLISS.



THE *Homeward Mail* relates a curious case of involuntary Mesmerism "recorded by the civil surgeon of Hoshungabad." The subject of it was a young woman named NUNNEE, who, having married, and after a time remained separate, for reasons not stated, having gone to live with her husband, and stayed with him eight days, became suddenly insensible, continued so for two or three days, and over afterwards fell into the same state as often as he came into her presence, although carefully disguised. "He was very kind and attentive to her; she liked him;" nevertheless his vicinity had "always that effect on her. Application was made by her parents to the proper Court for a separate maintenance for her, on account of her health, as she had become emaciated and exhausted."

"While she was in Court the husband entered, and she instantly became insensible, and was carried to the hospital, where the case was carefully attended to by Dr. CULLEN, in March this year. While in this state her pulse was even, breathing soft, her body pliant, but she could eat nothing. Experiments were carefully made to see that there was no trick about

it. While she was in bed, her husband was muffled up and made to walk through the ward. She said she felt he was near her, and she was by no means well, but she had not seen him anywhere about. Next day this experiment was repeated, and she actually became insensible as before. When the husband left the place she recovered."

In continuation it is stated that experiments like the one above-mentioned were tried in all sorts of ways for the space of a month, and that the Court concluded that her husband unconsciously mesmerised her, and, as it was impossible she could live with him, granted her a separate allowance.

Like a grown-up boy, who knows his Catechism, this story may be said to require confirmation. Incredulity may identify the civil surgeon of Hoshungabad with WALKER. But there are more facts in physiology and psychology than are dreamt of in Incredulity's philosophy. Suppose the case affirmed in the foregoing story possible. Suppose such a case brought into the Probate and Divorce Court. What would SIR JAMES HANNEN have to say to it? Could judicial separation be decreed on the ground of involuntary cruelty?

Homeopaths and Mesmerists, laying their heads together, would perhaps, between them, suggest an alternative for divorce. The Homeopaths recommend "a hair of the dog that bit you," and the dog that bit NUNNEE was, Mesmerists would say, Mesmerism. Perhaps, therefore, they would agree that her husband, having involuntarily mesmerised her into unconsciousness, should have voluntarily mesmerised her out of it; and this practice would, at least, be more humane than that which a husband among the British lower orders would too commonly try on a wife whom he had thrown into a fit of catalepsy; namely that of kicking and stamping on her with heavily nailed boots to bring her to.

Instead of the misery resulting from such dreadful treatment as that, what happiness would very likely follow the other! The thoroughly mesmerised wife would be her husband's other self; by mesmeric sympathy she would share all his pleasures; they would be, as it were, one being; and he would only have to enjoy himself as much as possible, in every possible way, to make her a thoroughly happy woman.

OLD JORUMS never lost a friend. For the best of all possible reasons, his enemies say—he never made one.

PEARLS FROM THE PROVINCIAL PRESS.

WE surely cannot feel surprised at the vast influence which is wielded by our provincial contemporaries, when we find them weekly teeming with intelligence as interesting as that which we subjoin:—

SHINGLETON-ON-SEA.

CURIOUS, IF TRUE.—At a tea-party held lately in this salubrious watering-place, there were assembled seven ladies, whose united ages have, by competent authorities, been computed to exceed four hundred and ninety-seven years. These cases of longevity, perhaps, are the more singular from the fact that they have recently been made the subject of remark in the actual presence of the ladies themselves, and that not a word of contradiction or displeasure has been allowed to cross their lips.

DUFFERHAM.

MUTUAL IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY.—The first meeting of the winter series took place on Thursday evening, at the residence of the respected President, Mr. EDMEZER STIGGLES, when upwards of a couple of new members were enrolled. The accounts for the past year were presented by the Treasurer, Mr. GOLDFISH, and showed a balance in hand of two shillings and twopence-halfpenny, which, considering the increased expenditure in muffins at the closing charitable festival in August, may be regarded as a highly satisfactory result. Under the auspicious guidance of the President, the scheme for the ensuing session was formally discussed and finally determined. Its chief and novel feature is a course of penny readings of recent Acts of Parliament, which, it is hoped, will prove of interest and considerable advantage to all who may attend. Two concerts will be given in the course of the session, one of which will be devoted to the students of part-singing, accompanied by the banjo, while the other will consist of competitions on the Jew's-harp, with a view to introduce it into grand orchestral works. The lighter labours of the session will be the investigation of the game of knurr and spell; while the lovers of gymnastics will find abundant scope to exercise their muscle in the invigorating indoor sports of cateradle and spillikins.

WAGSMOUTH.

LOSING TIME.—During the late harvest (very late in this vicinity) Mr. STOGGLES, Junior, of the Old Mill Farm, while engaged in cutting capers, and at the same time carting clover, was unfortunate enough to lose a large new silver watch, weighing upwards of a pound, with which he had that morning been presented by his grandmother. A few days since, his faithful dog, "in life man's firmest friend," as the poet truly says, was hunting in the field, when, after sniffing at a rat-hole, he suddenly began to scratch, and in a few seconds he ran bounding to his master, bearing the long-missing timepiece in his mouth. Although the surface of the field had been scarified, and ploughed, and harrowed, and flooded by the rain for upwards of five weeks, no injury had been done to the precious little monitor of fleeting Time's advance. Still we hope young STOGGLES will be a better time-keeper, and in future have a watch upon himself, lest he throw it to the dogs.

PAPLEY-CUM-CRADLEFORTH.

INFANT SCHOOL TREAT.—The annual penny bean feast of the Infant Sunday Schools came off on Tuesday last, when a liberal supply of creature comforts was provided, including a cold muffin for each of the monitors, which was thoughtfully supplied by the Honourable Miss HUNKS. The repast being ended, Mr. SPOUTER, M.P., who happened to be present as the guest of LADY WIGGLE-WAGGLE, improved the occasion by offering a few instructive observations on the virtue of economy and the viciousness of over-feeding, enlivening his speech by anecdote and illustration, and showing how he traced the chief successes of his life to his early total abstinence from sugar-plums and toffees, and the later more seductive charms of "open jams."

Musical Milkman.

"A CHORISTER, who was also a dairyman," has been nonsuited in a theatrical action. He had been engaged to sing in *The Lady of the Lake*, in which, unless he was very unlike most of his brethren, he would be in his element.

Rather Rum.

Mrs. MALAPROP, who takes a deep interest in the welfare of our Navy, is glad to hear that there is an officer specially appointed by the Admiralty to look after the sailors' allowance of spirits-and-water, called the Highgrographer.

THE PATH FOR ALL TO PURSUE.—The Alderman's Walk.



BOTH BOTHERED.

School Examiner. "NAME THE KINGS OF ENGLAND WHO DIED VIOLENT DEATHS."

Boy. "PLEASE, SIR, DID A KING WHO DIED IN A FIT, DIE A VIOLENT DEATH?"

School Examiner. "I AM NOT ALLOWED TO HELP YOU IN ANSWERING QUESTIONS. YOU MUST JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!"

ARRAS FOR OUR APARTMENTS.

MR. PUNCH, SIR,
SOME time back your talented "Representative Man" sowed in my mind the seeds of some ideas which have at length come up. In the course of his discriminative remarks on a successful play, *Miss Chester*, he animadverted on the paper of *Lady Montessor's* drawing-room in the Third Act, and expresses astonishment at the taste of the parties who chose an article of such gorgeous colours. On this point, as on all points which are matters of taste, permit me to observe that tastes differ, so that one man's taste is, as I may say, another man's distaste. For my part, I am particularly fond of gorgeous colours, and am always rejoiced greatly by the sight of a variety of them, when presented to me, in all situations available for their display; and here I have the British Public with me; for, Sir, look at the profusion of variegated advertisements, glowing with every variety of brilliant hue, with which every surface capable of being utilised for their display, in places of popular resort, is overspread. Now the thought which I hope I am not mistaken in considering happy, suggested by the criticism above referred to, of gorgeously coloured drawing-room paper, is that of papering the rooms of private dwelling-houses with illuminated advertisements. All those rooms into which visitors are accustomed to come might be thus papered, to the delight of their eyes, the amusement of their minds, and the emolument of the person who has the sense thus, for a sufficient consideration, to render his domestic interiors subservient to the good of trade. The more distinguished and more numerous frequented the residence, the more lucrative would its internal decoration, by means of advertisements, prove, of course.

How very much, in the banqueting-hall of a noble mansion, would the guests, luxuriating at dinner, find their eyes also regaled by contemplating, on the walls around them, such adornments as the familiar figure of the ox in a boat, which, all about Town, symbolises a portable soup, for instance; or the coloured botanical print which

invites attention to a sort of cocoa. In the bed-rooms, too, with what gratification of their visual sensibilities guests staying at a nobleman or gentleman's seat, say, might lie in bed of a morning, if they woke early, and contemplate the commercial announcements we are so well accustomed to in polychrome on the walls and ceiling. How agreeable and refreshing the same diversity of objects would be to look at in a ball-room during the promenades between the dances; and how much more rational would this useful ornamentation be than heraldic blazonry and portraits of ancestors. In numerous cases, indeed, it would even be very much more appropriate than those embellishments; for Business in many a baronial hall has ousted Chivalry, and Chivalry has, in some illustrious instances, gone into Business.

I am, Sir, with much respect, your inevitable, irrepressible, ubiquitous

BILL STICKER.

P.S.—It is painful to see the waste of surface on the pedestals of our public Statues.

Learning Made Lively.

Pupil (saying his lesson). Nauta secat mare. Nauta, the sailor, secat, cuts, mare, the sea.

Preceptor. Cuts the sea! How does the sailor cut the sea?

Pupil. Got sick of it, gives it up. (Grins.)

Preceptor. Good boy.

A CASE FOR CHLORIDE OF LIME.

REDOLENTIUS was a holy hermit, who made it a point of holiness never to wash himself. His food was wholly vegetable, and consisted principally of onions. As he lived, so he is said to have died—in the odour of sanctity.

CATTLE SHOW.—Bull in a China-shop.



ANECDOTES OF HIGH LIFE.

Mr. Swellington (who is fond of letting people know he is acquainted with the Aristocracy). "I ASSURE YOU, MY DEAR FELLAH, I WAS STAYING AT A COUNTRY-HOUSE THE OTHER DAY, AND THE MASTER (MOST INTIMATE FRIEND OF MINE) RANG FOR THE CHEF, AND ASKED HIM WHY THE DOOGIE THEY ALL OBJECTED TO AUSTRALIAN BEER! 'WELL, MY LORD,' SAYS THE CHEF, 'I REALLY CAN'T GIVE ANY PRECISE REASON FOR IT.'"

Mr. Griggsby (who is fond of chaffing Mr. Swellington). "AH! VERY INTERESTING STORY! I WAS STAYING AT A COUNTRY-HOUSE, TOO. THE MISTRESS (REG'LAR OLD PAL O' MINE) RANG FOR THE SUB-VICE-DEPUTY-ASSISTANT-GROOM OF THE CHAMBERS, AND PUT THE VERY SAME QUESTION TO HIM. 'WELL, YER GRACE,' SAYS HE, 'I'M BLOWED IF I KNOW!'"

JUGGERNAUTH IN LONDON.

THE Vandemons, Hansom Cabmen, and rattling Light-carters, who act as charioteers of Juggernaut in London, must be gratified to learn that the sacrifice of life to the idol of fast-driving is yearly on the increase, and that few and feeble measures are taken to suppress it. Now and then a brief remonstrance is uttered from the Bench, or a word of warning is proclaimed in some Police Court: but the sacrifice proceeds, notwithstanding these slight checks, and old and young are daily to be found among the victims.

The charioteers of Juggernaut seem to act upon the faith that all roadways are constructed for their exclusive use, and that people upon foot may only cross at their peril. MR. JUSTICE HANNEN lately tried to combat this belief, and asserted that a walker had as clear a right to cross a street in safety, as a driver or a rider had to drive or ride along it. But, though coming from the seat of justice, an opinion such as this has very little weight with those whom it should influence. Light-carters, who perhaps are the heaviest offenders, soon learn to snap their fingers at such judicial dicta. They care little for a fine which is paid mostly by their masters, and they care little whom they hurt, so long as their own skins are scathless. The way to make them feel for others is to make them feel themselves. There would soon be a decrease in the deaths caused by our Juggernaut, if ruffians convicted on a charge of careless driving were sentenced to be tied up to the posts of crowded corners, where their noses might be grazed by every passing wheel.

STOKERS IN THE STREET.

BELOVED British Public,
To you we must appeal.
We hain't got no employment,
Nor means for to buy a meal.
Pity the poor Gas Stokers,
That struck so bold and stern,
Which unsuccessful 'avin proved,
To work there's no return.
We now regret that we done so.
Your kind consideration show.

All London into darkness
With aim to plunge at night,
'Gainst our employers only
We thought you to excite:
But never for a moment
Did we expect that all
Your indignation on ourselves
Was a-goin' for to fall.
And now we finds that is the case,
We wish we could our steps retrace.

There's some got re-employment,
'Tis said we did seduce:
But as for we, poor leaders,
Entreaties ain't no use.
And wot to turn our 'ands to
There's nothink we can see.
We therefore now before you come,
To crave your charity:
We are ashamed for to appear
In this disgrace afore you here.

Now Christmas is approachin',
Unless you grants relief,
Without 'tis in the Workhouse,
We shan't obtain no beef.
And used to the consumption,
Wot's made your meat so dear.
O, Christian friends, to skilligolee,
The change will be severe!
Our wives and children, too, implore:
We wish we had thought of them afore.

We 'oped you would support us,
When out on strike we went,
But finds we was mistaken,
Which, therefore, we repent.
To roam the streets in danger,
As bad as any blind,
With sympathy for Working Men
We felt you wouldn't mind,
If we'd foresaw that wouldn't do,
We'd never 'ave ilconvenienced you.

"THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL."

IN the class of Shorthorn Heifers, at the Cattle Show, the second prize was won by the PRINCE OF WALES's heifer. "This beauty was early sold for £80, to adorn some metropolitan butcher's shop-board." It is sad to read such paragraphs. They almost make one melancholy. To be patted, and petted, and rosetted, and then to be given up to adorn a metropolitan butcher's shop-board. Not even allowed to adorn her Royal owner's sideboard, a distinction which the animal would no doubt have fully appreciated! We shall abstain from beef during the whole of the present season, lest we should inadvertently partake of the "beauty," for whom we could have wished another and a better fate—permission for the rest of her life to range over some rich Norfolk pasture, with a reversionary interest in a paddock and a comfortable cow-house.

The Deleterious Weed.

UNDER the heading of "A Centenarian," the *Times* states that there lives at Laymore, in Dorsetshire, a MRS. STANTON, in her 101st year. This venerable lady "has a small army of children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, scattered more or less throughout the globe." Old as she is:—

"She retains all her faculties, with the exception of being rather deaf. She is also a great smoker; even in bed the pipe is her companion."

Sages of the Anti-Tobacco Society, put that in your pipes and smoke it.

ELASTIC BANDS.



ERTAINLY the present time may be called the Age of India-rubber. The enormous quantity of that material which has come into use, brought continually under notice in a variety of shapes, has perhaps suggested a metaphorical expression of recent invention, but very frequent occurrence in Parliament out-of-Session verbiage, and leading prose. It has become fashionable to speak of certain enactments, regulations, and systems, political, religious and other, as "elastic," and to laud them as having the advantage of "elasticity." That means, that, like caout-

chou, they can be made to stretch and contract, as it were, and so be adapted to circumstances. In elasticity there is, in many cases, something which exhibits no small affinity to humbug.

One notable example of an elastic measure is the Licensing Act of last Session, which has placed the adult population of this country under restrictions of a nature like those which had previously only regulated nurseries and schools. But that paternal statute undoubtedly has the merit of a certain elasticity. This property, however, enables it to be worked practically in two opposite ways. Magistrates can either relax its provisions so as to make them press with comparative ease upon people, or they can so stretch them as to make them press with insufferable rigour.

That an Act intended to prevent tightness should itself be drawn tight appears to have been the opinion of some country justices. They have, in fact, drawn it as tight as they could, and thereby caused riots at Ashton and other places.

There are circumstances in which riots, nay, insurrections, if not commendable, have been wont to be commended in this kingdom, whose subjects, heretofore, were, or if they were not, strove to be, free. Encroachments on freedom of personal inclinations and habits, of the ordinary kind in respect of which grown men were supposed capable of self-government, have ever been regarded as tyrannies that more than justify rebellion. When *Rule Britannia* used to be sung seriously, and the singers declared that Britons never would be slaves, the sort of slavery, for one, they meant to say that they would rise and reject by force, was precisely such interference with their free agency as that which is wrought by the Licensing Act.

But then the liberty in defence of which our forefathers thought it right to mutiny, and worth while to fight and bleed, was a liberty invaded by Kings who claimed Divine right, or by a Legislature under the domination of Parsons and 'Squires, cherishing pretty much the same pretensions.

But the Licensing Act has been carried, in a Household Suffrage Parliament, by a Liberal Ministry, at the instance of Teetotal agitators and Dissenting Ministers; particularly Mr. DAWSON BURNS and Dr. MANNING.

The riotous resistance, therefore, to its enforcement by Magistrates with what harshness soever no matter, is highly reprehensible. It may be, however, for their Worship to consider whether they had not better not render the popular leading-strings of the Licensing Act a little less unpopular by drawing them somewhat less tight, and rendering them, in virtue of their elasticity, less rigid.

PLACES AND PENSIONS.

THE commendation of a Government whose first consideration is pecuniary saving would have been earned by a subordinate making the remark addressed to his superiors by the official undermentioned in an extract from a newspaper:—

"THE INSURANCE OF LONGEVITY.—The Prussian Provisional Government at Erfurt recently charged one of the officials to report on a petition for an increase of the pensions of teachers' widows. According to the *Schulzeitung* the reporter said—It is a matter for serious consideration that an increase of the pensions would result in an increase in the duration of life of the widows in question."

The widows of teachers in the Prussian public service are not the only people of whose lives a prolongation is apt to result from an

increase of pensions insufficient to live upon. Dockyard Labourers past work, and their relicts likewise, if there are any, pensioned off by the Government which we rejoice under, would very probably live considerably longer than they are now likely to, if their pensions were doubled or trebled. Enough, however, is as good as a feast; and there is no reason to suppose that the years of our popular PREMIER and our careful CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER would derive any material addition from any augmentation HER MAJESTY may be advised to make to the retiring pensions which neither Mr. GLADSTONE nor Mr. LOWE have as yet declared their intention to renounce one of these days for themselves.

Some people plead that they must live, and others, who do not see the necessity, so urged, are not only not incapable of seeing it in their own case, but discern it, and very much more than it, or what it amounts to, with remarkable distinctness when they contemplate that case. But what would become of us if the existence of Government's superannuated workmen and their widows generally were, by the allotment of pensions adequate to their wants, protracted to the average longevity of Deans, and ex-upper Servants of the Crown!

ONSLOW ON CASTRO.

LAST week being that of the Cattle Show, and an extraordinary number of beef-headed gentlemen, whose talk is of oxen, in Town, a demonstration on behalf of the Castro Defence Fund was got up at St. James's Hall. Mr. WHALLEY addressed the assembled yokels with his usual wisdom; so likewise did Mr. GUILFORD ONSLOW, M.P.; and the latter gentleman said something remarkable, to wit, with reference to MR. CASTRO, that:—

"If he was the right man, he was the best-abused man, the most cruelly-abused man, in the world; and if he were an impostor, he deserved to be acquitted, because he had proved himself the cleverest man out."

This observation was received with "laughter and cheers" by an audience which must have consisted of rogues as well as of boobies. Except rogues, what manner of men could those be who applauded the idea that an impostor, having proved himself the cleverest man out, deserved on that account to be acquitted? Any but rogues must surely think that the cleverest man, being an impostor, and out, is, of all impostors, the one that ought, instead of being out, to be in. Mr. ONSLOW, of course, in speaking as above, did not seriously mean what he said. He merely talked nonsense to make the boobies laugh, and not to tickle the rogues. Doubtless he believes CASTRO to be as honest as clever; a clever honest man, and not a clever impostor, and otherwise a dunce. "The cleverest man out" is an elegant phrase. Perhaps Mr. ONSLOW picked it up from MR. CASTRO himself, or from the high class of society wherein that gentleman has been accustomed to move, and to which his sympathisers are, with a few exceptions which prove a rule, confined.

TRULY LIBERAL POLICY.

A PLEASANT paragraph in a newspaper has now, in these days of strikes, seditious demonstrations, reports of United Kingdom Alliance meetings, prose about education, and twaddle of Parliament out of Session on the Stump, become a rarity. But here is one:—

"THE LONDON POSTMEN.—The Postmen who refused the stripes offered by Mr. MONSELL, have accepted them, each stripe carrying an increase of sixpence per week to the salary, and threepence per week to the retiring pension. About 210 men will obtain stripes."

When stripes are made to carry sixpences, they are no longer decorations to be despised by sensible men; and prospective threepences in the event of superannuation, increase proportionally the value at which they are rated. Consideration has been wisely shown for the reasonable demands of a meritorious class of public servants who, in the importance of their duties, nearly equal Policemen, and in their deserts quite. Mr. MONSELL is to be very much applauded for what he has done towards redeeming his department, at least, from the charge of that short-sighted parsimony which cynically grinds down to the lowest possible terms the employed who are expected to be trustworthy. Let us also congratulate the superior colleagues of the POSTMASTER-GENERAL on having allowed that Right Honourable Gentleman to behave towards the Postmen with a liberality which, though it add kicks to stripes, will doubtless prove economical in the end.

Shakespearean Address to Haughty Aristocrats.

(Writ over a Republican's Door.)

"Within this roof
The enemy of all your Graces lives."

As You Like It, Act ii. sc. 3.



"THE CAPTAIN'S A BOLD MAN."—*Beggars' Opera.*

Miss Adiposa, "THE NEXT ROUND DANCE! CERTAINLY, CAPTAIN SPARROW, WITH GREAT PLEASURE. BUT IT IS NO SLIGHT RESPONSIBILITY THAT YOU ARE TAKING ON YOURSELF."

[The gallant little officer silently agrees with her; but when did a British soldier, &c. Let us hope they will get well through it.]

HAWTHORNE AT CHRISTMAS.

"ORPHANS' HOME.—In the vicinity of London there is a little house in which seventeen children, orphans and destitute, are fed, clothed, and instructed. The work began, as most such do, in a small way. One lady, Miss HALES, took to herself a forlorn child to educate and feed. Another and another, equally forlorn, came. The lady's means did not suffice, and Miss Hawthorne threw what she had of private fortune into the work, joining in it personally, and giving all her time to it. For a time there were food, raiment, and education for the little ones, but the expenses soon exceeded the income. 'Will not,' writes Miss Hawthorne, 'some of those who have read my father's works come to our aid? We want £300, without which the Home must be closed.' Contributions will be received and acknowledged by Miss HALES, 8, Woodfield Terrace, Harrow Road, Paddington; or by Miss HAWTHORNE, MESSRS. BARING BROTHERS, 8, Bishopsgate Street Within, London, E.C."

ALL ye who've sat tranced in reading
HAWTHORNE'S *House of the Seven Gables*,
For a Hawthorne-House I'm pleading,
Peopled with fair facts, not fables.

'Tis the house for orphans tiny
By Miss HALES and HAWTHORNE kept up;
Thither send your sovereigns shiny,
For a good work to be swept up.

There's a Hawthorn, weird and hoary,
Grows in Glastonbury's aisle,
Whose white blooms, for JOSEPH'S glory,
Legend says, at Christmas smile.

In this Home by London City,
From this thorn a graft was tied,
Whence the flowers of love and pity
Blossom still at Christmas-tide.

Whereas HAWTHORNE has left root in
Loving memories soft and sad,
Plant it out so, that its fruiting
May make HAWTHORNE'S daughter glad.

LOGIC OF TAXATION.

IN the days when GEORGE THE FOURTH was King, a certain drama had a great run at the Adelphi. It was called *Tom and Jerry*. A certain principal character in it bore a name which some people would perhaps deem appropriate to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER; for the RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT LOWE can reason right well if he pleases. The personage in *Tom and Jerry* above referred to was named *Bob Logic*.

What does *Bob Logic*, so to speak, think in a logical point of view of the argument that the Income-tax must needs be everlasting because those who are fleeced by it have endured it thirty years? Much as he is enamoured of that tax, inasmuch as to be wedded to it; determined as he is to perpetuate it all he can, would he defend it by that argument? Would he plead that his victims are used to it, as, eels are to be skinned?

If thirty years sufferance of confiscation may be supposed to have made it tolerable, we may imagine that *Caspar*, after his departure with *Zamel*, and that *Don Juan*, and *Dr. Faustus*, after a similar disappearance, may, by the end of a certain term, have become acclimatised to their situation, and tolerably comfortable.

Does a grievance under which people have been groaning for so many years as thirty cease to be a grievance by the time they have groaned thirty, or even forty years long? Are they then no longer grieved by it? Does its oppression of them terminate? Do they groan under it, and execrate its maintainer, not any more? Say, sweet *Bob Logic*.

THE LAWYER'S PRAYER.—The learned gentleman prayed a *tales*.

Punch at Lunch.



COMPANION Tobias, the dine-outing season has set in with more than its accustomed severity, and it is impossible to eat lunches. If a man, who is not also an ostrich, manages to have finished a good breakfast by twelve o'clock (the imperfect way in which the world is lighted at present makes early rising impossible), he wants but little here below until 7.30, and not much then, if he has been out a good many evenings. Therefore, Tobias, our ceremonial of this day will be brief.

But you shall not suffer. Wiser than your master, you do not take a great deal more than is good for you, because it is the end of December, the Jewish Tebeth. Do you remember the story of the good Methodist who was so pressed by carnal roysterers to join their orgies, that he said, "Well, then, for once I will drink like a beast." With a shout they sat down, and he would take nothing but water. I hope the lesson was blessed to those roysterers. Is there any soda-water about? Not, of course, that I—Yah! why didn't you get out of the way of the cork?

Tobias, here is Christmas upon us again! Did you ever see such weather? The *Daily Telegraph* boldly declares that we have had "twelve months of atmospheric mismanagement," and utterly declines to be grateful for the same. But this is not my view of the case. I think of the lesson which GEORGE HERBERT tells us to extract from every sermon, however bad:—

"When all wants sense,
Heaven takes a text, and preaches—Patience."

Probably a good many folks will be the better for remembering these lines on Christmas Day.

It is a Christmas thought to be heartily glad that GEORGE CANNON, the Superintendent of the Casual Ward at St. Giles's, who caused the death of a child by refusing to receive it, with its mother, on a vile night, and who stuck to his brutal lie that the mother was drunk, will spend his Christmas Day in gaol, and some three hundred and sixty days after in that edifice; at hard labour. And I hope the officials will take care that it is hard.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY has been elected Lord Rector of Aberdeen, although he is an English Commoner, and his opponent was a Scottish Lord. Well done, Aberdeen. It is not there that the motto *Nisi Dominus frustra* is read, with a certain interpretation. Not that I dislike Lords—on the contrary, I think many of them are among the best men out. But you know what the father says to Lucy, in one of FOOTE's plays, "I hope you are not the vulgar thing to think a man the worse because he is a Lord." "No, Sir, I am quite content with thinking him no better," says the little Whig.

"It is a surer way to reputation to destroy a thing than to create one," said a writer the other morning, commenting on Mr. Lowe's contempt for "pious founders." It is true.

"The daring youth that fired the Ephesian dome
Survived in fame the pious fool that raised it."

It is comforting, however, to think that the "fame" is not always an enviable one. A village may forget that GILES WOPSTICK built a certain haystack, but will long talk, over their ale, of the penal

servitude awarded to GIPSY JACK for sticking in the lucifer. Mind the moral, sundry great folks.

Toby, when GEORGE THE FOURTH buried JAMES THE SECOND—what are you laughing at, you ignorant brute? He did; and it was one of the very few decent things performed by King Turveydrop. Read, Sir, read! and don't dog's-eat the book. However, I have made two-legged blockheads laugh by beginning as I did; and then I have made them uncomfortable. But that was in my youth, when I thought such victories worth winning. Now I am wiser.

"Men should be taught as though you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot."

Besides, a man of the world avoids making an enemy of a blockhead.

I am not nervous. But many other good persons are. Ought the Railway people to give you a time-table, on the back whereof is a deep black-edged advertisement of "Sudden Mourning"? They do.

Toby, "to you I speak." They say dogs can see ghosts. Do you know that the Haunted Houses in Stamford Street are to be sold by auction? I wonder whether the ghosts are to be taken at a valuation. Run round and try to get in. If you see any, don't bite them. "You mind your work, and they won't bite you," as the cruel father said to the poor child who wistfully remarked that "the trout were biting well that fine morning."

Toby, I can't eat anything else, and I know that there will be Turtle where I am going.

"Man is like Don Ferdinand;
He cannot do more than he can do."

Amuse yourself with the feast before you. I am ever hospitable to my friends, liberal to my dependents, charitable to my poor. And now, with the aid of *fumus (gloria Mundi)*, and all the other days, I will wrap myself in meditation on my own virtues until 'tis time to dress. Merry Christmas to You. "A dog, although a flatterer, is a friend."

"CRACKERS" FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

It is rumoured at the Clubs that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has given notice of a motion for leave to introduce a measure for the total abolition of the Income-tax.

The fact, well-known to zoologists, cannot be too widely stated, that the Polo Bear owes his name and provincial reputation to his prowess in the sport of hockey on sea-horseback.

Country visitors are informed that at the theatres on Boxing-night a charge is made for stamping.

The man in the moon is bound by lunar law to pay his rent, deducting Property-tax, at the end of every quarter.

Mincee pies were invented at the Siege of Troy, when the Greeks all fought "like Trojans," and heroes such as HECTOR "made mincee-meat" of their enemies.

The noble art of "tunding" is so called because its object is to punish little boys upon a tunder part.

The only Christmas Amusement permitted to the members of the Archaeological Society is to pay a visit to the British Museum, and play a little game with the Elgin Marbles.

It is not generally known that, by an Act passed in last Session, bills payable at sight are legally made payable at the Blind Asylum.

Report states that Mr. AYTON has the absolute intention, in the middle of next week, to introduce a Bill for the destruction and rebuilding, on a scale worthy of the site, of the British National Gallery.

Little boys may like to know that, as Columbine is not allowed to talk in public, Harlequins in private practice always dance with dumb belles.

It is a singular fact, in what is called unnatural history, that where you find the Pot Tree (*Arbor pectiferens*) you also see the Ram Shrub.

Country visitors to the Tower, being gifted with good appetites, may feel a pang of pity when they learn that the poor Beef-eaters always dine upon cold mutton.

By a rule of English law you may not lift a toe against a howling organ-grinder; but, if you want him to "mizzle," you may proffer him a mizzletoe.

British yachtsmen ought to know that the tide is never high upon the coast of France, the fact being that the water there is always *feau*.

WHAT NO DAIRYMAN CAN ADULTERATE.—The Milk of Human Kindness.

CHRISTMAS JOTTINGS.



THE Yule Log should either be of wood or some other description of timber, and ought to be well steeped in brandy, nutmeg, and ginger, before it is placed on the fire. The person who brings it into the room must retire backwards, with a graceful smile on his countenance, and new buttons to his waistcoat.

If possible, there should be mixed with the mince-meat a little ambergris, finely chopped and grated, which has been gathered at the turn of the tide, in a rush basket, by two friends who are

each other's executor, and both of a sanguine temperament.

The cloth in which the plum-pudding is boiled ought to be kept, from year to year, in the plate-chest, or some other place of security, wrapped up in Carols, and covered with the holly which has been used in the Christmas decorations. When, through old age or accident, the cloth becomes incapacitated for further service, it must be consumed in a wood fire by the cook, and the ashes carefully collected by the housemaid and cast by the footman into a running stream, where it passes under a foot-bridge on which the butler remains standing until the ceremony is over. The new cloth should be bought with silver money which has never been in circulation. Neglect any of these precautions, and you are certain to have the Sweeps in the house before the end of the next year.

The mistletoe should be cut with a silver billhook (electro-plate will not do), to the sound of horns in the twilight, in the presence of the Mayor; or, in his unavoidable absence, the Registrar of Marriages for the district. The loving cup is to be passed round, but no speeches are to be made, and no one is to be present who has ever been crossed in love.

If the turkey has unfortunately been the result of a transaction with the poulterer, it is laid down in the cookery-books that it should be boiled in cream, and eaten in good feeling. If, however, it is a gift, you should baste it with butter, and lard your discourse at dinner with praises of the donor.

If you cannot afford a Baron of beef, be content with a Sir-loin; if a boar's head is beyond your purse, make yourself happy with a pig's cheek; and in the not improbable event of the absence of woodcock pie, substitute any other Christmas game you please.

A JUVENILE JOHNNY'S CHRISTMAS.

At this holiday time of the year little boys and girls used to be sometimes allowed to sit up a great deal too late. Their parents were very much to be blamed for allowing them. Naughty Children! naughty Papas and Mamas! But now children are no longer indulged in such liberty. Instead of that they are permitted to enjoy a licence which is quite another thing. Read the following extract from the *Morning Post*, dears:—

"CHRISTMAS AND THE LICENSING ACT.—At Sheffield yesterday, application was made on behalf of the Sheffield Licensed Victualliers for an extension of time on Christmas Eve to twelve o'clock, Christmas Day to eleven o'clock, Saturday in Christmas week to twelve o'clock, Sunday following eleven o'clock, and the two following days till one o'clock in the morning. The Bench said that, whatever might have been their inclination in the matter, the law would not allow them to grant the application, which must be refused."

Did the naughty publicans want to keep their houses open for a JOHNNY to sit smoking a pipe and drinking beer in when a JOHNNY ought to have been an hour or two before in bed? O the good-for-nothing publicans, and the nasty pipe, and the nasty, nasty beer! And O the goody, goody Act of Parliament which forbids them to let JOHNNY in, or let him stay a minute later than his bed-time, eating and drinking more than is good for him, and making a chimney of his little nose with nasty smoke. JOHNNY shall very soon have another Act of Parliament, to prevent him from going to

the public-house at all; yes, and to stop the wine-merchants and the grocers from selling him any beer and wine and spirits whatever. And in good time JOHNNY shall have a further Licensing Act, to license him to sit up at home only till a certain hour, and to give BONNY power to come into JOHNNY's house, and see that JOHNNY is in bed; and to take away any beer or strong liquors that JOHNNY may have if he has been so naughty as to make some for himself. By this law JOHNNY will be punished if he is obstinate, and refuses to go to bed when BONNY tells him that the Sandman has come for him.

Is not JOHN BULL supposed by his paternal governors to have indeed sunk into second childhood?

GLADSTONE'S LETTER TO THE SPEAKER VERSIFIED AND SLIGHTLY IMPROVED.

Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

Mr "dear old friend HOMER" is sometimes caught napping;
What wonder if I were to nap now and then?
But, observe, in this case 'tis not I that want flapping:—
The Scribe who reported made slip with his pen.

Each hour of the day some fresh duty elicits;
The world little recks of their jading amount:
My readings of HOMER come seldom, like visits
Of angels. Their sum on my fingers I count.

The last time I looked into HOMER, I read it
How Atlas the Prudent, as deep as the sea,
Bears the world on his shoulders.* And this, on my credit,
I think "my friend HOMER" intended for me.

At daybreak to plunge among Greeks and Phœnicians—
Egyptian and Persian, Assyrian and Jew—
With a table that groans under Drafts and Petitions—
Believe it not, Editor! Kindly, adieu!

* *Odyssey*, l. 52.

PLACETS.

LETTER on the breakfast-table from MESSRS. BLACKSTONE, BACON AND COKE, solicitors, announcing a legacy of £10,000 from a distant relative.

Invitation to dine with the Drysalter's Company.

Unexpected arrival of old acquaintance from the Colonies, with presents for wife and all the children, and settlement, with compound interest, of a note of hand for £100 dated fifteen years back. Eldest son Senior Wrangler.

Engagement of youngest and favourite daughter to large landed proprietor. Unencumbered estate—old manor house—good family—high character—capital shooting—county magistrate—sound views (exactly our own) on all the leading questions of the day.

Discovery on an old book-stall of a very rare first edition: bought for a few shillings, worth as many hundred pounds.

Lengthened and eulogistic notices in the leading daily papers of new poem—*Mithridates*.

Election at the *Solon Club*.

The finding in a box of old papers, in a disused garret, of a MS. diary kept by SHAKESPEARE during his residence in the Metropolis. Christmas hampers.

NON-PLACETS.

COMMUNICATION by the evening post from FILER AND RASPER, threatening legal proceedings if the sum of £67 10s. 6d., due to their clients, TWEEDS AND MELTON, is not paid within ten days.

Summons to serve on a special jury in a complicated mercantile case, expected to last a week. (All arrangements just made for a few days' shooting in Norfolk, at TOM GOODMAN'S.)

Intimation from eldest son that he has fully made up his mind not to follow the paternal vocation of a cotton-broker, and that he is studying for the Stage.

Telegram from Spinster Aunt, in affluent circumstances, to the effect that she has, that morning, married the REVEREND JOSEPH JOSEPHUS WEEDELL, a widower with six children.

Discovery in a second-hand bookseller's shop of our great historical work—*The Heptarchy and the Heptarchs*—published in two volumes at thirty shillings, ticketed two-and-ninpenoe.

Return (for the fourth time) of MS. of serial story, *The Maddoxes of Maddox Street*, "declined with thanks."

Beautiful hunting morning—meet and breakfast at the house of a particular friend—Miss DI BRATTLEBY certain to be there—spirits, health, appetite all excellent—"Dark Lady" suddenly goes lame. Christmas Bills.



A CONTENTED MIND.

"O, MAMMA! WE HAVE HAD SUCH FUN! FANCY, WE'VE BEEN DOING PRIVATE THEATRICALS, AND ALL OF US TOOK A PART!"

"INDEED! AND WHAT PART DID YOU ALL TAKE?"

"O, THE PART OF THOSE WHO LOOK ON AND CLAP THEIR HANDS, YOU KNOW."

WET, BUT WELCOME.

"YOU are wet, FATHER CHRISTMAS," BRITANNIA cried,
 "And the rain-drops run down your old nose;
 And your clothes feel as though they would never be dried,
 And your boots are soaked through to the toes.
 Your track, and your weeping umbrella's, I trace,
 By the drippings they leave on the floor;
 And the parquet, whose polish your slush-marks efface,
 No bees-wax can ever restore."

But come in, FATHER CHRISTMAS; the wetter your plight,
 The warmer a welcome is mine;
 Your 'hot-with' you'll find brewed, dry sheets aired for to-night,
 As wet blankets are not in your line.
 Before a good fire you shall toast your old shins,
 After turkey, and chine, and mince-pie,
 Till the wassail-bowl's blood in your pulses begins
 With the tide of the Time to run high:

For the colder and wetter and drearier without,
 The more dry, warm, and kindly within,
 With the sorrow and suffering, and need all about,
 You and I, FATHER CHRISTMAS, claim kin.
 May the damp, that has given your old bones such offence,
 Till a drowned rat you most call to mind,
 Whate'er it wash out, wash in deeper the sense
 Of the wants and the woes of our kind.

To back-looks on a year all so damp, dull, and drear,
 Not e'en distance enchantment can lend—
 Swimming hay-fields, and wheat rotting green in the ear;
 Floods around; above, rain without end!
 But though Sun spared to shine, still in mart, mill, and mine
 Hands were busy, and all through our hive
 Ne'er more broad and more bright grew the gold-honey's shine,
 Ne'er were workers of wealth more alive.

While our neighbours must War's bitter legacy bear
 Of tribute and tears, one or both,
 Or while to defeat faction added despair,
 We'd but weather wherewith to be wroth.
 Though our roots might be blighted, our corn rust and rot,
 We'd the crops of the world within reach;
 If 'twixt Labour and Capital strife has waxed hot,
 'Twas the fulness of life-blood in each.

Then come in, FATHER CHRISTMAS, more welcome more wet!
 Were the brands on my hearth burning low,
 The fire of God's love in your heart's centre set,
 In such times should be keenest of glow.
 To the damp and discomfort you bring to my doors,
 A glad heart and a grateful I'll turn:
 For the naked, my clothes—for the hungry, my stores—
 For the shivering, my Wall's-end to burn!

They Manage these Things Better in France.

THE Japanese who have lately been visiting this country are now in France. What do we read about their treatment in Paris?
 "The Embassy is lodged, at the expense of the State, in the hotel which was formerly the residence of the Turkish Ambassador."
 When shall we do the same in England?

OX AND WEATHER.

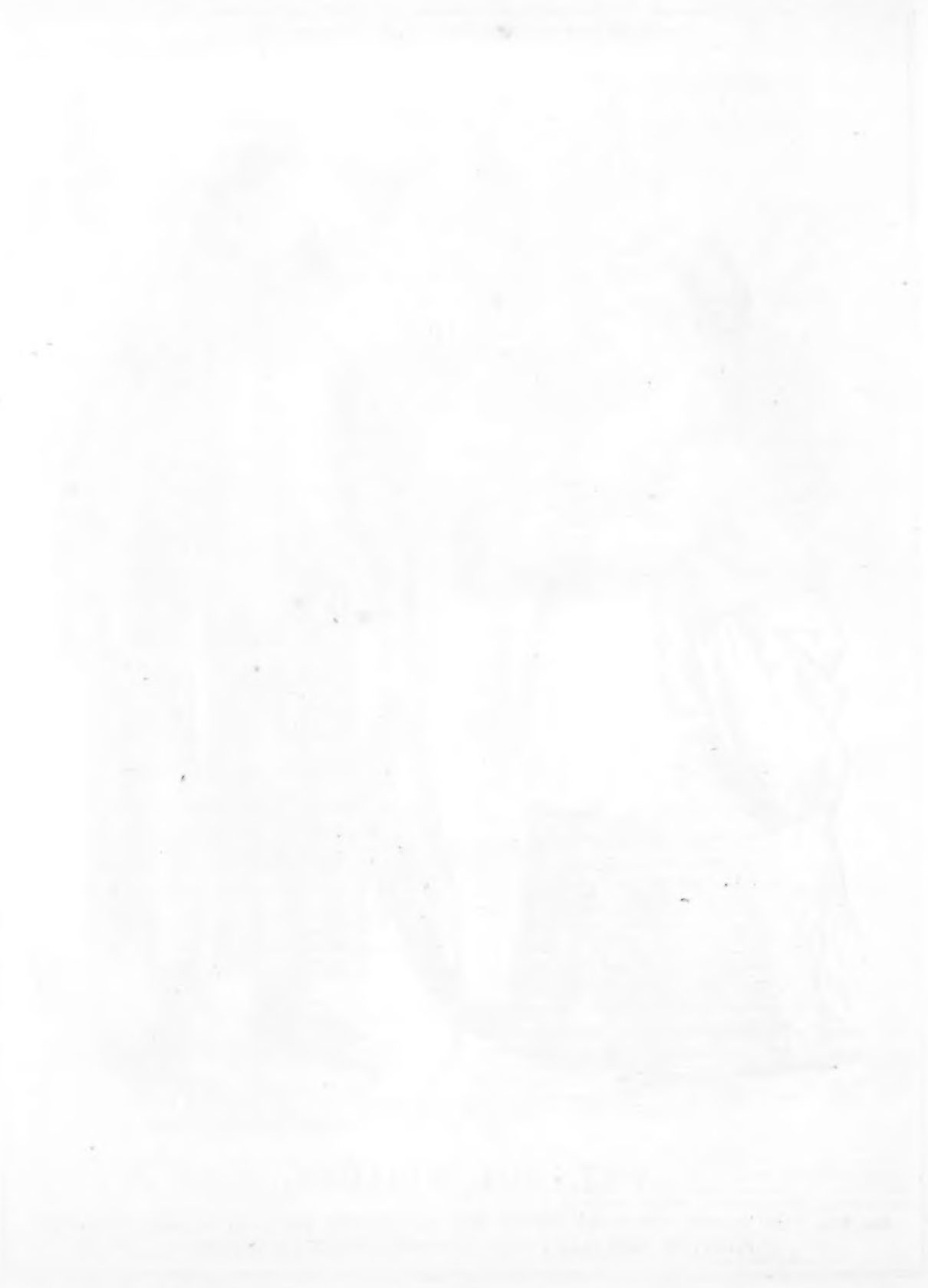
THE Cattle Show at Islington this year was very much crowded. That was remarkable at a time when there was so much counter attraction to the animals at that exhibition, since it everywhere rained oats and dogs.

A "POP" VISIT.—To the Pawnbroker.



WET, BUT WELCOME.

Mrs. BULL. "LA! FATHER CHRISTMAS, YOU'VE ONLY TO GET INTO YOUR DRY CLOTHES, AND TAKE
PLENTY OF *THIS*, AND YOU'LL BE MERRY ENOUGH, I WARRANT!"



HAPPY THOUGHTS.



DOG-CART at the Station to receive us. Foggy drive.

We arrive at Mr. MICKLETON's house, which is out of the fog, and up a hill. MICKLETON (ENGLEMORE's friend) beams on us from the hall-door. It quite warms me to see him: [he is so round and jolly. He has gaiters on, having apparently only just this minute come in from farming.

"Welcome to Walnut House!" cries our host, heartily.

We descend; and the introduction takes place in ENGLEMORE's own peculiar style.

"PROFESSOR MICKLETON." He is only plain Mister, of course. Then, turning to me, "The Colonel. He wants to learn all the little fake-

ments of farming, and all round my garden in twenty minutes. Eh, Professor?"

MR. MICKLETON replies, smiling, "It's rather late now, ENGLEMORE."

I interpose, politely, that I wouldn't on any account think of trying to see the farm at this hour. Too late, and too dark.

"Don't know that," says ENGLEMORE, thoughtfully. "Might have little Tommy Torchlight out with us, eh? New idea. Good picture for *Illustrated*: 'Torchlight Visit of the Royal Party to PROFESSOR MICKLETON's Farm.' Also article, 'All Among the Pigs.' What time's Mister Grub?"

"Three-quarters of an hour from now," answers our host; and forthwith invites us into the drawing-room.

Here we are introduced to Mrs. MICKLETON, who is sewing something or other of a fluffy character.

She expresses her pleasure at seeing us, and subsides, without another word, into her knitting, or whatever it is.

"All Chickabiddies straight?" inquires ENGLEMORE, who has at once established himself on the hearth-rug.

"The children?" asks Mrs. MICKLETON, looking up for a second. ENGLEMORE nods.

"Quite well, thank you," she answers, resuming her work. I don't see, as yet, my way towards interesting Mrs. MICKLETON in a conversation.

Happy Thought.—Weather and children. Effect of climate on youth.

"I suppose," I say, "you find this place agree with them wonderfully?"

I don't know the reason for my supposing anything of the kind, as I've only been here ten minutes, and haven't seen anything at all of the place itself. Still, it is the Country, and not London: at least, this I imagine to be the basis for my observation.

Mrs. MICKLETON is obliged to desist in her work, I find, every other second minute, in consequence of the fluffy stuff rubbing off and flying to her nose, which she is forced to rub irritably.

"This place?" she returns, after a second's friction of the point of her nose with her right forefinger, and then speaking very slowly. "This place? No, indeed; I wonder we manage to keep alive here at all. My husband's away all day. There's no society. As you may imagine, it's very dull."

Between each of her sentences she does two or three stitches, and then, just as I feel that she is expecting me to start some topic, or agree with her, or, at all events, say something, she continues her discourse. She has finished now, and I observe that of course if there is no one here it must be very dull.

Happy Thought.—Mrs. ROBINSON CRUSOE without a FRIDAY.

"The garden," I say, "must be a great pleasure."

"Yes, if you understand it," Stitches. "I don't." Stitches.

Happy Thought.—If a stitch in time saves nine, and if she is always in time, what a heap of labour she must economise during the year. (Think this out.)

She continues. "Mr. MICKLETON doesn't understand it, though he pretends he does." Stitches.

"Then the Professor is Mister Umbug," says ENGLEMORE, laughing it off, with a wink at me.

It occurs to me that Mrs. MICKLETON must know more of her own husband than ENGLEMORE; and, supposing she is right, of what use

will he be to me? Why am I down here? Ah, I forgot; *his* line is farming.

"Mr. MICKLETON is very much interested in farming, is he not?" I inquire, rather nervously.

She smiles, and has a difficulty with the fluff again, before she replies:

"Well, it quite depends upon the humour he's in. He has a sort of sloppy, muddley place, that he calls his farm." Stitches. "When he comes down early on Saturday, he walks about there in thick boots and gaiters, and talks a great deal of nonsense, I believe." Stitches. "On Sundays he always makes a fuss about being obliged to go over the farm." Stitches. "But it's only an excuse for not coming to church."

Here a sudden click and a whirr somewhere above my head startle me, and a sharp cuckoo note is repeated six times. Just as I have found out the situation of the clock, a little door over the face shuts with a snap, and the Cuckoo, much to my disappointment, has vanished.

It may be childish, but, on the instant, I feel that, henceforth, my one object in this house is no longer to consult MICKLETON on farming, but to see that Cuckoo when he re-appears to tell us the hour. It occurs to me, as quite a sporting sensation, that I should almost like to take the time exactly from the clock-face, and be underneath with a bow and arrow, or drawing-room pistol, to have a shot at him when he next ventures out.

Happy Thought.—Adopt the idea for Hurlingham instead of real live pigeons. All the amusement, double the fun, and none of the cruelty.

"Chirpy Chap, eh?" ENGLEMORE remarks, alluding to the Cuckoo, "shouldn't care about him in a bed-room. Should make him touch the harp gently, my pretty Louise, or shut him up altogether. Hallo, Professor, time for Sammy Soapbuds, eh?"

"Yes," replies MICKLETON, who has taken off his gaiters and been putting himself to-rights; "no dress, unless you prefer it. I shan't. I say," he exclaims, as if something very brilliant had occurred to him, "I've got such a riddle for you."

"My name's Mister Give-it-up," replies ENGLEMORE, easily. I ask, not being in the least interested, what it is.

MICKLETON chuckling over it as if in anticipation of our roars of laughter and delight when we hear it, says,

"Well, I made it myself the other day, and I asked BAGSTER—you know," to ENGLEMORE. "SAM BAGSTER, our clergyman here—"

ENGLEMORE nods, and by way of describing him to me, says, "Mister White Choker, wall eyed. Little off his chump. Go on."

"He's all right now," MICKLETON tells him.

"Glad of it," returns ENGLEMORE; "but what's Colonel Conundrum?"

MICKLETON, who appears to have suddenly forgotten it, rubs his head.

"Ah yes, of course. Well, it's this. Why"—here he breaks off to implore me to tell if I've heard it before. I assure him I haven't.

"I know it as far as you've gone at present," observes ENGLEMORE, "Go a-head!"

MICKLETON goes a-head. "Why is a Duck," here he looks suspiciously at me, as much as to say now you *have* heard this before, only out of politeness you won't tell me so—"Why is a Duck like a Charlatan Doctor?"

"The answer begins with 'Because,'" says ENGLEMORE; "I'll swear to that."

"Ah, you know it!" cries MICKLETON. But we assure him that we do not. Will he relieve our anxiety, and tell us?

He will, with the greatest pleasure.

"The answer is," he says, "because they *both* quack. Good, eh? Isn't it? You've never heard it before?"

Happy Thought.—Never.

We all laugh. So heartily; but MICKLETON heartier than either of us. He tells us again "that he made it himself."

We say, did he, really? and, of course, laugh again.

We, still laughing, and repeating to ourselves, "Yes, Quack, very good!" take our chamber candlesticks, thinking we are going to escape.

But—

The Language of Bells.

"TURN again, WHITTINGTON," said the Bells of Bow. Bells say all sorts of things, mostly, to English ears, in English. But the Christmas Chimes also talk French. In that language they ask for turkey continually, saying, "Dindon!"

A JUVENILE OFFENDER.—A small boy in the Upper First Form was heard to remark that the best Sanskrit grammarians were the Parsees. Didn't he catch it?



SEASONABLE CHARITY.

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT E-VEE-EY MAN
THIS DAY WILL DO HIS DOOTY."

TO SOME CORRESPONDENTS.

At the end of the year it is proper to pay off old scores. *Mr. PUNCH* has a world of old scores to pay off to Correspondents. But he has graciously passed an Act of Oblivion in his own favour. Here follow replies to a few persons who have addressed him during the past week. All "contributions," of every kind, up to the present date, have been consigned to *VULCAN*, who has accepted them greedily.

ALCIBIADES.—Do not use such thick paper. It makes such bad spills.

"AMBITIOUS."—Blue lined folio, a steel pen, and a commercial hand. Are you mad enough to think we read four lines of your four pages?

WILLIAM SKINNER says, "These verses seem to go easily——" Seem, dear boy? There they go into the fire, as easily as possible, bless you!

HECTOR P.—When a would-be contributor's wit is so profuse as to flow over into his private letter, we know that he is an ass, and thank him for saving us trouble.

W. E. M. (G.)—Your sketch is charming, the legend is witty, and we should instantly insert both, but for the perhaps insignificant fact that they are copied from a page in *Punch*, in June, 1863.

PERFURVID (I. J.) wishes us "to favour him with the reward his attempt deserves." How can we? The longest whip will not reach from Fleet Street to Glasgow.

NANCIBEL "hopes one day to send something more worthy of *Punch*." We can wait.

A. A. (Adelphi) apologises for "sending so large a batch of miscellaneous sketches, mostly half-finished." They are quite finished, now.

LAURISTON (F.), curiously, sends a somewhat similar apology. He "regrets that his packet is so big." It *was*. But apology is needless. We put it under the grate, so the chimney was in no danger. But we thank him for his kindly thoughtfulness, all the same.

BELLOWA.—We never read scented notes.

WALTER B. B. (C.D.)—If your wife was not laughing at you when she advised you to send it, she is as great an idiot as yourself. But we imagine that she wanted you snubbed, and we incline to pity her for her marriage.

A NEW CHRISTMAS SONG.

(Adapted to the Times from In Memoriam.)

Wring out the clouds in that damp sky,
Which all this year so drear have made,
If, for the weather's clerk, her trade
A weather-washerwoman ply.

Wring out the old, wring in the new,
Wring, weather-washerwoman, so,
That wet-shod if the Old Year must go,
The New may damps and dumps eschew.

Wring out the wet that stands in clay,
Rots the potatoes in their bed,
Fingers and toes gives Swedes instead
Of bellies in the usual way.

Wring out my mouchoir, damp with flow
Of constant cold through warp and woof,
Bring in a patent water-proof,
Through whose seams rain-drops will not go.

Wring out the shirts, wring out the skin,
To which I've been wet many times;
Ring out the rain-drops' pattering chimes,
And bring some dryer weather in!

THOUGHTS DURING HAIR-CUTTING.

Will he cut it well, or shall I look an object for the next ten days.

Will he ask me how I would like it cut?

Will he talk to me?

Will he blow upon me?

Will he snip a bit off my ear?

Will he prick my lip when he trims my moustache?

Will he tell me that my hair is getting rather thin at the top?

Will he ask me whether I have tried, or would like to try, their marvellous Balsam, or their wonderful Wash, or their unrivalled Restorative?

Will he ask me whether I will be shampooed?

Will the brushing business bring tears into my eyes?

Will he part my hair on the wrong side?

Will uncomfortable hairs get between my collar and my neck?

Will he not, when all is over, say—"Will there be anything for the toilette?"

F. P. J. (about Hezekiah).—No need to put (Rev'd.) before your signature. The profanity of the suggestion told us what you are. Two-thirds of such things come to us from men and women who ought to know better, and do.

JOHN SMITH (Liverpool), being "a great collector," would like autographs of all the *Punch* writers, and if any unused sketch, or that sort of thing, is not wanted, the pleasure would be enhanced (*sic*). Delighted. He shall have them in a post or two, and we have a signature of **SHAKESPEARE, MILTON, POPE, &c.**, of which we also beg his acceptance.

A SCHOOLBOY.—We won't give his address, but his conscience will tell him that this is for him when we say that "elephant" is not spelt "ellefant." Dear boy, mind your books and play, and don't call your Master "Old Goggles."

TO ALL CORRESPONDENTS.

Volunteered Contributions *Punch* never returns:
In summer he tears them, in winter he burns.

POLO! POLO!! POLO!!! In reply to half the Universe, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to mention that, when played by ladies, the noble game of Polo should be scored by a marker, who is called **MARCO POLO**. For further information upon this and every other fashionable subject, see *Punch's Almanack*—a priceless publication, price threepence only!

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